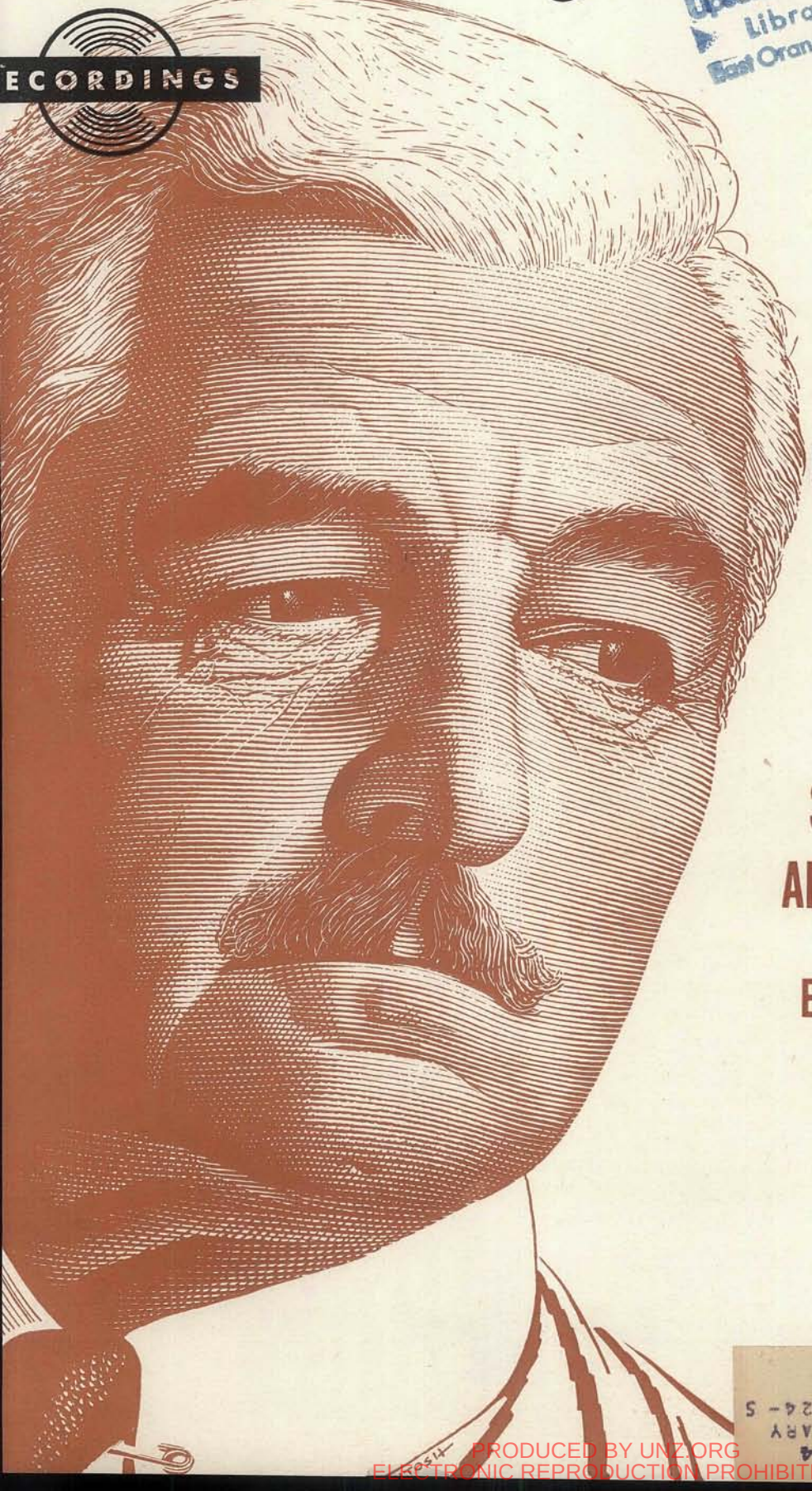
Saturday Review

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N.J.

JULY 31, 1954 / 20¢



BUSINESS AND THE CULTURAL CLIMATE

By Harold K. Guinzburg

SR PUBLIC-INTEREST ADVERTISING AWARDS

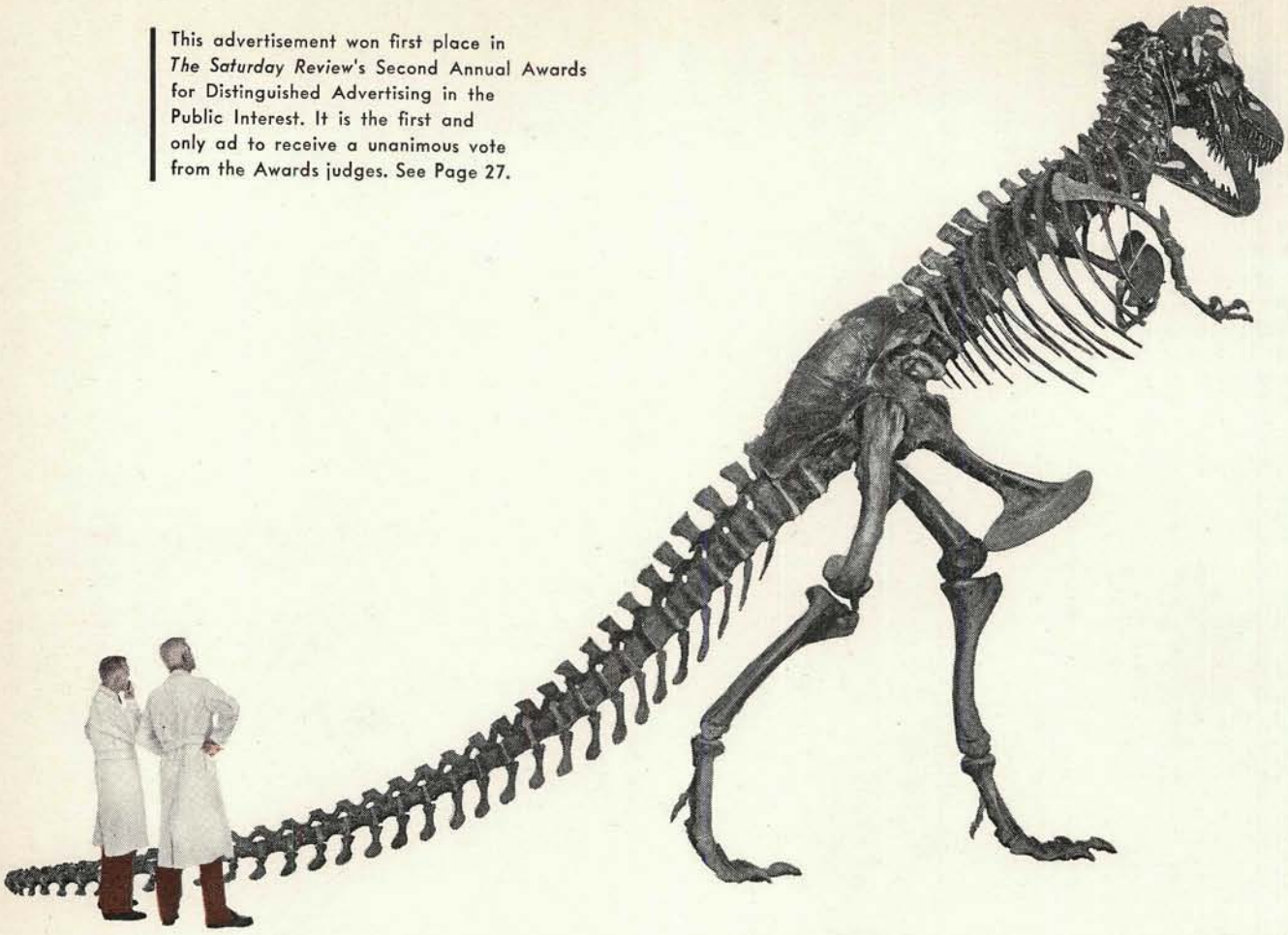
Elmo Roper: WHO TELLS THE STORYTELLERS?

William Faulkner, author of "A Fable." (See page 11)

SR 9-15-56RE 20 4F14
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
339 PROSPECT ST 9-24-5
EAST ORANGE N J

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This advertisement won first place in *The Saturday Review*'s Second Annual Awards for Distinguished Advertising in the Public Interest. It is the first and only ad to receive a unanimous vote from the Awards judges. See Page 27.



What has TYRANNOSAURUS REX got to do with

ARTHRITIS?

It may surprise you to know that doctors . . . in their search for more knowledge about arthritis . . . have made intensive studies of the bones and joints of prehistoric dinosaurs. They have found that dinosaurs, like *Tyrannosaurus rex*, had arthritic joints.

As a result of these studies, medical science has learned much about the origin and history of arthritis, the joints that are most often affected by it, and how the disease damages them.

Arthritis has long been a leading cause of disability. Today about 10 million Americans have the disease in one of its many forms, the two most common of which are *osteoarthritis* and *rheumatoid arthritis*.

Of the two, osteoarthritis occurs most often. In fact, almost everyone who is beyond middle age has a touch of it, probably as a result of normal wear and tear on the joints.

Rheumatoid arthritis is the most severe form of the disease as it affects not only the joints, but the entire body. It usually begins between the ages of 20 and 50.

Not too long ago, arthritis often meant a life of misery or some degree of crippling. Today, the outlook is far brighter for many arthritics. Under modern treatment, *carefully adjusted to the needs of the individual patient*, doctors can do much to relieve or prevent pain and to lessen or prevent disability.

Treatment, however, must be started early for best results. Otherwise, lasting damage may be done to one or more joints.

Arthritis seldom, if ever, strikes suddenly. Any person who complains of a generally "run down" condition, and who has slight but recurring attacks of pain, discomfort or swelling in or about the joints, should be promptly examined by his doctor . . . *before his trouble becomes disabling.*

Authorities emphasize that chronic arthritis is rarely, if ever, controlled by any single measure. They also say that the so-called "sure cures" for arthritis generally do little more than provide temporary relief. Before using any medicine for arthritis, it is wise to have the doctor's advice.

COPYRIGHT 1953—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 0000-X.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR's Library Poll

"MARY ANNE," Daphne du Maurier's novel about her less than exemplary great-great-grandmother, who rose from the London slums to the Duke of York's bedchamber, is one of the few books to become a best seller before it was officially published. Enough Du Maurier fans persuaded their booksellers to let them have advance copies to win it that distinction. "Mary Anne" has lived up to the pre-publication fanfare as is evidenced by this week's poll.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

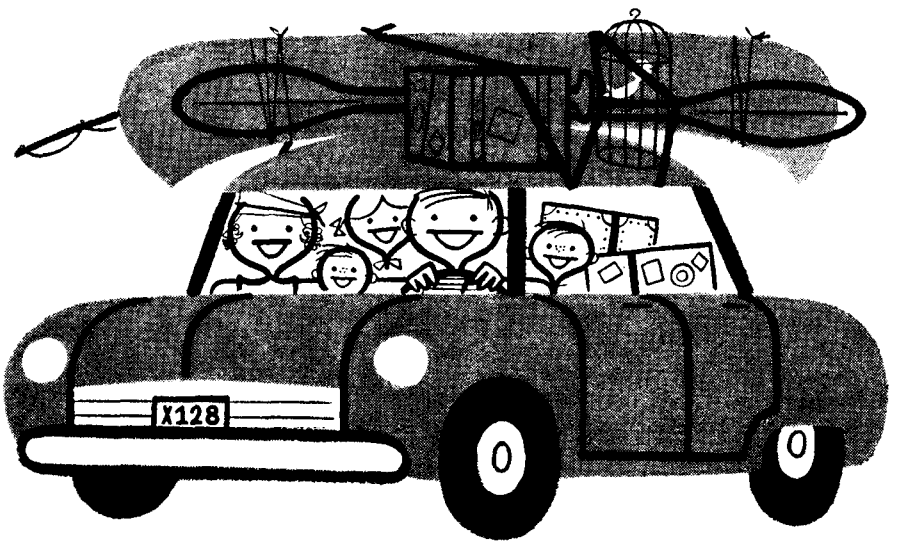
1. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)*
2. **Mary Anne**
   by Daphne du Maurier (F)
3. **But We Were Born Free**
   by Elmer Davis (G)**
4. **The Dollmaker**
   by Harriette Arnow (F)
5. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
   by Lillian Roth (G)
6. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
7. **The Mind Alive**
   by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
8. **Never Victorious, Never Defeated**
   by Taylor Caldwell (F)
9. **Sweet Thursday**
   by John Steinbeck (F)
10. **Minutes of the Last Meeting**
    by Gene Fowler (G)
11. **The Royal Box**
    by Frances Parkinson Keyes (F)
12. **I Led Three Lives**
    by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)
13. **A Time to Love and a Time to Die**
    by Erich Maria Remarque (F)
14. **Forty Plus and Fancy Free**
    by Emily Kimbrough (G)
15. **The Bad Seed**
    by William March (F)
16. **A Child of the Century**
    by Ben Hecht (G)
17. **Madame de Pompadour**
    by Nancy Mitford (G)
18. **Cell 2455, Death Row**
    by Caryl Chessman (G)
19. **Bless This House**
    by Norah Lofts (F)
20. **Gone With the Wind**
    by Margaret Mitchell (F)

PARTICIPATING PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Atlanta (Ga.), Birmingham (Ala.), Boston (Mass.), Buffalo (N.Y.), Chicago (Ill.), Cleveland (Ohio), Des Moines (Ia.), Los Angeles (Calif.), Louisville (Ky.), Miami (Fla.), Milwaukee (Wis.), Minneapolis (Minn.), New York (N.Y.), Omaha (Neb.), Philadelphia (Pa.), Pittsburgh (Pa.), Richmond (Va.), St. Louis (Mo.), Washington (D.C.).

* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

Vacation Bound?



Telephone ahead

for a more pleasant trip

Wherever you go this summer, let Long Distance add pleasure and peace of mind to your vacation.

Planning to travel? You'll want to telephone ahead for reservations. It's no fun hunting for rooms in a strange town when you're tired and hungry.

Making a side trip to visit friends? It's a good idea to telephone first and make sure they're home.

Expecting a business matter to come up while you're gone? A Long Distance call will keep you posted.

Some of the family staying home? You can keep in regular touch with them by telephone.

There are many ways Long Distance can add fun, subtract worry from your vacation. It's fast and convenient. And the cost is low—much lower than most people think.

Long Distance Rates Are Low

Here are some examples:

New York to Atlantic City....	40¢
Cleveland to Buffalo	55¢
New Orleans to Houston	80¢
St. Louis to Hot Springs, Ark..	80¢
Boston to Los Angeles.....	$2.00

These are Station-to-Station rates for the first 3 minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the federal excise tax.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Call by Number. It's Faster.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICA'S #1

BESTSELLER!

DAPHNE DU MAURIER'S

new historical novel

Mary Anne

$3.50 at all booksellers

DOUBLEDAY

N.Y. Herald Tribune, July 25.

The Saturday Review

JULY 31, 1954

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

After a Photograph by Lilyan Lowmans-Chauvin

SR/IDEAS

9 BUSINESS AND THE CULTURAL CLIMATE, by Harold K. Guinzburg

22 WANTED: NEW NOVELISTS: AN EDITORIAL

25 *SR*'s SECOND ANNUAL ADVERTISING AWARDS

SR/BOOKS

11 A FABLE, by William Faulkner
Reviewed by Maxwell Geismar

12 UNTO A GOOD LAND, by VILHELM MOBERG
Reviewed by Richard B. Vowles

13 SON OF TI-COYO, by Clément Richer
Reviewed by Otis Fellows

14 THE HEALING OATH, by André Soubiran
Reviewed by Edmund Fuller

14 THE BULLS OF SAN ISIDRO, by Saint-Paulien
Reviewed by Laurent LeSage

15 AMERICAN WAYS OF LIFE, by George R. Stewart
Reviewed by Bradford Smith

16 VILLAINS GALORE, by Mary Noel
Reviewed by Herbert Asbury

17 MY DIARY NORTH AND SOUTH, by William Howard Russell
Reviewed by Allan Nevins

18 CHINESE ART, by Leigh Ashton and Basil Gray
Reviewed by Benjamin Rowland

19 JAPANESE MASTERS OF THE COLOUR PRINT, by J. Hillier
Reviewed by Karl Kup

20 A GUIDE TO LONGPLAY JAZZ RECORDS, by Frederic Ramsey, Jr.
Reviewed by John S. Wilson

21 SINGER AND ACCOMPANIST, by Gerald Moore
Reviewed by Irving Kolodin

38 BRIGHT WHEELS ROLLING, by James Melton, with Ken Purdy
HOW TO RESTORE ANTIQUE AND CLASSIC CARS, by the Editors of Popular Mechanics
THE MODERN SPORTS CAR, by Tom McCahill
SPORTS CARS, by Austin Conley
SPORTS AND RACING CARS, by Raymond F. and Brock W. Yates

SR/DEPARTMENTS

5 TRADE WINDS, by Bennett Cerf

10 LITERARY I.Q.

23 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

24 MUSIC TO MY EARS, by Irving Kolodin

33 BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT, by Henry Hewes

35 *SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Lee Rogow

36 TV AND RADIO, by Robert Lewis Shayon

37 LITERARY CRYPT

44 KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 1062

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVII, No. 31, July 31, 1954. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1954 by Saturday Review Associates Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

I'VE HEARD OF ALL sorts of devices and subterfuges resorted to by publishers who were eager to meet a certain author, but the Columbia University Press has come up with the story of one that's brand new.

It seems that a publisher whose name all of you know lives at the end of a lane that serves several other nearby houses, one of which was rented for the summer by a famous but touchy historical novelist said publisher had been dreaming of enticing to his stable for many moons. How was he to break the ice with the touchy novelist? Our publisher friend brooded—and kept his eyes open.

One morning he saw the novelist walk down the road with a pile of rubbish in his arms and, after surveying the situation uncertainly, dump the rubbish in the publisher's garbage pail. It was a natural mistake, and the publisher made no move to stop him—especially since he had noticed that the pile included a whole mass of yellow copy-paper. As soon as the author had re-entered his house the publisher engineered a little snooping expedition.

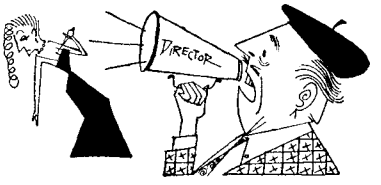
The novelist, it appeared, was engaged in an epic about an obscure Roman emperor, and obviously he was having the devil's own time getting started on it, too. Day after day, for a full fortnight, he deposited more rejected pages of manuscript in the publisher's garbage pail, and day after day the publisher studied them with care.

Finally he was ready to strike. He persuaded the town's leading citizen to invite both him and the author to

a cocktail party. It was he who introduced the obscure Roman emperor's name into the conversation. The author and his wife scarcely could believe their ears. What a wonderful break that a neighbor should know so much—such infinite details—about the very man the author had chosen for the subject of his new book!

There probably will be only one loser in this little tale—and that, of course, is the man who has published the historical novelist's previous books. He's visiting friends in Europe at the moment. Until the blow falls, let him guest in peace!

CASKIE STINNETT, perky correspondent for *Holiday,* encountered two erotic dancers in Hollywood whose names seemed to set him back on his heels. They were, respectively, Miss September Maughan and Miss Berthe Day Suter. On a movie lot nearby Mr. Stinnett heard a harassed director



implore another fair practitioner of the dramatic arts, "Now let's go through that death scene once again, and put more life in it!" . . . Customer at Marshall Field's in Chicago told Olive Peterson, "My sister's working every Saturday and Sunday as a trimmer in a candle factory." "Why," inquired Olive, "doesn't she work from Monday through Friday?" "She can't," was the explanation. "She just works on wick ends." . . . Great news for after-dinner speakers and phoney "ad-libbers": *Science News Letter* discloses perfection of a "no-rattle" paper. Chemically treated to eliminate all crackle, it takes typing, pencil, and the "ink" of ballpoint pens without smearing. . . . Princeton University Press has the perfect title-author combination this season : "Cohort Fertility: Native White Woman in the U.S.," by P. K. Whelpton. . . .

CAL WHIPPLE'S "Yankee Whalers in the South Seas" (Doubleday) is chockfull of salty anecdotes, and should sell particularly well in Philadelphia, the city of blubberly love. I particularly liked the story of the cautious whaling captain from Nantucket who became embroiled with a British skipper, and found himself challenged to a duel. The American, having the choice of weapons, decided on pistols, and proposed a dueling spot which he knew and his opponent did not. It turned out to be the crest of a hill. After the antagonists marked off their twenty paces they couldn't even see each other, much less shoot!

Keeping supplies of fresh water was

Random House books

NANCY
Mitford
MADAME DE POMPADOUR
"A stylish Cinderella story about 'the most delicious woman in France.' Captivating."—*The New Yorker.* $4.75

ELLIOT
Paul
DESPERATE SCENERY
Recollections of wild old times way out West in Wyoming. $3.75

CHRISTOPHER
Isherwood
THE WORLD IN THE EVENING
First new novel in nine years by the author of *Prater Violet.* $3.50

JAMES A.
Michener
SAYONARA
"Rivals *South Pacific.* Don't miss it!" —*Chicago Tribune.* $3.50

BRIGID
Brophy
HACKENFELLER'S APE
"An elegant, strange novel, freshly diverting."—*N.Y. Times Book Review.* $2.75

PÄR
Lagerkvist
THE ETERNAL SMILE
The extraordinary short novels and stories of the 1951 Nobel Prize winner. $4.50

F. HUGH
Herbert
I'D RATHER BE KISSED
"A better novel than Booth Tarkington's *Seventeen.*" — STERLING NORTH, *N. Y. World Telegram.* $2.95

COMING AUGUST 2ND
WILLIAM
Faulkner
A FABLE
One of the truly great works of fiction of our time. $4.75

AT ALL BOOKSTORES RANDOM HOUSE, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶ This is the book of fourteen who came out of Sweden to America in that hot July of 1850 ...among them **ULRIKA,** the harlot, who lusted for virtue as other women might secretly dream of sin . . . **KARL OSKAR,** the seeker, who hungered for land and work to match his Viking strength... **ROBERT,** the liar, who sought for riches but not for work... God's captive, **DANJEL,** who thirsted for his Lord . . . and **KRISTINA,** who longed only for the home left forever behind.

This is one family's part in the story that still lives somewhere within all of us whose ancestors—early or late—came in fear and in hope to this good land.

UNTO A GOOD LAND

A novel by VILHELM MOBERG, author of *The Emigrants*

A Literary Guild Selection • Just published $3.95 at all bookstores, Simon and Schuster

a constant problem on whalers. One skipper devised a simple and fiendishly effective system for conserving dwindling supplies. The dipper to the drinking barrel was hung on the crosstrees and had to be replaced after each use.

Sailing voyages took a long time. Four years was normal. The little women left behind at home reacted in different ways. The sister of one pointed out to her, "Your husband didn't even say goodbye to you when he sailed off this morning." "It's all right," was the explanation. "He'll only be gone two years this time." The wife of the skipper of the whaleship *Otter* wasn't so tractable. Fact is, she walked out on him. The skipper was in a South American port when he learned of his wife's infidelity. Enraged, he promptly sold the *Otter*, lock, stock, and barrel, to a Brazilian syndicate, and pocketed the entire proceeds. This was a rather ingenious form of revenge, since his wife had left him for the owner of the *Otter*.

When the whaling ship *Essex* was sunk in 1820, writes Whipple, only eight members of the crew lived to tell the tale, and all of them carried for the rest of their lives the memory of having become cannibals in order to survive. Captain Pollard, one of the eight, was challenged years later by a writer who claimed relationship to a member of the *Essex* crew who had not returned. "I wonder if you remember him?" inquired the writer. "Remember him?" cackled Captain Pollard, "Hell, son, I et him!"

Headed toward the Cape, Nantucket, or the Vineyard for your vacation? Take a copy of "Yankee Whalers in the South Seas" with you!

HERBERT MAYES, of *Good Housekeeping*, defines an editor as "a man who goes around with a worried look on his assistant's face." . . . In his book "Modern China's Policy" author Werner Levi recalls discussions in 1899 regarding the "Open Door Policy"

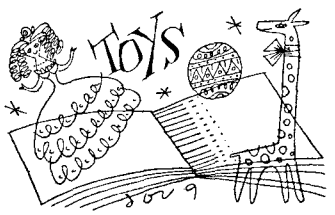
SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1061)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY:
A BIRTHDAY
(Don Marquis, July 29, 1878)

Don, there was a time, not long away,
You gave us all our daily double-meaning . . .
The queen of cats went down the Bay
In a barge of garbage from street-cleaning.
And mounds of upperwestside refuse starchy
Were dietetic still for kingsize archy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conducted by John M. Hay, our Secretary of State, and Wu-Ting-Fang, the Chinese Minister to the U.S. "It was said," writes Mr. Levi, "that Wu talked to Hay until he was woozy, and Hay talked to Wu until he was hazy." . . . Virginia Gildersleeve, doughty dean of Barnard for thirty-six years, is penning her memoirs for Macmillan. . . . Rinehart has contracted for a book that will tell the engaging story of American toys and



the children who played with them from colonial times to the present. Inez and Marshall McClintock are collaborating on the book and, since the field is virtually uncharted, earnestly solicit any pertinent information—particularly on the period before 1900—on old and defunct toy companies, stores, dolls, games, catalogues, and suchlike. . . . John O'Ren tells in *The Baltimore Sun* about a noted Maryland author who has become more and more crotchety in his old age—also more and more intemperate—thereby constituting himself a major problem to the staff of the exclusive club he frequents. Very much in his cups the other day, he hollered for an attendant, and when nobody came running on the double flew into a rage. When a waiter finally arrived he demanded, "Have you the faintest idea who I am?" "No, sir," admitted the waiter, who had been added to the staff just that morning, "but you sit right where you are, mister, and I'll find out for you."

DESPITE ALL RUMORS TO the contrary (most of them started by myself) your correspondent is essentially a very lazy fellow, and when Cleveland ("Clip") Amory allowed in an unguarded moment as how he might be prevailed upon to conduct this column during the enervating days of August and September I did my own version of the Hopi Victory Dance on the edge of our Mt. Kisco pond. Clip Amory has proven what a superb storyteller he is in "The Proper Bostonians" and again in "The Last Resorts." His appearance upon the TRADE WINDS scene is a great break for me, and an even greater one for you!

GIVE 'EM WHAT FOR, Clip; look out for Rex Stout; and keep them laughing until I come back in October!

—BENNETT CERF.

Helping your doctor help you—the partnership between

Meat and Medicine

Out of the partnership between the meat industry and medicine come these (and many other) medicinal preparations

Meat animals are the source of many important medical products—including all those on the list below.

Every day physicians rely on these products to help save lives, battle disease, relieve pain and restore health for millions of people. Perhaps you, or some member of your family have been helped by one of these vital products—or will be in the future.

To help make them available to your doctor, the meat packing industry has elaborate facilities for saving medically important by-products. To make a single ounce of insulin, for example, pancreas glands from 7,500 pigs or 1,500 cattle must be saved and properly processed.

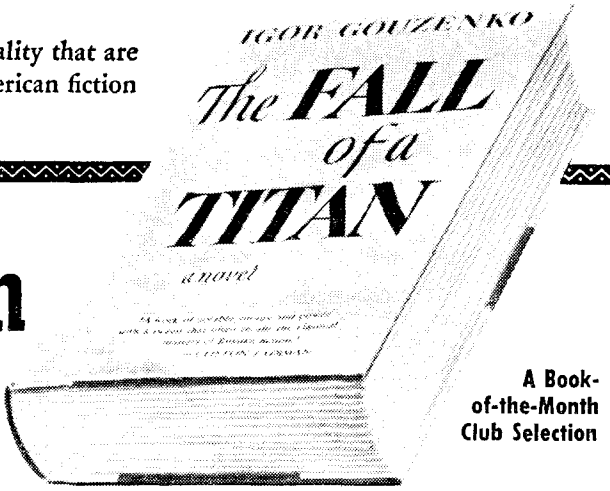
This list (only a partial one) shows that many great discoveries have come from the research partnership between the meat industry and modern medicine. The search goes on for even greater things.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE
Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.

Insulin—only substance known to medical science which can control diabetes.
ACTH—used in treatment of rheumatic fever, arthritis, acute inflammation of eyes and skin, acute alcoholism, severe asthma, hay fever, and other allergy conditions.
Cortisone—treatment of rheumatic fever, arthritis, various allergies, inflammatory eye diseases, etc.
Epinephrine—treatment of many allergic conditions such as asthma, low blood pressure, certain heart affections.
Liver Extract—treatment of pernicious anemia.
Fibrin Foam—controls bleeding during surgical operations.
Gastric Mucin—treatment of many stomach afflictions, notably peptic ulcer.
Thyroid Extract—treatment of depressed functioning of the thyroid gland (myxedema and cretinism).
Diastase—aids in promoting starch digestion.
Posterior Pituitary Extract—increases blood pressure during certain conditions of shock.
Bile Salts—treatment of gall bladder disturbances and abnormalities in fat digestion.
Sutures—widely used in surgery because they possess great strength; need not be removed since they are absorbed by the body.
Rennet—aids in milk digestion.
Estrogenic Hormones—treatment of certain conditions arising out of the menopause.
Progesterone—treatment of threatened and habitual abortion, and in severe dysmenorrhea.
Dehydrocholic Acid—treatment of certain gall bladder disorders and abnormalities of bile flow.
Suprarenal Cortex Extract—used in the treatment of Addison's Disease.
Benzoinated Lard—widely used as a medicinal ointment base.
Cholesterol—starting material for the preparation of many hormones.
Lipase—aids in promoting fat digestion.
Trypsin—used in surgery to aid in cleaning up wounds.
Bone Marrow Concentrates—treatment of various blood disorders.
Parathyroid Extract—treatment of tetany (severe involuntary muscle contraction) which follows removal of these glands.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEN RAY REDMAN: "Has a scope and a sweep and a vitality that are conspicuously lacking in much of today's English and American fiction . . . Absorbing and powerful."—*The Saturday Review*



The Fall of a Titan

by IGOR GOUZENKO

A novel of the redemption of a great man who wrought evil while seeking good

A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection

TIME: ". . . a kind of Russian *Macbeth* with its pages drenched in suicides, rapes and murders . . . poignant and powerful."

CHARLES J. ROLO: "A massive product of the creative imagination . . . A novel of tremendous compass, with a multitude of characters, a multitude of poignant individual dramas, a multitude of memorable scenes and powerful episodes . . . What gives Gouzenko's book its stature is . . . its stirring treatment of the human passions, and the intensity with which it dramatizes man's revolt against overwhelming evil."—*The Atlantic*

GILBERT HIGHET: "Packed with exciting incident, with richly memorable atmospheric description . . . A huge and fascinating work . . . Unforgettable."—*Harper's*

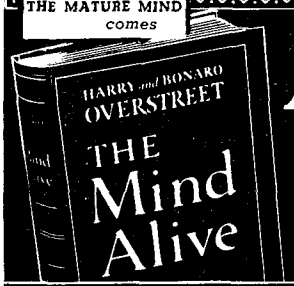
GRANVILLE HICKS: "Intrigue after intrigue develops . . . Yet the reader never loses its thread, but goes on, always more and more absorbed, to the explosive climax . . . A book that one reads with excitement and with profit."
—Front Page, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

CLIFTON FADIMAN: "A work of notable energy and power with a sweep that often recalls the classical masters of Russian fiction."

Second printing before publication

629 pages • $4.50

Out of THE MATURE MIND *comes*



A Leading Best Seller for 25 Weeks!

THE NEW BOOK

by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet

$3.75

The exultant story of Douglas Bader, triumphant over tragedy

Reach for the Sky

by PAUL BRICKHILL

Author of THE GREAT ESCAPE

© Keystone Press

A star athlete in school, excelling in all competitive sports, handsome, charming, popular, he lost both legs in an accident in 1931. Yet he became the outstanding ace of the RAF — the individual hero of the Battle of Britain. He was given command first of a flight, then a squadron, then three squadrons, then five. The fighter tactics he evolved contributed greatly to victory in the Battle of Britain. Shot down over France, he got out of his burning Spitfire only because one of his artificial legs came off. Twice captured, he twice escaped, at last being captured again and sent to Colditz for the duration.

His story is a drama of courage and resourcefulness. He has learned to dance, he drives a car, he plays championship golf with a handicap of 4, he has flown his wife in his own plane all over the world, he does everything any man can do — and he does it better. His is a thrill-packed story that tugs at the heart. There has been nothing like it before — and probably won't be again. Read it for excitement, for adventure, and for its sublime aura of courage. You'll not forget it.

Illustrated. $3.75

Pygmies and Dream Giants

by KILTON STEWART

The excitement of adventure and discovery complement the excitement of meeting an unusual intelligence at work in this record of a one-man expedition among the Negritos, the Ilongots, and the Ifugao of Luzon.

MARGARET MEAD says: "A valuable and fascinating account — by an original, insatiably curious, and unconventional investigator — of his search for laws of psychotherapy among three primitive peoples in the wilds of the Philippines."

$3.75

At all bookstores

W. W. NORTON & COMPANY *"Books that Live"* **101 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N.Y.**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
JULY 31, 1954

BUSINESS AND THE CULTURAL CLIMATE

By HAROLD K. GUINZBURG

American business is geared to mass production and an ever-increasing number of potential customers. It works well for soap and automobiles. But it is less well adapted to the creative artists and original thinkers who are trying to address themselves to something less than the mass. As president of the Viking Press, Harold K. Guinzburg has come face to face with the problems of reconciling business needs and cultural standards in a mass-production economy. His article is the last in SR's *Common Man series. All the contributions to this series have been published in book form by the University of Oklahoma Press under the title "Is the Common Man Too Common?"*

ANY examination of the cultural climate in America and any attempt to speculate about its prospects should take into full account the importance of big business as an all-pervading influence in our contemporary civilization. There is nothing new, to be sure, in recognizing the growth of business, of industry, and of the intricate network of interests related to them as dominant factors on which the material welfare of our society depends. It seems less widely recognized that our cultural welfare, our entertainment, our communication, and our arts are now for the most part also in the hands of large commercial enterprises and are therefore subject to many of the same pressures which shape other business operations. "What's good for General Motors" may be good for the country economically, but it hardly follows that what best sells Chevrolets best serves our cultural interests.

The trend to great size in the companies that furnish us with goods and services has paralleled the growth of the nation. The advantages of big business and its dangers have been the subject of continuing discussion. Aside from fears of monopolistic control, there have been many to regret that in so many fields the small independent operator, long a symbol of private enterprise, has had to give way to great corporations, as the corner grocer has had to bow to the chain stores and the supermarkets, whose efficient management and huge purchasing power bring larger value and more variety to the customer. Something always considered attractive by society also disappears when individually produced work, particularly in skilled crafts, is priced out of the markets by the ever more remarkable output of machines.

The tangible benefits of large-scale operations are all around us and are easy to see. Such losses as we may have suffered are less obvious, and when we try to assess cultural levels we are primarily considering intangibles. Since the dramatic expansion in the accessibility of information and entertainment, given fabulous impetus by the inventions of this century, is relatively so recent, it would be absurd to predict with any assurance what its ultimate effects will be. But there certainly can be no doubt that business is essentially involved with the development, and therefore that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is exerting a profound influence on the intellectual climate in which we live.

That climate, according to the hopes and beliefs that man has held in the past, should by now be unprecedentedly favorable to a rich, varied, and flourishing artistic accomplishment and its wide enjoyment. We should be living in a cultural golden age, for even though the American scene still has too many shameful dark corners, even though it still includes huge numbers of both urban and rural underprivileged, the overall picture of our society is one in which wealth, leisure, and education are enjoyed on a hitherto undreamed-of scale. Invention and business enterprise, capitalizing on this situation, have made art, entertainment, and information—which throughout most of history were available only to a select few—accessible to almost the entire population. But instead of rejoicing in our new-found cultural prosperity, most critical observers of the current scene are worried by the average quality of the material which flows out to us in such overwhelming quantity and look in vain for signs that much outstanding work is being produced.

BUSINESS pressures cannot, of course, be held solely to blame for the situation. Innumerable factors are involved. Perhaps we have progressed in our means of communicating too rapidly for our own good, as we also seem to have done in other fields. The physical sciences have plunged forward at such a pace that we are unable to cope politically with the fruits of their invention; the vast multiplication of our school and college populations in only a few decades appears to many teachers to be at the root of the inadequacies they find in our educational apparatus and product, where we have bowed to the need to serve quantity rather than maintain the goal of producing quality.

If we are suffering in these fields from temporary stresses to which we can adjust in time, from indigestion caused by overindulgence, the problems presented are not too grim. If, on the other hand, the troubles stem from fundamental weaknesses in our systems, we are faced with far more difficult tasks.

Since mass production and mass distribution have become general in our world, the conditions governing both creative work and its dissemination have changed profoundly. In earlier times the arts and learning were usually dependent on small segments of the population, drawn mostly from the church and the aristocracy. These groups, narrow enough but at least representing intellectual leadership, comprised the arbiters of taste and the repository of knowledge. They were the only source of patronage, the sole market for artistic work, except only when the state, which was usually controlled by the same select groups, also supported creative activity.

The democratic revolutions of the eighteenth century, promising free inquiry, free speech, and general education, burst the limited horizons of earlier eras and opened new vistas for widespread participation in diversified intellectual activities. It took the Fascist and Communist dictatorships of our own age to reverse man's progress towards enlightenment, to deny his right not only to think for himself, but even to have independent esthetic tastes. Under totalitarianism a rigid regimented conformity, repellent to everything modern Western man cherishes in the name of civilization, was imposed in the name of state authority by a small ruling clique.

In our own country we indignantly reject the notion of state direction or any other form of suppression and subscribe to the belief that the widest possible flow of varied uncensored output from the minds and hands of many is most to be desired. Having apparently come close to that goal in theory, we now find ourselves worried by the seeming failure of our output to measure up in practice to our high expectations. We ask with concern whether the vast expansion and the shift in the nature of communication has brought along with its benefits a leveling down of quality.

There can be no doubt that the audiences have altered radically. The attractive, the profitable markets today are made up of the bulk of the people. Our architects, for example, design factories, office buildings, and suburban developments rather than cathedrals and stately mansions for the rich. The enterprise that seeks material success sets its sights on vast numbers of potential customers. Catering to a small circle becomes more and more difficult and increasingly

(*Continued on page* 40)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THESE WERE COUNTED OUT

Politics and literature often mix. Below are the names of ten individuals who were writers either by vocation or avocation all of whom sought public office, sometimes successfully, but each at least once in vain. Who were these also-ran also-writers? For identifying seven, you qualify as a registered voter; for eight, as a party watcher; for nine or better, you are "A man who—" Answers on page 16.

1. This Irish-born dramatist entered Parliament in 1780, when he was twenty-nine, and served brilliantly until 1812, when his unseating put him at the mercy of a horde of creditors.
2. Long a member of the South Carolina Legislature, this prolific novelist was defeated in 1846 in his attempt to gain the lieutenant-governorship of his native state.
3. When the city of Edinburgh declined in 1847 to return this poet, critic, and essayist to Parliament, where he had served for nine years, he began writing a voluminous history.
4. This major Victorian novelist stood for Parliament for Oxford in 1857 and was beaten, 1,085 votes to 1,018.
5. This New York newspaper proprietor, author of numerous works of travel and history and an autobiography, ran for President of the United States in 1872, was roundly beaten, and died less than a month later.
6. Defeated in his attempts to win state office during the 1860s, this Massachusetts-born Kansan eventually served three terms in the United States Senate and wrote a sonnet that is still an anthology favorite.
7. This humorist, frustrated in 1894 in his attempt to become mayor of his native city of Yonkers, New York, turned the experience to good account in a little book called "Three Weeks in Politics."
8. This biggest best-seller novelist of his day was born on the banks of the Mississippi, migrated to New Hampshire, and served two years in the Legislature of his adopted state, only to lose out when he ran for governor on the Progressive ticket in 1913.
9. After serving a term in the United States Senate from Maryland, this Pulitzer-Prize-winning biographer was defeated for re-election in 1928—
10. —while *this* Pulitzer-Prize-winning biographer served in the same chamber from Indiana from 1899 to 1911 but was defeated for re-election, and was again defeated when he attempted a comeback in 1922.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

Latter-Day Christ Story

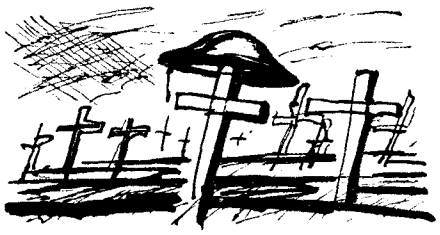
"A Fable," by William Faulkner *(Random House, 437 pp. $4.75), is a religious allegory based on the events of the false French armistice toward the close of World War I. Here Maxwell Geismar, author of "Rebels and Ancestors" and other studies of the novel in America, considers it and the recently published* ***"Faulkner Reader"*** *(Random House, 682 pp. $5) to appraise the course of Faulkner's development as a literary artist.*

By Maxwell Geismar

WILLIAM FAULKNER'S new novel, entitled, simply, "A Fable," is in part a religious allegory based on the events of the false French armistice near the end of the First World War. It is probably the best novel Faulkner has published in the past decade. His last two, "Intruder in the Dust" and "Requiem for a Nun," had to my mind the mark of Hollywood and of Broadway on them; only, as if to atone for his earlier use of shock and sensationalism, Faulkner imposed a high-flown morality upon very dubious narratives. In "A Fable" he has, to a certain degree, reconciled his rhetoric and his instincts.

The false armistice of 1918, in Faulkner's version of it, was based upon the mutiny of a French regiment which simply failed to move when it was ordered to attack. A form of passive resistance to any further fighting, the mutiny spreads to other French regiments along the battle line, and to their German counterparts. The first memorable portrait in "A Fable" is that of General Gragnon, the division commander, who orders an artillery barrage to be thrown down on his rebellious troops, and then requests authority to shoot the entire regiment.

Some of these episodes of war are excellent. One of Faulkner's gifts has always been that of narrative power. Even when his stories are difficult to follow, they are interesting to read, and the new novel uses his familiar techniques. There is the long cut-back (sometimes within a long cut-back) where we follow the adventures of "the runner," a mysterious soldier who has apparently been clubbed to death at the beginning of the story—we are never quite sure. There is the silence of the "aghast and suspended city"—in these typical Faulknerian phrases—when the Parisian women learn that their husbands, brothers, and lovers are to be executed for the mutiny. The narrative itself moves by a series of brilliant, if sometimes momentarily inscrutable, detours to the inmost center of the Allied high command. Only here do we begin to realize that the novel in turn has been shifting from the level of realism to that of religious symbolism and mysticism—that it is, in effect, a modern version of the Christ story.



It is on this last level that the novel fails. Its failure, it seems to me, throws a significant light not only on Faulkner's earlier career but on that whole famous "lost generation" of American writers to which his youth and apprenticeship belonged. In the foreword to "The Faulkner Reader," a collection of representative selections from the whole body of his work recently published, this gifted and eloquent novelist stresses again, as he did in his Nobel Prize speech, and as he does once more in "A Fable," that the function of literature is "to uplift men's hearts." Nobody can quarrel with this: all great writers have done it; the only question is how. I think that Faulkner's great error during the last decade of his writing has been to substitute an empty moralism, however sincere, for the true uses of his own genius.

He *did* uplift our hearts in "The Sound and the Fury," in 1929. This novel, which is quite correctly included in full in "The Faulkner Reader," still remains his primary work and, despite a highly experimental technique, a great and touching book. The underlying emotions of the story are almost those of infancy: the love of brother and sister in a dreadful and decaying Southern family, with a drunken and rhetorical father, an ailing and nagging mother. These intricate family relationships

THE AUTHOR: Last November, after nine years of highly interrupted and widely scattered writing, William Faulkner slowly typed, mostly with the middle finger of his right hand: "'I am not laughing,' the old man bending over him said. 'What you see are tears'," the last line of "A Fable," the novel Faulkner himself has frequently described as his most important work since he first started writing novels back in 1925. Faulkner, a Nobel Prize winner with an admirable reputation for dodging interviewers, hasn't ever exactly called a news conference to discuss his own convictions about the book, but neither has he kept them a secret among the people he does not dodge. "He believes it's the biggest thing he's written," a close friend of his says. "Once, at a party held after the book was finished, a woman asked him: 'Tell me, Mr. Faulkner, what is your new book about?' He answered her with one word: 'Christ'." "A Fable" was written in Oxford, Lafayette County, Miss., which is Faulkner's address when he isn't in Jefferson, Yoknapatawpha County, or in Princeton, N. J., visiting Saxe Commins, his editor, or in New York, working in Commins's office.

Faulkner shared that office from October 1952 to June of last year, turning up for work each morning like any other Random House employe. He got away for a while in June to see Jill, his daughter, graduate from Pine Manor Junior College in Wellesley, Mass. Faulkner delivered a commencement address, saying: "What is wrong with this world is, it's not finished yet." He turned up in Princeton in the early fall, completing his novel in November. Often, during all those years with "A Fable," he'd break things off temporarily, to write other novels, scenarios, and, in the spring before last, a script for the Lux Video Theatre. He was in Europe this spring, then went down to Cairo, where he labored on "Land of the Pharaohs," a scenario for Howard Hawks. Faulkner is back in Oxford these days and it's a safe bet he'll be there at least until August 21. Jill is being married that day. —BERNARD KALB.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were also at the base of Faulkner's *tour de force* during this early period: his "As I Lay Dying," published the following year, was almost, as it were, a "poor-white" parallel, telescoped, of "The Sound and the Fury."

But a quarter of a century ago Faulkner was not concerned with upholding the "old verities" he lauded in his Nobel Prize address. His purpose then was to show the life around him, and indeed to dispel the mist of that prevailing Southern legend whose whole significance, as Ellen Glasgow had realized before Faulkner, was to keep the truth from the South.

When, in 1932, he came to face the real issues of his environment and culture even more directly in "Light in August," his second important novel, the accent of horror was dominant in the tortured love relationship of the hero with Negro blood and the Southern spinster. The hero was named Joe Christmas; even then Faulkner was obsessed, perhaps, by the Christian symbolism. But the real issue was that of a society which was devoutly, almostly rigidly, religious in name, and had in truth renounced the inner spirit of all religions. More recently Lillian Smith has been describing this central paradox of Southern society, where the race question has made a mockery of the Christian code.

It was logical, perhaps inevitable, that in Faulkner's third major novel, "Absalom, Absalom!" (1936), he came to view the South and its people as forever "cursed" and "doomed." These are among his favorite and recurrent adjectives together with all the forms of the word "outrage" which have marked his style more recently. "Absalom," the story of the two half-brothers, one of them part Negro, who are the last descendants of the plantation aristocracy in the Old South, was also Faulkner's last real try at authentic tragedy in fiction. Since then the Snopes clan, scheming, conniving traders, merchants, and politicians, without dignity or honor, have taken over the New South in Faulkner's work. The emotional tone has changed to that of folk comedy, very often brutal, sadistic, or "clever."

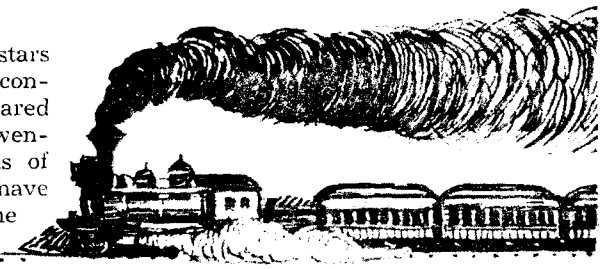
IT SEEMS clear that Faulkner, like Ernest Hemingway, has never really been able to accept the conditions of modern life in his own country. In one fine story, "The Bear," included in the "Reader," Faulkner, rather like Hemingway in Africa, has returned directly to the virtues of the primitive wilderness. In the work of both these writers—the two great stars of that brilliant literary constellation which first appeared over our horizon in the Twenties—the glowing dreams of adolescence and youth have also been stressed over the sober, constrictive, and perhaps disheartening demands of maturity.

Wasn't this the dominant trait of that whole generation, along with such gifted figures as Sinclair Lewis and John Dos Passos, who were raised and nourished on the acids of skepticism and revolt in the Jazz Age? In my own view, that is why the older generation of Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, and Ellen Glasgow sometimes seem, if less gifted craftsmen, more enduring as artists and as literary figures.

That is why, when the new age of the Thirties and Forties called for other values than those of ridicule, such a writer as H. L. Mencken went so sour. And that is the primary problem that Faulkner has been trying to come to terms with in his own work during the last decade.

In "A Fable," too, one notices the vestigial suspicion of city life and city people—the symbols of the twentieth century—on the part of this deep-country novelist. There is the "open reliant incorrigibly bucolic face" of the Iowa farm boy in uniform, who is compared with the killer Buchwald, grandson of a Polish rabbi and on the way to becoming an American gangster. Another of these soldiers, Polchek, with a "knowing, almost handsome metropolitan face," is the modern Judas among the twelve military disciples who have conspired with a French corporal to instigate and direct the mutiny.

In the novel's climax, when we discover that this "corporal" is the illegitimate son of the French Marshal who sentences him to death, "with God and with love," we realize also that Faulkner has intended these two figures to illustrate the two poles of man's mundane power and his eternal spiritual aspirations. But these "aspirations" are never really embodied in the novel itself; they are still sermons. They represent Faulkner's own "need to believe" in the maturity of his art, but they also represent a kind of abstract belief which has never been rooted in the life around him, the life of his own country, and of his own time. This remains his central problem as a writer, just as it remains the problem which so far has not been grappled with successfully by the other gifted literary figures of his generation.



—Jacket design for "Unto a Good Land."

Swedes on the Move

"Unto a Good Land," by Vilhelm Moberg *(translated by Gustaf Lannestock. Simon & Schuster. 377 pp. $3.95), the second volume of a trilogy, traces the journey of a group of Swedish farmers from their native land to a new life in Minnesota. Richard B. Vowles, who reviews it here, contributed the introduction to "The Eternal Smile," the recently published collection of short stories by Pär Lagerkvist.*

By Richard B. Vowles

I SUPPOSE any new Scandinavian epic of the soil is likely to be greeted as just another compounding of sex, sweat, and aqua vitae. In Sweden a hue and cry went up over what was unjustly thought to be an excess of at least one of these ingredients in "The Emigrants," the first volume of Vilhelm Moberg's trilogy, and the controversy echoed in this country. The rawness of detail is mitigated in "Unto a Good Land," the second volume just published here, if not by the author's gentler touch, by the benign influence of the American continent on Mr. Moberg's journeying Swedes. The scope of the whole undertaking is impressive. Meticulous documentation lies behind this chronicle of immigration in the 1850's, and in these first two volumes an essential humanity suffuses the panorama of mixed ugliness, beauty, joy, and despair.

The action of the story covers just one year and takes fifteen assorted Swedes from New York harbor by boat, train, and foot deep into Minnesota territory, where they survive a harsh winter and finally acquire the feeling of home. The quest motif is strong and interestingly differentiated. Karl Oskar, the tough-sinewed leader, seeks a stoneless, fertile soil; his younger brother, Robert, haunted by an ear infection that is constant reminder of mistreatment under bonded servitude, searches for the ad-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

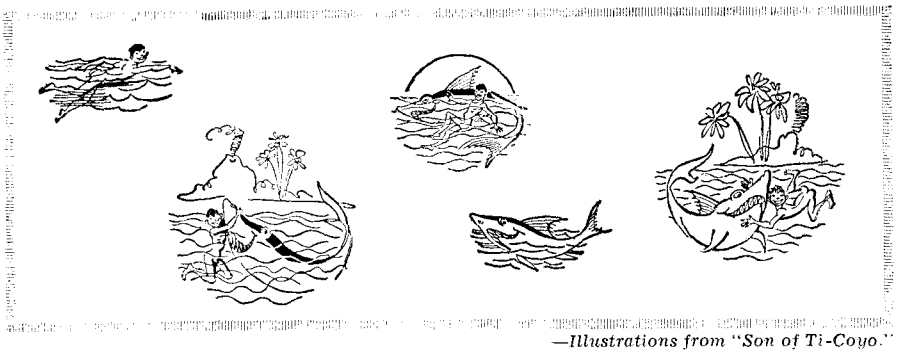
venture his reading has promised him: Ulrika flees a society which made her and forever labeled her the village whore. The aged Fina-Kajsa, clinging to her heritage from the old country, a crippled iron pot, perhaps best symbolizes the perseverance of these new Americans.

VIRGINIA WOOLF once said of Defoe that "by reiterating that nothing but a plain earthenware pot stands in the foreground, he persuades us to see the solitudes of the human soul" and ropes "the whole universe into harmony." So it is with Fina-Kajsa's pot and many simple details of Moberg's narrative. The sea journey itself becomes a kind of baptism and the first taste of fresh bread and milk, after weeks of molded food, takes on sacramental meaning in the new land. The simple legend "Danger! Watch Your Step!" on the door of the Albany train echoes and expands through the story as the immigrants encounter cholera, hunger, the occasional duplicity of their own countrymen, and the threat of persistent superstitions. The silver dollar exerts its special meaning. Observes one traveler: "It's decorated with the stars of heaven"; to which comes the rejoinder that a bird of prey is on the other side. A wolf-headed Indian totem, which dimly confronts Karl Oskar in a snow storm, is grotesque reminder of the ominous unknown. Thus Moberg's realism takes on dimension.

Childbirth and the first winter provide the external climax of the narrative. But the internal climax is the adjustment to the new life and Moberg imbeds it in the marital relationship of Karl Oskar and his wife. Skilfully translated, his novel is impressive not merely for its epical scope but for its deep understanding of the psychology of the immigrant.

—*Paul Moor.*

Clément Richer—"wicked imagination."



—*Illustrations from "Son of Ti-Coyo."*

The Insatiable Appetite of Manidou

"Son of Ti-Coyo," by Clément Richer *(translated by Gerald Hopkins. Alfred A. Knopf. 245 pp. $3). continues the story of the relationship between a French West Indian planter and a shark named Manidou, complicated now by Ti-Coyo's acquisition of a male child who is his spitting image.*

By Otis Fellows

WHEN "Ti-Coyo and His Shark: An Immoral Fable" appeared in translation in 1951, there were those quick to see a spiritual kinship between Clément Richer's delightfully malicious wit, and the brilliantly mordant irony of Voltaire's philosophical tales. It was noted that Mr. Richer, like the author of "Candide," had, with delicate touch, been eminently successful in spinning out a theme of satiric fantasy on man's relation to his fellow men, to God, and to Nature in a world of deceit, cruelty, and violence.

Voltaire never wrote a sequel to "Candide." What passes for such was composed by an unknown hand. In "Son of Ti-Coyo," however, Mr. Richer has had the courage—some will say imprudence—to write a sequel to his initial success. "Ti-Coyo and His Shark," telling of a young half-caste who, aided by his tamed monster of the deep, found fortune in the now sunlit, now darkly turbulent waters around Martinique, had been, among the novels of the year, a refreshing interlude, offering as it did an elemental poetry, sardonic glee, and pagan realism all its own.

The setting of the two novels is the same, the West Indian town of St. Pierre, the Caribbean Sea, and the treacherous slopes of Mount Pelée, whose wilful, volcanic violence has subsided following the holocaust of 1902. Ti-Coyo lives in wealth with his sly hunchback of a father, his squint-eyed mother, and his ash-blonde wife on a sugar plantation slanting down to the sea. Manidou, now a shark of six tons, sleeps in his tank or thrashes about waiting for the grille to be raised allowing him to spread terror in the harbor of St. Pierre. Guinéo, who has come to bless Ti-Coyo's marriage, is physically and spiritually the spitting image of his handsome, amoral father. But the arrival of the young heir, a source of never-ending delight to the family, offers a most serious problem. Guinéo will surely feel the call of the sea like Ti-Coyo before him.

HOW can Manidou, who finds all humans except his master highly acceptable tidbits for an insatiable appetite, be persuaded that Guinéo is his father's flesh and blood? The manner in which Mr. Richer resolves this problem is one of the high spots of the tale. Once Guinéo and the shark, bound in mutual understanding, have become fast friends, with the boy cunningly serving up choice morsels of humanity to his playmate, we have the story of "Ti-Coyo and His Shark" all over again. The title, "The Son of Ti-Coyo," is something of a misnomer. As in the preceding volume, the weight of the narrative revolves around Manidou and the father. It seems obvious that Mr. Richer is as hard pressed to justify his title as he is to vary the situations in which man and man, or man and the animistic forces of nature, are in unrelenting conflict. By the book's end, the novelty of exuberant fantasy, perverse humor, and wanton cruelty has worn slightly thin. But those who were first drawn by the impishly wicked imagination of "Ti-Coyo and His Shark" will find that, here and there, some of the magic has brushed off on Mr. Richer's latest book.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Roger Forster.

André Soubiran—"considerable humanity."

Demoralized Doctor

"The Healing Oath," by André Soubiran *(translated by Oliver Coburn. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 376 pp. $3.95), completes the story, begun in "The Doctors," of Jean Nérac, who after much backsliding finds a life of useful service as a physician in rural France.*

By Edmund Fuller

IN ITS American edition "The Healing Oath" is a sequel to André Soubiran's best seller, "The Doctors," continuing the story of Jean Nérac's medical career. "The Healing Oath" formed the third volume of the complete French original, "Men in White," a title precluded here by the well-known Sidney Kingsley play. Published as the single work which they are in fact, "The Doctors" and "The Healing Oath" would just about match the more than nine hundred pages of Morton Thompson's "Not As a Stranger," with which they have a good deal in common. Like its American counterpart, the Soubiran novel in its entirety is a work of considerable distinction and humanity.

As we meet Jean Nérac here, he is deep in demoralization under the baleful influence of the wastrel Henri Phillipon. He had plunged into this condition at the end of "The Doctors." He has betrayed himself and his absent sweetheart, Marianne.

Partly in a spirit of penance, Jean responds to a Macedonian cry from his friend Lucien Clément. He goes to substitute temporarily for an ailing elderly doctor in the remote mountain village of Peyrac-le-Château, near Aurillac, in the Auvergne. Lucien, whose dedicated work in the slums of Paris had impressed Jean, practises in Peyrac, but in the sickness of old Dr. Delpuech one man cannot meet the needs of the area.

WE share Jean's experiences practising among the peasants, in midwinter, in this bleak, backward country. Appalled at the ignorance, superstition, filth, bestiality, and avarice which he meets on every side, at first he can see little to redeem it. The calm of Lucien and Dr. Delpuech in the face of such things baffles him. The way in which a nearby village has all but crucified hypersensitive Dr. Antoine Ricaud horrifies him.

Dr. Soubiran's artistry lies in the way in which he has combined a brutal realism with love. The ultimate inspiration for Jean Nérac and Antoine Ricaud is found through the dramatic sacrifice that caps Dr. Delpuech's life, and the disclosures concerning the background of the man Jean had thought to be a simple country practitioner. "The Healing Oath" becomes a plea for new doctors, new medical standards, in rural France.

The latter part of the book shows Jean, upon his return to Paris, drastically backsliding and reaching his own moral low ebb. This section, with his redemptive reunion with Marianne, would be seriously defective in treatment if "The Healing Oath" stood alone. The girl would be no more than a "patient Griselda." It is the relationship of this material to Dr. Soubiran's complete work that sets the characters in perspective and makes a novel of power, distinction, and deep humanity in spite of any faults.

Saint-Paulien—"remarkable restraint"

Spain: War, Postwar

"The Bulls of San Isidro," by Saint-Paulien *(translated by Herma Briffault. Farrar, Straus & Young. 298 pp. $3.75), tells of two dramatic episodes in the lives of a group of Spanish aristocrats, one during the Civil War, the other just two years ago.*

By Laurent LeSage

WITH vacation in everyone's thoughts, "The Bulls of San Isidro" makes a timely appearance. Saint-Paulien's novel should soon find its rightful place in guest rooms and in luggage, along with detective stories and science fiction, to pass the time during train trips and crossings. I had not noticed the book when it came out in France last year and I had never heard of its author. But if Saint-Paulien is not one of France's literary great, or, to judge from the work at hand, likely to become one, he does manage, through prodigious feats, to obtain attention. And summer appetites, preferring seasoning to substance, should find this narrative very much their dish.

The two parts of the novel, entitled simply "1936" and "1952," are actually two novelettes. The first relates an episode of the Spanish Civil War in the Nationalist camp; the second concerns an heiress and a bullfighter. They do not constitute, as is claimed on the jacket, "the story of the house of San Isidro, an aristocratic family famous for their proud men, beautiful women, and brave bulls." Rather, Saint-Paulien has used the various members of the family as recurrent characters to lace together two quite unrelated stories. The crusty dowager duchess, the bull-raising Spanish aristocrat, his society wife, and the children do not develop beyond conventional types. What the author seeks to provide is action, and he gives plenty of it.

When fighting breaks out in Madrid the dowager Ana finds herself alone to look after her young granddaughter and her grandson, wounded while participating in Falangist snipings and now hidden in one of the secret rooms of the ancestral palace. Soon the place is sacked and occupied by three ruffian chiefs, their henchmen, and their women. The old duchess runs a gamut of vilification and derision whenever she appears in her devastated rooms, now scenes of brutality and carousal. The pages are packed to the bursting point with suspense and blood-chilling scenes: the grandson firing upon the Republi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can chiefs just as they pass the death sentence upon the Duchess, then, with his fiancée in his arms, detonating a hand grenade; the old lady forced to dance around the bodies of executed prisoners!

In Part II all this horror is forgotten and the palace, now completely restored, is the scene of a lavish ball. Here begins the story of the debutante daughter's love affair with the devilishly handsome idol of the bull ring—a one-sided affair, in truth, since Diego is vaguely homosexual. Confinement, attempted abduction, murder, and suicide are offered as hors d'oeuvres. The main course is the bullfight related in a manner designed to outdo Blasco-Ibáñez himself.

Literary reminiscence, avowed or unavowed, and allusion to painting are not uncommonly resorted to by this writer, whose style is not equal to the depiction he undertakes. That seems the extent of his ambition: a remarkable restraint keeps him from exploiting his material for the ideological problems it suggests and from developing his characterizations into a study of human nature or national temperament. The book remains strictly *capa y espada* stuff, and as such should be fine for intense vicarious living in the hammock.

Fiction Notes

ULSTER COURTING: When Nora Byrne, heroine of Michael McLaverty's novel **"School for Hope"** (Macmillan, $3.50) came to teach in County Down, she resolved to tell no one her secret. Irish country folk have an almost superstitious dread of tuberculosis, a psychological heritage of the tragic years of famine. Though she was a girl of normal health, one suitor had already jilted her because her mother and sister had died of the disease. The new community must not know that she "came of weak stock."

It was hard to keep the secret from needlework addict Elizabeth Devlin, the prying one of two elderly spinsters with whom Nora made her home. Kindly old Mary Devlin was interested only in mothering the young teacher and promoting a match between her and the headmaster, Peter Lynch. Before long Peter was trying to promote the match himself, with considerable success. But the amiable forty-year-old headmaster was not a free agent. He was the prisoner of his sister Helen's jealousy, whose malice almost succeeded in defeating him.

Although Peter remained unshaken in his devotion, Nora conceded spiritual and physical defeat. It was

(*Continued on page 38*)

AMERICANA

What Makes Us Wheat Eaters?

***"American Ways of Life," by George R. Stewart** (Doubleday. 310 pp. $3.95), considers such matters as the things we eat, wear, and say, the names we bear, and the way we spend our spare time. Here it is reviewed by Bradford Smith, author of "Captain John Smith" and other books.*

By Bradford Smith

WHY ARE John and William the most popular names for men in United States? How did it come about that whiskey is the prevailing liquor? What is it that makes us wheat eaters, and why do we eat vast quantities of beef and pork but comparatively little fish and lamb? With immigrants from all parts of the world, how does it happen that our language is relatively unchanged by them?

It is this sort of question that interests the author of "Fire," "Storm," and "U. S. 40" in his latest book, "American Ways of Life." This is not a volume about *the* American way of life, whatever that phrase means, for it is not a book about ideas and ideology but rather about the things Americans eat, wear, say. It is about the houses they build, the churches they go to, the names they bear, the things they do with their spare time.

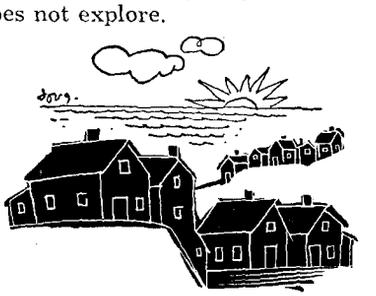
Half of the chapters were first presented as public lectures in Greece, where Mr. Stewart went as a Fulbright scholar. The book is therefore full of things so familiar to the American reader that they make no special impact. Interspersed with these, however, are nuggets of information bound to please a nation dedicated to curiosity and the radio quiz program. How the "Irish" potato began in Chile, and from there went to Spain, back to Florida, then to England and Ireland, and finally back to America, or how the colonial drink rum was supplanted by whiskey, or how the name Charles became popular—these are the items most likely to attract attention. The generalizations, whether one accepts them or not, tend to be forgotten.

Inevitably, therefore, though Mr. Stewart set out to generalize about American ways of life, his best passages are specific. It is too bad he felt unable to give us more of them. It is the absence of specific individuals, particular scenes and places, which makes it hard for the reader to experience the general propositions with which he is confronted.

ALSO lacking from the picture is the thing that gives American life its special quality—the vast number of voluntary organizations such as PTA, Rotary, YMCA, women's clubs, the political and social and civic groups which make every community in the land hum with activity. This voluntary action keeps government from overwhelming us. This sense of civic responsibility defines freedom for us. The American landscape is unrecognizable without it.

Mr. Stewart tackles the question of how the United States with its streams of immigrants has managed to maintain some sort of homogeneity. He maintains that the influence of England and the British Isles is much stronger and the influence of later immigrant streams much less than we usually assume, and that the melting pot was rather a transmuting pot which changed the new arrivals into what was already here rather than being changed by them.

In Mr. Stewart's view, American ways are so uniform as to be capable of being generally described. But is it not rather in the variety that the charm of the land lives? And when we describe these ways as if they were uniform, are we not falling into the very error so common among visitors from abroad, who are only too eager to stereotype us as a nation of machine-made, assembly-line units? Is it not rather the harmonious diversity of our ways, the ability to live differently yet together, that distinguishes us? A Vermont farmer and a Texas oil baron are much farther apart, in more ways than one, than many men separated by nationality. Yet they are both recognizably American. That is the mystery Mr. Stewart does not explore.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Escape" in the 19th Century

***"Villains Galore," by Mary Noel** (Macmillan. 320 pp. $5), is an account of the popular story weeklies that flourished in this country through more than half of the last century. Herbert Asbury, who reviews it below, is the author of "The Gangs of New York" and other books.*

By Herbert Asbury

IN "Villains Galore" Mary Noel has written a fine book, a thorough, interesting study of the weekly story papers which for more than half of the nineteenth century formed the principal reading matter of the so-called masses, the people whom politicians used to snarl at as "the mob" and "the beast," but now refer to, unctuously and lovingly, as "our valued constituents." Her book is especially recommended to those who cherish the delusion that during the past century there has been a great improvement in taste and public morals.

"Escape," Miss Noel writes, "was frankly and unabashedly provided by the story papers. . . . To millions of poor, hard-working, monotony-ridden lives, the story papers were a wide new world of high adventure and lovely sentiment, of mysterious dangers." Omit "lovely sentiment," which has long since gone out of fashion, and for "story papers" write "comic books, confession, and true story magazines, paper-back 'originals,' illustrated crime magazines, and girlie magazines," and you have the story of escape in 1954. For good measure you can add the soap operas and whodunits on radio and television.

Most of the stories published in the old-time story papers were silly and implausible, and the writing was terrible, which is not to be wondered at, considering the enormous quantities of prose which some of the story-paper authors churned out. John R. Coryell, who wrote many of the old Nick Carter stories, once had a contract, which he fulfilled, for one million words a year; he often wrote six serials at a time, devoting one day a week to each. Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., was almost as prolific: in thirty years, during which he wrote exclusively for the *New York Ledger*, he produced 122 novels, 862 short stories, and about 90,000 manuscript pages of short fillers. But the worst that could be said of all this stuff was that it was bad literature; it was harmless and quickly forgotten. And the dream world into which its readers escaped was a pleasant world of honor and goodness, where the hero was always noble and the villain always evil.

Today millions of copies of the trash that clutters thousands of American newsstands are bought by readers who escape with it into a dreadful phantasmagoria of torture, murder, nasty sex, sadism, mayhem, and massacre; recently I read a paper-back "original" which described in grisly detail the dissection of a human cadaver. It was implied that the young man who wielded the knife was somewhat maladjusted. Forgetting that today's cliché was yesterday's original thought, we laugh at the old-timers who wrote "another redskin bit the dust" and "the villain still pursued her." But we devour with avidity such noble passages as "Okay, chum, you get the works," and "Hoist 'em, Mac, or I'll drill you." We shiver with delight when a private eye gets horribly beaten up ten times in six pages, and those of us who read the comic books —they're not all kids—follow with moist eye and trembling lip the fiendish activities of the mad scientist as he strips the captive lady, or doll, and prepares her for a fate worse than death. We scorn such hacks as Dickens, Tennyson, Longfellow, and Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, who wrote occasionally for the old story papers; we pin our faith on Mickey Spillane and the tough writers who not only call a spade a spade but tell how to use it.

I AM pleased to report that Miss Noel's attitude toward the old story papers is, to my notion, exactly what it should be. She appreciates their absurdities, but she doesn't write with her tongue in her cheek, she doesn't poke fun at the papers as quaint relics of an age of innocence, and she doesn't go overboard in her appraisal of their significance, which she recognizes as important but not world-shaking. She covers the field with great thoroughness, paying some attention also to the old-time dime novel, but she is principally concerned with some forty of the most important story papers, which flourished from the early 1840's to about 1890. Among them were the *New York Ledger*, the *New York Weekly*, the *New York Mercury*, the *Saturday Night* and *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia, and the *Flag of Our Union* of Boston. All of these papers specialized in sensational fiction, most of which was published as serials. Much of it was written by such old-time favorites as Fanny Fern, Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., Mrs. E.D.E.N. Southworth, and Mary J. Holmes, and, of course, Laura Jean Libby and Bertha M. Clay. The last name was used as a by-line by a dozen different writers.

Miss Noel's book traces the development of the story papers from the semi-literary weeklies of the 1830's, and shows how they made the writing of light fiction a regular business. It became a well-paying business, too, thanks to Robert Bonner, a remarkable character whose *New York Ledger* dominated the field for some thirty years and made him a very rich man. Bonner was the largest advertiser of his time, and a genius at promotion, but he would never permit a line of advertising to appear in the *Ledger*. He started paying high prices to authors, and his competitors were forced to follow. Bonner once paid Longfellow $300 for two hundred lines of mediocre poetry, Charles Dickens $5,000 for a short story, and Lord Tennyson $5,000 for a single poem. He had a dozen writers under contract at salaries of from $50 to $150 a week, big money in those days. The *Ledger's* principal rival, *Saturday Night*, once offered Mrs. Southworth $10,000 for a short story. But she was loyal to Bonner, who had discovered her, and was "not tempted."

—*From the book.*

"Stop! Look to your own Honor! I stand without a blemish!"

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Richard Brinsley Sheridan. 2. William Gilmore Simms. 3. Thomas Babington Macaulay. 4. William Makepeace Thackeray. 5. Horace Greeley. 6. John James Ingalls. 7. John Kendrick Bangs. 8. Winston Churchill. 9. William Cabell Bruce. 10. Albert J. Beveridge.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Reporter's View of the Civil War

"My Diary North and South," by William Howard Russell *(Harper. 268 pp. $4), is a new edition, edited by Fletcher Pratt, of the classic report by a London* Times *correspondent on the state of the disunited nation at the outbreak of the Civil War. Allan Nevins, who reviews it below, is the author of "The Emergence of Lincoln" and other books.*

By Allan Nevins

"HOW well that book stands time!" wrote Charles Francis Adams, Jr., of William Howard Russell's "Diary" in the summer of 1863. Young Adams, a hard-bitten lieutenant-colonel under Grant, had spent off-hours in the Virginia woods rereading the volume, and was impressed anew by its graphic veracity. A great deal of the report, added Adams, "makes me weep and blush as one reads." Now, issued in a new edition more than ninety years after the book first enlightened and angered Americans, it clearly stands the test of time.

It is very much a journalist's book, blunt, vivid, factual, with plenty of breezy conversation and portrait-painting, as superficial as it is entertaining. Russell, backed by the tremendous prestige of the London *Times,* had opportunity to go everywhere as North and South plunged into war, and to meet Presidents, generals, and Senators on equal terms. He saw New York society before the first shots; spent weeks in Washington as tottery old Winfield Scott tried to whip the incoming regiments into an army; was feted in South Carolina while secessionist fires still burned incandescent; viewed Montgomery before the Confederate Cabinet removed to Richmond; and, with Secretary of State Seward as his mentor, Irwin McDowell a congenial friend, and Congressmen as eager informants, in Washington again sized up the chances of the conflict. He was perceptive enough to see Lincoln's superiority over the polished Jefferson Davis, but not wise enough to realize that the North would ultimately triumph.

Never, from one point of view, has America appeared to worse disadvantage. Few of its rotten spots were missed by Russell. He heard Fifth Avenue gentlemen mouth treason over their wine; watched soldiers drill half-naked because shoddy contractors had supplied uniforms made of ground rags and glue; hurried through camps that stank intolerably because nobody made the troops dig proper latrines; and heard editors and politicians demand "On to Richmond" of an unorganized army of green recruits under greener officers. He saw his friend General McDowell running errands about Washington because he had no staff to attend to them. He viewed harum-scarum military preparations with the natural disdain of the best military editor and most experienced war correspondent of Europe. In the end he saw the rout of Bull Run, and by a matter-of-fact description of it made every patriotic American writhe.

A man of more vision and generosity would have seen another side of the conflict, as Dicey and Goldwin Smith did later perceive it. The fervent rally of the North to arms in April 1861, though far from impressive in its surface froth of parades, oratory, and editorializing, represented a deep purposefulness of steellike strength. Tens of thousands of young men burned to give their lives to the Union, as below the Potomac they burned to sacrifice themselves in creating a new nation. A host of Northern businessmen were ready to spend all they had to save the country. After Bull Run the moral fervor grew stronger than ever. This was what Count Gasparin rightly called the uprising of a great people; in part an uprising against the deep-seated wrong of slavery, in part a determination to keep the shining example of democracy alive for the benefit of all the nations. That nobler side of the United States in 1861 Russell largely ignored.

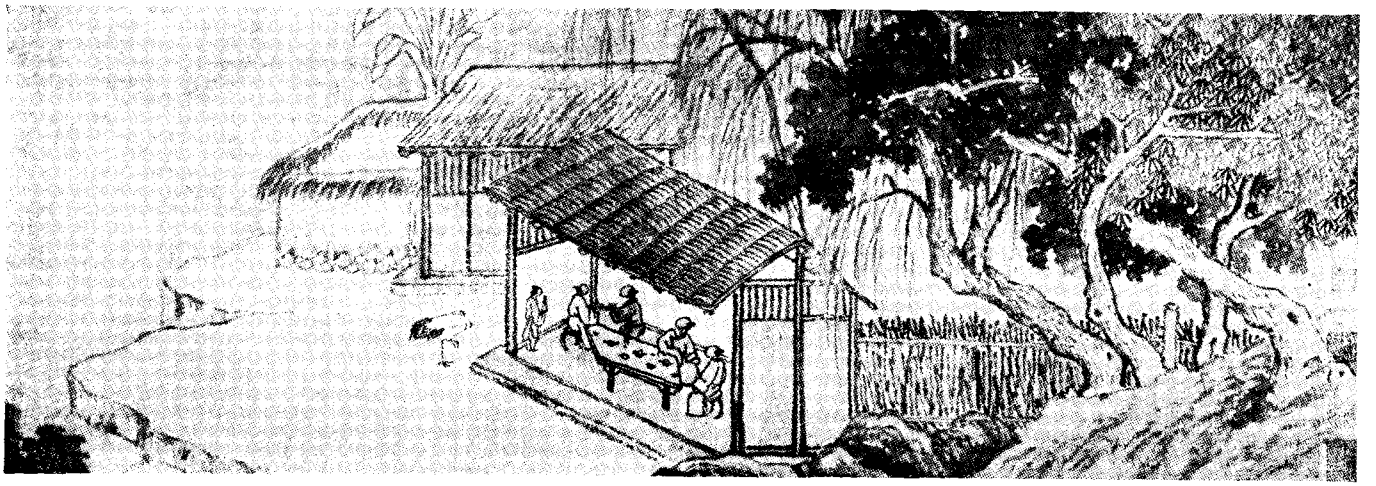
IN THIS he was not without excuse. For one reason his principal adviser. Seward, was at this time a believer in a patched-up peace, lukewarm and hesitant, while such metropolitan associates as August Belmont and S. L. M. Barlow were frank appeasers. For another reason, his British prejudices misled him; he was no believer in democracy, and its uncouth, sordid, blundering surface aspects confirmed his suspicions. And, finally, Russell was treated badly by the American people. At first his hosts were too obsequious. Later, when he had told the stinging truth about Bull Run—not at all overdrawn, and frank in its account of his own forced share in the general break to the shelter of Washington forts—he was mercilessly and scurrilously abused. Northern doors were slammed in his face. A sentry came near murdering him. He was given no opportunity to stay on and relate how the North rapidly gathered a great army, how it steadily organized its strength, and how Lincoln gave broadening purpose to the war. That was our loss more than his. He might

(*Continued on page* 37)

—From "Adventures of America: 1857-1900."

"Sharpshooter on Picket Duty," by Winslow Homer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—From the book (courtesy of Museum of Fine Arts, Boston).

"Poet Gazing at the Moon," by Shen Chou, the best fifteenth-century representative of the Southern School of landscape painting.

Pre-Han, Ming, Ch'ing, etc.

"Chinese Art," by Leigh Ashton and Basil Gray *(Beechurst Press. 366 pp. 144 illus. $9), is the first American edition of a now standard British survey of several thousand years of Chinese activity in painting, sculpture, metalwork, ceramics, etc. Here it is reviewed by Benjamin Rowland of the Fogg Museum, Harvard, author of "The Art and Architecture of India" and other books.*

By Benjamin Rowland

EVERY general work or introduction to a vast field like Chinese art must present a tempting array of unguarded targets for the reviewer's rapier. For the critic who is a specialist in some aspect of the subject the ruthless demolition of such books is all too easy. He can press the attack by pointing to errors both of commission and omission; he can decry the work as too chatty, too lyrical, or too factual; or perhaps he can take offense at inaccuracies in his special field.

None of these blunted weapons in the reviewer's armory of cliches avails in an appraisal of Sir Leigh Ashton's and Basil Gray's "Chinese Art." Perhaps the invulnerability of this particular primer lies in the fact that, unlike other introductions, it is both general and specific in its survey of more than three thousand years of Chinese art. The treatment of the material throughout is not only sensitive in interpretation but scholarly as well. Each period in this development is prefaced by short sections dealing with the history of the time and the general characteristics of the various forms of expression: paintings, sculpture, metalwork, ceramics, textiles, etc. These usually very apt and laconic characterizations are supplemented by series of illustrations arranged according to medium and accompanied by more specific descriptions of the objects reproduced. This is not a new book: it has gone through at least four printings in England before the present American edition, which differs only in the inclusion of a colored frontispiece.

Of the 144 reproductions covering all the arts seventy, or nearly one-half, are devoted to illustrating ceramics. This notation is not intended as a damaging criticism. The selection is symptomatic of our time, when the study and collection of Chinese porcelain are enjoying a passionate renaissance in England and the United States. In fact, this seeming overemphasis could perhaps be pointed out as one of the virtues of a book dedicated to the beginner, especially the beginner in collecting, who can still acquire handsome examples of pottery of every period, whereas specimens of Chinese painting, sculpture, and metalwork may be beyond his purse and connoisseurship. Actually, the paragraphs describing the characteristics of Chinese ceramic wares are the best in the book, and the illustrations for these sections are well chosen and superbly reproduced. Another neglected minor art—Chinese textiles—is accorded a deservedly fuller treatment than is usually found in such general works.

Save for a few views to provide background, the writers have avoided illustrations of monuments *in situ*. With the exception of objects in the museums in Leningrad and Peking, the works illustrated are all in collections accessible to European and American students; so that in this way the book provides a beginner's guide to the most notable collections of Chinese art that he can actually see for himself.

SCULPTURE is given an adequate representation, always with splendid examples, but, perhaps wisely, in view of the dedication of the book to the *amateur d'art*, the authors have avoided the more recondite aspects of style and iconography.

The sections on painting are particularly useful for American readers, since so many of the examples chosen are exhibited in our great public collections. It is only in the selection of certain illustrations that a serious criticism of the writers' judgment can be made. The stiffly archaic landscape detail of Plate 50 has nothing to do with the T'ang master, Wang Wei. Why in Plate 59 choose a late copy of a T'ang artist, Yen Li-pên, when an original exists in the same collection? Plate 62, an interesting Yüan or Ming painting attributed to Hui Tsung, is completely untypical of the Emperor's style as we know it in universally accepted works by his brush. In the same way in the section on sculpture it seems a mistake to reproduce as typical of the T'ang style a figure which even the authors themselves are not entirely certain in attributing to this period.

These complaints, which might seem to bracket the reviewer with critics who enjoy demolishing introductions on general principles, are intended only as suggestions for improvements in the subsequent editions this work deserves to enjoy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Once Castaway Sheets, Now Art

"Japanese Masters of the Colour Print," by J. Hillier *(Phaidon-Garden City. 139 pp. 80 illus. $8.50), comments on an art form in which the Japanese have excelled, telling something about their makers and how they are made, and provides an album of fine examples. Karl Kup, who reviews it below, is the curator of prints at the New York Public Library.*

By Karl Kup

MARCO POLO spoke of the Islands of "Zipangu" but dimly, not having visited them himself. But, intolerable materialist that he was, he tells of "the gold which they have in great abundance, its source being inexhaustible—but as the king does not allow it to be exported, few merchants visit the country." That was the first knowledge the West received of Japan, and that was in the thirteenth century, when she was threatened by Mongol invasions. In the sixteenth Jesuit missionaries from Portugal and Spain landed on her northern shores and were allowed to preach the gospel. Dutch merchants followed, preaching trade. But all of this jollity was of but short duration. In 1640 the Tokugawas closed the country's doors to all foreigners, not to open them again until the arrival of Commodore Matthew Perry in 1853.

Scant, therefore, has been our knowledge of Japanese life and culture. When the first color prints arrived in Europe and in America—they had been used for wrapping tea—during the middle of the nineteenth century the world of artists soon took a fancy to these extraordinary designs. Little did the exporters know that Western man would elevate those castaway sheets of printing to the status of coveted art; little did importers of tea realize that the wrappings were soon to outdo in value and significance the fragrant leaves they contained.

After the recent war, cruel and curious fact, our appreciation of things Japanese increased, and our knowledge is about to take on form. What was formerly considered quaint and only to be known by student and specialist, is now of interest to the more general public, because Japan is not far away any more, and Eastern conception of design has become part of our own national life. A book on the Japanese masters of the color print is in order, and J. Hillier, author of "Japanese Masters of the Colour Print," wisely gives it the subtitle: "A Great Heritage of Oriental Art."

We all know the names, even the works, of Utamaro, Hiroshige, and Hokusai. But the range of the two hundred and fifty years of the color print, with many of the famous names, is unknown to us. Here, Mr. Hillier with the help of more than eighty full-page reproductions introduces the novice in a delightful and subtle fashion. He tells a simple story simply, and he illustrates it with superb material. His introductory essay is a masterpiece of condensation: a lively mind, a love for his subject, and the knowledge of it! How hard it must have been to compress all of it into the brilliantly devised twenty-nine pages.

Briefly noting the earlier schools of Japanese painting from which the color print descended, the author plunges into *Ukioye-e*, or "Picture of the Floating World"; this is to the Japanese the kind of painting which tells a story—in contrast to the principle of aristocratic painting which renders moods, shades, thoughts only. *Ukioye-e* is the representation of life, of fugitive pleasures, of theatres and restaurants, of wrestling booths and houses of assignation, with their permanent population of actors, dancers, singers, storytellers, jesters, and courtesans. It is life in Yedo, as it was lived in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, freed of the stays of the ruling classes, and in freedom of expression for the common man. Stylistically these color woodcuts stem from the illustrated book, which preceded them. Moronobu (1625-1694) initiated this new style—a prolific book illustrator—and devised new methods of draftsmanship, design, and even subject matter for the woodcutter to follow. His illustrations had been the rage at the time; his broadsheets were considered amusing; his first single prints quickly set the style for the great printmakers who were to follow in his footsteps. He, Masanobu, Kwaigetsudo, and Sukenbu, all of the seventeenth century, belong to the "primitives" who employed stark, strong outline drawing for the rendering of beautiful women, dressed in robes, heavy with patterned silks in the then fashionable large motifs. Soon, however, there was need for color. Applied first by hand, and later by printing, a new craft soon developed to such perfection that some of the middle-eighteenth-century woodcuts have as many as twenty-five to thirty individual color blocks to make up a perfect print. That is the period of the great Utamaro, the troubadour of Japanese womanhood, and of Sharaku, the mysterious, who made more than one hundred actor prints in one year and then vanished, never to be heard of again.

Mr. Hillier, I am glad to report, also speaks of the making of these prints. Designers, publishers, engravers, and printers became separate professions. One might count in

(*Continued on page 42*)

—*Illustrations from the book.*

"The Summer Shower," by Suzuki Harunobu.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Disc Veterans and Neophytes

"A Guide to Longplay Jazz Records," by Frederic Ramsey, Jr. *(Long Player Publications. 263 pp. Clothbound, $4.50. Paperbound. $3.50), is a pioneering work in a fast-developing field.*

By John S. Wilson

IF JAZZ is becoming meaningful to an increasing number of people —and it appears to be, if record sales are any criterion—no small part of the credit for making its meaning apparent must go to Frederic Ramsey, Jr. The world of jazz now stands in debt to Ramsey's urge toward clarity and orderliness on three counts. As co-editor of "Jazzmen," published in 1939 and still the most lucid, rational, and readable history of jazz, he helped to bring literacy and reason into a field of writing which before (and since) had been more noted for its emotional content. As editor of the Folkways Jazz Series, he compiled a uniquely informative summary of recorded jazz on eleven twelve-inch LPs which, among its other attributes, may have helped to arouse the interest of the major disc companies in the reissue projects which they have since launched.

In his latest book, "A Guide to Longplay Jazz Records," Ramsey plunges into a relatively uncharted jungle to perform the long overdue service of providing information that, in many cases, is lacking on the discs themselves and to give a systematic critical winnowing to the recent helter-skelter flow of new and reissued jazz. In the process, he has undermined a somewhat perverted variant of one of the simpler pleasures of the pre-atomic age.

Those were the days when a jazz collector might find endless sport in poring over discs attributed to such obviously disguised organizations as Cletus Dirge and His Shrouds of Joy, the Incompatible Seven, or the Upper Sandusky Lyre Lacers, his ear trained on a barely audible bassist who seemed to perform in the style which Bix Beiderbecke might have used if he had played bass in hopes of learning if this were actually Beiderbecke or simply some nonentity such as Oscar Pettiford, whose name wasn't listed in even the second edition of Charles Delauney's "Hot Discography." Not the least attractive aspect of this sport was its economy since the discs to be studied rarely cost more than a nickel in even the neatest of junk shops.

Unfortunately, the field became inundated by professional lint pickers, the junk dealers got wise to the potential gold mines in their back rooms and the whole thing ceased to be a poor man's plaything.

However, the advent of long-playing records, many of them sloppily or misleadingly labeled, brought this fine old guessing game back but with a new set of rules. Because LPs cost upwards of two dollars each instead of five cents and because of the frequent (and usually justifiable) restrictions on playing LPs before purchase, the guessing had to be done without buying or listening to the record. The object this time was not to determine who was on bass but rather to reason solely from an examination of the disc and its sleeve what, if anything, was in its grooves.

One might, for instance, be attracted by an Allegro LP called "Boogie Woogie" which is alleged, on the liner, to be "Boogie Woogie of All Types, Nature and Description" played by "America's All Stars." No further information is offered. Well, you may know that Allegro has the old Musicraft masters from which it has issued some good collections by Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, and Sarah Vaughan in just as uninformative a fashion as this. If you have an old Musicraft catalogue (and, of course, no home should be without one), you might check their boogie-woogie releases. Lacking this, you are left to wonder if America's All Stars include some talented performers and if it's worth $2.95 to find out.

RAMSEY, happily, has put an end to this form of LP roulette. In the case of the Allegro disc he reports that it contains "very little real boogie woogie," that the performances are not very interesting, "and," he adds, "we confess we don't care who the All Stars are."

As can be seen from this, Ramsey has not felt called upon to identify every musician on every record in his "Guide." But, despite a disclaimer to completeness, he seems to have listed almost all of the jazz LPs issued up to, roughly, the beginning of this year, providing such pertinent information as the selections played, musicians of interest who are prominently involved, and, on reissues, the year and label of the original issue.

In most cases he also offers critical comment which occasionally develops into capsule essays on dixieland, tape recording, jazz reissues, and traditional jazz, along with some running brooding on the actual "modernity" or "progressiveness" of "modern" or "progressive" jazz. Among other enticing oddments, there are a definition of jazz (Dave Brubeck's), an explanation of "cool jazz," a picture section which includes a gratifying number of infrequently published shots as well as a few war horses of jazz photography, and the Paris phone number of a French writer who solicits calls from those who fail to understand his eulogy of Lester Young.

Ramsey's opinions are, in general, generous to both the old and the newer schools of jazz but he makes little effort to dilute his extreme enthusiasms and annoyances. He has the most urgent of praise for LPs by such underpublicized artists as Papa Laine and Mahalia Jackson and for the New Orleans recordings made by William Russell for the American Music label. On the other hand, although he does not actually excommunicate Stan Kenton or the majority of recent saxophone soloists (Stan Getz is his idea of a good one), he raises some pointed questions about their connection with jazz.

It is an unhappy circumstance that Ramsey's book, seemingly called forth by the mass of jazz LPs being put into circulation, has appeared at a moment

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when that steady flow has been stepped up to flood proportions (in a recent period of a month and a half no less than twenty-two LPs came out of the Norman Granz jazz factories alone). Thus the book, while of basic and inestimable value as far as it goes, was already quite out of date the day it was published. RCA's series of reissues on its Label X, which now runs to fourteen or fifteen LPs, is not included (it is mentioned as being in prospect). Nocturne, a jazz label which now releases on a steady schedule, had not yet made its appearance when Ramsey had completed his work. The book lists no complete LPs by Cripple Clarence Lofton or Wingy Manone, but there are now two by each of these artists. Gene Mayl's Dixieland Rhythm Kings, credited with a single Pax LP, have since appeared twice on Riverside LPs and on a third disc from yet another new label, Empirical Recordings.

This is a problem that any listing in an active field must face. But, while Ramsey doubtless had the issuance of future supplements in mind, the rapidity with which jazz LPs are now being produced makes an immediate supplement a practical necessity if the purpose of the "Guide" is to be maintained and if the splendid spadework done for this edition is not to become relatively purposeless. The book has too much value to both the veteran collector and the neophyte to suffer such a fate. Although it's discouraging to learn from the dust jacket that Ramsey is already at work on another project on a Guggenheim fellowship, it could be hoped that he might find the time at least to supervise the compilation of a supplement so that it might have the benefit of that rational touch which is such a noteworthy aspect of his "Guide."

—Lassalle.

Gerald Moore—"entitled to star billing."

On the Art of Interpretation

"Singer and Accompanist," by Gerald Moore *(Macmillan. 232 pp. $3.75), is a commentary on collaborative interpretation between two musicians, using fifty songs as a point of departure for the discussion.*

By Irving Kolodin

IT IS SAID so often, and with such an abundance of accessible proof, that being a fine musician has nothing to do with ordinary intelligence, that it is good, now and again, to have a demonstration that the opposite is not necessarily against the laws of nature. Those who have long admired as well as enjoyed the work of Gerald Moore as pianistic collaborator with a host of superior soloists, will be reassured to discover, from his current volume, "Singer and Accompanist," that he is articulate, urbane, well-versed in the foibles of the people with whom he works, as well as more entitled to star billing than many of them.

Ostensibly, this is a discussion of fifty songs, in terms of what a thrice-experienced specialist such as himself can convey to the serious student, the competent professional, or the wise expert glad to have another expert's view of certain recurrent problems. Fundamentally, it is a treatise on the art of interpretation, touching on a myriad of matters as various as John McCormack's pronunciation of consonants, the exact relationship of the author of the text of Brahms's exultant song "Meine Liebe ist grün" to his friends Robert and Clara Schumann (he was their son), and the validity or absurdity of Debussy's critical views of Grieg as expressed in "Monsieur Croche." I broach no confidence in stating that Moore regards Debussy's verbal brilliance as somewhat less oracular than his compositional gifts.

Possibly if I had been forehanded enough to acquaint myself with such other prose writings of Moore as "The Unashamed Accompanist" I would have been more prepared for the kind of penetration and understanding he shows for so many phases of musical performance. However, while pleading that oversight, I rejoice in such statements as this regarding the opening of Wolf's "Ich Hab' in Penna Einen Liebsten Wohnen": "Have you seen a little girl anxiously watching a skipping rope. . . . With one foot advanced, ready to spring, her body sways forwards, backwards, forwards, backwards. At last she makes up her mind, you can tell . . . only to beat a hasty retreat, defeated, as she realizes she has mistimed her entry. 'Now' cry her companions, 'Now, now.' . . . I have played this song some hundreds of times and very often, as I watch my singer, I see the same expressions of mystification, hesitancy, grim resolve, bafflement. . . . Unlike the wielders of the skipping rope, the accompanist cannot yell an encouraging 'Now' to help the singer. It would certainly add to the fun if he did."

As a sample of Moore's method for exposing the problems inherent in the chattering piano prelude into which the singer must intrude a confident voice in this Wolf song, the quotation is self-illuminating. It is, however, but one of many in which the writer's solid knowledge is flavored with a realism and wit which are vastly refreshing in an area largely surrounded by clouds of "purpose" and "dedication." At another extreme is his discussion of Brahms's "Vergebliches Ständchen," that futile serenade to an interested but not unresourceful young lady. "Like all pretty young women," writes Moore, "the heroine of our story holds the whip hand. . . ." As a precedent to the understanding of Brahms's purpose, this is far more important than any discussion of "voices" (head or chest) or considerations of "art." His stanza-by-stanza commentary (it is much too penetrating to be disfigured by the stodgy term "analysis") is musically illuminated—as each other song is—by liberal quotations from the text. On occasions he will embellish them—as he does in this instance—by a phrase wholly his own. As for instance, likening the three last chords, in the piano part, to the expression "Well, I'm damned." Moore acknowledges, however, that "I ought to explain to the reader, who might take me too literally, that I do not utter these words aloud when playing these chords at the end of the postlude—they only pass through my mind."

I COULD quote considerably more of similar savor from Moore's well-flavored pages, but it strikes me that enough has been offered, free of

(*Continued on page* 39)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor, NORMAN COUSINS

Chairman, Editorial Board, HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Chairman, Board of Directors, E. DEGOLYER

Associate Editors, AMY LOVEMAN, HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN

Assistant Editor, ELOISE PERRY HAZARD Editorial Assistant, PETER RITNER

Book Review Editor, RAYMOND WALTERS, JR. Feature Editor, ROLAND GELATT

Contributing Editors, JOHN MASON BROWN, BENNETT CERF, MARY GOULD DAVIS, HENRY HEWES, JAMES THRALL SOBY, HORACE SUTTON, JOHN T. WINTERICH

Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY Associate Publisher, W. D. PATTERSON

Contents Copyrighted, 1954, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Wanted: New Novelists

WITH occasional exceptions the novelists who a few years ago seemed to promise a way out of the literary doldrums have either failed to live up to their reputations or have returned to themes that have already been exhausted or proved to be false interpretations of American life, or indeed any kind of life. For a time followers of existentialism startled a public which had never contemplated the future as hopeless and evil. They gained a popularity that was spurious because their readers found that the people they were writing about were for a brief time fascinating, primarily because they had never met or conceived of anyone who resembled them.

There is a relationship between literature and ideas and between literature and society. The conceptions of writers may be anti-social according to prevalent theories of right and wrong, but they must be based on symbols that are recognizable and that have some significance that is vital to humanity. It is almost impossible, for example, to conceive of the weak and futile homosexuals or sadists who peopled our novels five or ten years ago as symbolic of anything but the writers' determination to shock their readers, or to display a prose style which critics had to admit was more fluent than that of most of their contemporaries. But virtuosity alone or a literary technique cannot save a cause that was lost to begin with.

Violence for the sake of violence, the distortion of drug addiction, sexual crimes, and racial hatreds have been the subject for innumerable novels, some of which have presumed to reveal the true facts of American life beneath what is supposed to be its thin surface of prosperity. However startling and readable they may be, few of them can be dignified by the word literature, though at their best they have something to offer the reflection, perhaps, of a compassionate mind shocked by poverty and the depths into which depravity and evil can plunge its victims. The astonishingly rapid improvement in racial relations over the last decade have already outdated as subjects lynchings in the Deep South, the fate of colored or "poor white trash" sharecroppers, as well as the Jewish victims of persecution. Readers' nerves are no longer shattered by tales of violence, bloodshed, and poverty. They have been surfeited by repetition, and as they look about them and see that modern housing developments are taking the place of nauseous slums they read these ill-omened novels with skepticism.

SINCE it has been taken for granted that a successful novel cannot deal with contented, prosperous, or certainly happy people, the beginning novelist now has to ask himself what he can write about with any assurance that his manuscript will be published. The older, established writer can, of course, go back to the scene of his popular work, as John Steinback has returned to Cannery Row. Others, like Erskine Caldwell, who has found his degenerate proletarians of the South no longer profitable, cannot return because the South of "Tobacco Road" has almost disappeared.

The novel of moral or social protest has also become suddenly antiquated. War is horrible, to be sure, but there have been too many novels about how atrocious it is. Indeed, we know it so well that we are spending a seventh of our national income to put an end to it. Poverty and juvenile depravity are dreadful to contemplate, but we know they exist and are attempting to alleviate them. A great many ugly facets of our complex civilization are equally comprehensible and unpardonable; but few of them today would be profitable to an outraged author.

In the end the fact that our creative writers cannot immediately find their way out of the trap into which they have fallen may herald a return to sanity and a literature that will endure for more than a brief decade or two. What will they write about? Not subjects, alone—crime, war, vice, psychiatry, sex, or hopelessness—but human beings and their interaction on each other, about the minds and hearts of men and women and the innumerable complexities in which love and fear and hatred involve us, in a time when the conditions under which human beings lives are changing with incredible rapidity. The field for the novelist is as wide as the earth and as deep as the nature of man.

The United States is a confusing nation to write about. We are not becoming a homogenous mass cast from the melting pot; instead, our diversities between East and West, state and state, are increasing as our people find security and a means of expressing their egos. Whether you regard this country and its culture with appreciation or the sardonic amusement of an occasional foreign visitor, it demands the attention of writers who will understand its complex civilization and who will be able to create, by whatever means their artistry and humanity may command, a literature that will be worthy of the name. —H. S.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FUNCTIONS OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

YOUR LEAD ARTICLE "The Private Life of the Public Library" [*SR* June 26] discussed the importance, role, functions, and problems in a stimulating and encouraging manner. I greatly appreciated it.

I did wonder a bit about the definition of the chief function of the public library in the closing paragraph of the section "For Ear and Eye." It was stated there as "the lending of books and reading materials." At the present this is true, and it may always be for all we know, but my reaction is that a more fundamental definition might be more helpful, and might survive longer in this fast developing world. A more adequate and fundamental definition is difficult to devise, but how is this for a start in that direction:

> The chief function of the public library is to provide for and promote the mutual public use and ownership of recorded materials selected with the needs and interests of that public in mind.

I wonder if our spelling problems, the all too common aversion to reading and writing, and technical developments might not all conspire to bring other, or even better, methods of recording ideas into common usage. We should not be the last to take up the new, but a definition wedded to any one medium might prompt us to do just that, long after the advantages of the new are clearly demonstrated.

I agree that many allied functions which many public libraries have added to their fundamental one, such as group discussions, are justified if for no other reason than that they promote and support the more fundamental function.

The public library, by its very nature, lends itself best to the "compilation" of the works of others (editorial), and the distribution of them to the public (retail merchandising) on an individual and unscheduled basis. So, for these and many other reasons we are kindred souls in this world of ideas, and perhaps you may find something here to muse upon.

JAMES H. PICKERING.

Charlottesville, Va.

DOUG'S BIRTHPLACE

IN HIS OTHERWISE VALUABLE ARTICLE "Aesop in Hollywood" [*SR* July 10] Marshall Fishwick commits the Unforgivable Sin. Perhaps not the Sin which Hawthorne was looking for but nonetheless a serious one. He states that Douglas Fairbanks (Douglas Elton Ulman) was born in Denver, Colorado. Although Denver has been responsible for a number of wonderful things in its time, Douglas Fairbanks was not one of them. He was born in the tiny mining village of Jamestown, in Boulder County, some forty miles northwest of Denver. To confuse Boulder County with Denver is equivalent to confusing Dallas with Fort Worth.

ROBIN W. WINKS.

Baltimore, Md.

"The figures on the 'Increased tariffs to coincide with imports with a revised table to compensate for revenue depleted through domestic parity ceilings on non-essential consumer items' are as follows: For, 9 . . . Against, 11 . . . Don't know, 17,344,692."

PAPERBACK BOOKS OF QUALITY?

YOUR EDITORIAL "Culture in Soft Covers" [*SR* April 24] is very interesting; But do you and the publishers of paperbound books take into consideration the fact that thousands of these books are now used as texts in colleges and perhaps in high schools? In the Division of Adult Education at Indiana University alone, we buy hundreds of copies of the "Odyssey," "Iliad," "Patterns of Culture," Greek plays, etc., to use as texts.

This college textbook field should prove to be fairly stable. And perhaps the college students who have been trained to buy—and we hope to read—the paperback books of quality may pass on to their offspring a love of books and reading. This in turn may stabilize the market to some degree. At least, we can hope so.

GERTRUDE HEBERLEIN.

Indianapolis, Ind.

CHAUTAUQUA AFTER EIGHTY-ONE YEARS

RUSSELL POTTER IMPLIES ["Talking Things Over," *SR* May 22] that the Chautauqua Movement was an outgrowth of the religious camp meeting. Quite the contrary. Chautauqua was established as an educational center, inspired by religious purposes, and sought in every way to avoid the emotionalism and popular evangelism characteristic of the camp meeting of the post-Civil War period. Interest in lectures at Chautauqua Institution, now in its eighty-first season, continues at a high level, along with growing interest in opera, drama, symphonic music, religion and the arts. Ralph J. Bunche, Karl Menninger, Harry A. Overstreet, and Edward Weeks are among the lecturers who will speak in Chautauqua's amphitheatre this summer.

RALPH MCCALLISTER.

Director of Program and Education.

Chautauqua, N.Y.

ADDED D-C HURDLES

IN *SR* JULY 10 there are two regrettable errors in the Kingsley Double-Crostic. Square 51 belongs to Definition E (not A as marked) and Square 64 belongs to Definition G (not E as marked). D-C's are difficult enough without these added hurdles.

MILTON SMITH.

Topeka, Kans.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our D-C proofreader apologizes and promises to be more careful in the future.*

THE APES AND THE ANGELS

THANK YOU FOR PRINTING John Mason Brown's excellent address [*SR* July 3]! I, for one, would like to see *The Saturday Review* print more of this type of thing: we need more spokesmen for liberal arts education.

AUDREY MUNAT.

Urbana, Ill.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

New Name Dropping At Jazzy Old Newport

THE recent Newport Jazz Festival started in many places, of course, and one of them was in front of Local 802, of the A. F. of M., on West Fifty-second Street in New York at one P.M. on Saturday, when twelve musicians, a lady novelist, a jazz promoter, a jazz record executive, and I boarded a Greyhound bus. The bus was an hour late in getting off, and only three musicians, who had stepped around the corner for a beer, were left behind. (As jazz musicians will, however, they materialized like genii at the proper time at the concert.) The musicians on board included two distinct camps, and the fact that they got on like gentlemen is further proof that the battle of the moldy figs and the modernists has been one of jazz's most ingenious publicity stunts. On one side of the aisle were Eddie Condon, the lizard-tongued guardian of the remnants of the Austin High School gang, Pee Wee Russell, whose incomparable face and clarinet have been around at least since the early days of Newport, and Wild Bill Davison. On the other side were several members of Dizzy Gillespie's band, and the Modern Jazz Quartet, consisting of Horace Silver, Percy Heath, Milt Jackson, and Kenny Clarke, who, with Gillespie and Charlie Parker, was one of the founding fathers of be-bop. It was a jovial ride until the bus was held up at the Jamestown Ferry, which is just across Narragansett Bay from Newport, at eight P.M. (the concert was due to begin at 8:30 with Condon and his boys) by an inscrutable official, who felt, come hell or high water, the bus should take its turn, in spite of the fact that most of the waiting cars were bound for the festival.

An hour later, the crossing finally achieved, the first concert was opened with a rather heterogeneous welcoming speech by Mayor John J. Sullivan of Newport, and a few words from John McClellan, the Boston disc jockey, who introduced the festival's master of ceremonies, Stan Kenton. Kenton read from chunky, sprightly notes that had been prepared by Nat Hentoff of *Downbeat*, a kind of outline of the history of jazz. It wasn't, but it was well enough done to give the audience of seven thousand a substantial idea of the musical electricity that passed through the best music circle of New Orleans *circa* 1890, eventually reaching New York, where it has been centered off and on ever since 1930. Eddie Condon, in company with Wild Bill Davison, Ralph Sutton, Peanuts Hucko, Lou McGarity, Jack Lesberg, and Cliff Leeman, got things off to an ebullient start with their special brand of "rag-bop." A second, and better, band, numbering Bobby Hackett, Pee Wee Russell, Vic Dickensen, Sutton, Milton Hinton, and Buzzy Drootin, followed. Pee Wee was eloquent, and as forthright as he can be, and Vic Dickensen, who plays the trombone with genius, was in excellent form. Lee Wiley, the quavery lady who has been singing good jazz for a long, long time, then appeared, and sang five songs accompanied by Hackett and his rhythm section. Three numbers would have been enough; it was growing chilly, a properly golden moon had arisen, and the crowd was restive. But after Miss Wiley a jam-session group, which involved most of the members of the two dixieland groups, ran through the "Bugle Call Rag" and "Ole Miss" with verve and economy in just six minutes.

Here the intermission was forgone to save time, the jazz chronology skipped some thirty years, and the Modern Jazz Quartet appeared. Due to fortunate handling of microphones, and the advantageous half-shell in which the musicians performed, none of the subtleties, innuendoes, or quiet humor of the group was lost—so much so, in fact, that about halfway through a substantial proportion of the front-row members of the audience, many of whom were be-minked, be-jeweled, and white-haired, got to their feet in polite confusion and left. Dizzy Gillespie, playing his new-type trumpet, which has a bell that points directly toward Heaven, appeared next with a quintet, and for the first time in the evening the sky blew off, and the crowd, which until this time had had a tendency to sit heavily on its hands, erupted. Then, Lee Konitz and his quartet were called out, played with its customary coolness and unalacrity and things settled down again. Oscar Peterson and his trio burst on stage next, and the lid blew off again, for Peterson, who is the Man Mountain Dean of modern pianists both in figure and ability, seemed to fill the arena completely, and may have been appreciated as far as Jamestown. Gerry Mulligan's quartet then appeared and displayed satisfactorily the gentle counterpoint and flowing lines that have been its remarkably successful trademarks in the past year. They were followed by a lady considered by many as nonpareil among female jazz vocalists, Ella Fitzgerald, who aroused the audience to a frenzy. The finale was an extraordinary jam session, which bumped its way through "I Got Rhythm." By this time the air was blue with cold, the moon was directly overhead, and it was high time for bed.

THE second evening's celebration got off to an earlier start, in spite of a thick shower with Stan Kenton again acting as MC and with a stout 5,000 souls present. The history of jazz motif reappeared, and time was sent back to the days of swing in the form of a "tribute" to Count Basie, nicely performed by Lester Young, Buck Clayton, Vic Dickensen, Jo Jones, Ray Brown, and Oscar Peterson, all of whom (with the exception of Brown and Peterson) have played with the Count. This was followed by Peterson and his trio, augmented by guitarist Johnnie Smith; Dizzy Gillespie, who was unquenchable both evenings; and George Shearing's quintet, which seemed, with its blandly controlled fusions, to be spreading oil over troubled waters. After the intermission Gil Mellé, one of the most promising of the young arranger-composer-tenor saxophonists, made a surprise appearance. He was followed by one of the high spots of the entire concert —a booting sextet composed of Teddy Wilson, Jo Jones, Milton Hinton, Bill Harris, Gerry Mulligan, and Ruby Braff. Lennie Tristano appeared next, creating more than a passing murmur in the audience because of his almost complete seclusion in the past two years, with a quartet that included Billy Bauer, Warne Marsh, and Lee Konitz. His playing was as brilliant and as conscientiously obscure as ever. The history of jazz now in tatters, Gene Krupa and his trio bombarded the Casino with rim-shots, and gave way to Billie Holiday, who is considered by many as *their* choice for the first lady vocalist of jazz. She was accompanied by Wilson, Dickensen, Young, Jones, Clayton, and Hinton, who were often with her in the late Thirties when those monumental sides were made for Columbia. Here was the peak of the festival.

An hour later (after a final outsized melee by the evening's participating musicians) buses and cars were pouring out of Newport, which contracted visibly, and the first Newport Festival of Jazz was over. It will be good to see a second festival next year, for jazz goes well, as it should, with sea air, trees, history, and the *haut monde*. —WHITNEY BALLIETT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHO TELLS THE STORYTELLERS?

By ELMO ROPER

Mr. Roper is the well-known public-opinion analyst who has written widely in the field of communications and public persuasion. He was formerly director of Fortune *magazine's survey of public opinion, which takes the American people's pulse on political and economic questions.*

PRACTICALLY everyone connected with American business, directly or indirectly, is a self-appointed "expert" on institutional advertising, and the writer claims to be no more or less expert than the average of these thousands of other authorities. It is hard to set up really good standards for expertness in this field because less is known about the communication of ideas than about the communication of news, for example.

Fortunately, institutional advertising has recently been getting a good deal of attention, not only from advertising agencies but from researchers and several branches of the social sciences—in fact, from most people interested in any aspect of idea communication.

We might begin by defining institutional advertising as the use of paid space or time for the purpose of persuading people to accept certain ideas or give up others. For the purpose of this discussion I shall stick within the framework of that definition because there is much evidence that a good product is the best "institutional advertising" that any manufacturer can have. There is, in short, considerable evidence that if Manufacturer X makes a good product, particularly in a field that saves human drudgery, people will be reluctant to believe that Manufacturer X mistreats his labor or is guilty of monopolistic practices or overcharges the public or refuses to cooperate with governmental authorities when it is in the interest of the nation to do so.

A good product, in other words, very often serves as a canopy which protects the creator of the product from what is sometimes perfectly proper criticism of some of his practices. But this is not invariably so. For purposes of this discussion we must also take cognizance of the theory that the public judges business concerns not only as makers or distributors of products but as citizens of the community (or nation) in which they operate.

In the first judgment, quality of the product, price of the product, constant improvement of the product by research, and a number of other factors enter. In the second judgment, the public is concerned with how good an employer the businessman is, how much and how readily he pays what they regard as his fair share of the tax load, how he cooperates on a number of what might be regarded as minor as well as major "citizen roles" (smoke elimination is one example).

We are here concerned with institutional advertising, which is defined as the use of paid space or time to promulgate or dispel ideas.

Three major questions present themselves. What is the target group? What is the message? What are the best media?

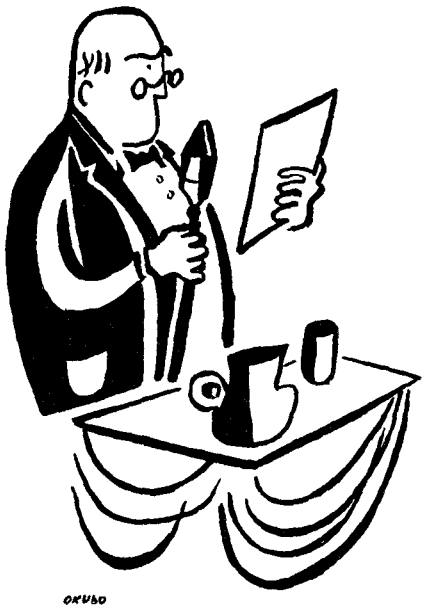
The target group naturally varies with the problem. Sometimes it is the company's stockholders. Sometimes the nation's lawmakers. Sometimes the nation's doctors.

Let us assume here, however, that the target group is America as a whole—or, perhaps, *effective* America would be a better description. But the acceptance of this as the target group does not necessarily mean that the message—whatever it is—ought to be directly beamed at people as a whole. Sometimes, yes, but I should like to make the point that ideas often penetrate the public as a whole slowly, and very often by interaction of neighbor on neighbor without any apparent influence of the printed word.

TO support this contention, let's assume the hypothesis that the entire American public can be stratified into seven groups. The smallest group might be called the "Great Thinkers." There probably aren't more than a half a dozen of these in the world at any one time, and usually the perspective of history is necessary finally to recognize and evaluate them. They are seldom known widely by their contemporaries. For purposes of quick identification only, I shall name a few Great Thinkers (avoiding—with one exception—the use of anyone living in order to avoid controversy). In the field of politics the Great Thinkers group would include Plato and Thomas Jefferson. In the field of economics, Adam Smith and Karl Marx. (The Great Thinkers need not always think up "good" philosophies!) In any event, I am here trying to describe a very small number of people who come forth with important philosophies that at some time in history gain wide acceptance. Among the living I would only venture to name Einstein as a Great Thinker in the field of science. He also dramatizes a point I discuss more fully later on, namely that a Great Thinker or a Great Disseminator in one field may be a novice in another field, as Einstein is a novice in political science even though he brings to his views in this field the enormous and valid weight of his scientific achievements.

After the Great Thinkers comes the next group of what might be called the "Great Disciples." There might be as many as a dozen of them in any one country at any one time. They are the people who do not think out

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



the great philosophies but have a sufficient understanding and a close enough mental association with those who do that they become great effective protagonists for an idea. Again, going to the field of religion, St. Paul would qualify. In the field of philosophy, Spinoza. In the field of science, Thomas Huxley. In the field of politics, Abraham Lincoln.

NEXT would be what might be called the "Great Disseminators." How many there are in America, I don't know. Perhaps five hundred. But if anyone wants to argue that I should have said 250 or 1,000, that's all right too. Perhaps at this level it will be more permissible to name people who are living. These are people who have a national or international forum and who are widely listened to. The forum might be the United States Senate—and both Stuart Symington and Joseph McCarthy would qualify, little as they ought to be grouped together on any other basis! As president of the CIO, Walter Reuther would qualify. Because he owns a chain of powerful magazines, Henry Luce would qualify. And so would Elmer Davis and Walter Lippmann and Westbrook Pegler and Robert Sherwood. In the field of science and technology, Robert Fulton and Thomas A. Edison. The list might be expanded considerably, but I think the point is made clear. Sometimes the philosophies they disseminate are "good," and sometimes they are "bad." The criterion is not the goodness or the badness but the effectiveness with which they reach large numbers of people.

In the next group would fit what might be called the "Lesser Disseminators." It's difficult to estimate how many there are of these in the United States—perhaps 25,000. But again, if somebody wants to say the figure is closer to 15,000—or 50,000—that's all right too. These people, like the more illustrious "Great Disseminators," have a forum. The only difference is it's a more limited forum. Just as Walter Reuther or Jacob Potofsky might qualify as a Great Disseminator, the president of Local 801 Union might qualify as a Lesser Disseminator. A radio commentator widely listened to in the Twin Cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul but relatively unknown outside of that area would qualify. So also might the Presbyterian minister in Keokuk or the editor of the *Mill Valley Record*.

Next would come what we might call, for want of a better term, the "Politically Active." I use the term "Politically" here in a broad sense to include considerably more than activity in the political arena. There are probably about ten million genuinely politically active people in the United States, and another fifteen million who might be called "somewhat active." Obviously, these can't be named, but here are some of the distinguishing characteristics of such people: They vote regularly; they contribute money or services to local or national political campaigns; if they belong to a labor union, they attend the meetings and have something to say about how their union is run. Sometimes they write letters to the editor or to their Congressman. They are active members of the League of Women Voters or the Urban League or the American Legion or the Daughters of the American Revolution or the Foreign Policy Association. They are the presidents of the local Chambers of Commerce or Rotary Clubs or the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. In short, they are alert citizens who strive to fulfil their obligations both by performing the simple democratic function of voting and by joining with others in groups in the expectation of making their voices heard more clearly.

Finally, there are what we might call, for want of a better term, the "Politically Inert." These are people who are not very much at home in the world of ideas, at least when exposed to ideas in a raw or undiluted form. Their voices are seldom raised in meetings—if, indeed, they go at all. They are not very vocal about what they believe. They are, however, tremendously important, and for three reasons. In the first place, there are probably about seventy-five million of them in our country alone. Secondly, if they get excited enough, some of them vote, as can quite easily be proved by a quick glance at the roster of Congress. In the third place, they buy things, and even though they might not be able to articulate what they mean by "a good company" or "a bad company," they do nevertheless, as our surveys show, insist on forming such ideas with or without adequate articulation.

THESE seven groups are loosely formed groups. Unlike the versatile Thomas Jefferson, few of the Great Thinkers are great thinkers in more than one field. Few of the Great Disciples are disciples in more than one field. A Great Disseminator in his field may be only a politically active citizen in another field, and so on.

There is some evidence to support the hypothesis that, however else ideas may be disseminated, one effective way follows the pattern I have just described—from Great Thinker to Great Disciple to Great Disseminator to Lesser Disseminator to Politically Active to Politically Inert.

Evidence could be produced to show that ideas can be gotten over directly from the interested sender to people who are politically inert via the printed word or television or radio. I think more evidence can be produced to show that these politically inert people come to accept ideas more readily from their more politically active neighbors and that, in turn, the politically active neighbors are more apt to accept ideas from the lesser disseminators, who in turn are swayed by the greater disseminators and the Great Disciples. The "politically inert" frequently "elect" a "politically active" neighbor or a friend as their expert in a certain field and choose another friend or neighbor as their "expert" in another field. These unofficially elected local leaders, with their six or sixty "followers," represent a potent force in idea dissemination.

If one is prepared to accept the concept that there are many economic and sociological ideas which are so complicated that they might never be fully explained to this politically inert group or, if explainable to them at all, would have to be stated in such simple language as to insure that the more literarily sophisticated would never read them, I think the delineation of a target group becomes easier.

Let us suppose, for example, that Manufacturer X feels he has the beginnings of a "public-relations problem" because a considerable number of people are writing books or magazine articles or making references from the pulpit or on television or

(*Continued on page* 31)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR's ADVERTISING AWARDS

ONE of the extraordinary things about American business is that it feels a responsibility to communicate with the American people about the ideas and philosophy that animate business and govern its multiple relations with our society. This recognition of what might be called business' stake as a good citizen in the community is, by and large, peculiar to the United States. Certainly very few business executives abroad acknowledge any corporate obligation to inform the public about their policies or to project any social concern beyond making a profit.

The American tradition of "good works" which infuses so much of our religious and general community life has not left business untouched. Furthermore, the recent years of socio-political challenge to the country's economic leaders have compelled them to examine freshly the role of business in the total pattern of American society and to reaffirm that the best private interest is that which best serves the public interest. In our free-enterprise system that affirmation holds true even in the midst of stern, ceaseless competition to survive and operate profitably.

With the growing awareness in our complex economy of business' need for public understanding, more and more major corporations and industries are making use of institutional advertising with a public-interest theme. This powerful communication force—one of the most powerful we have—with its unique ability to reiterate a message, can employ any or all media for its purposes.

While the principal use of advertising will continue to be the selling of goods and services, many thoughtful business leaders have brought its techniques to bear to present the basic philosophy of their company or industry, to dramatize their viewpoint about some aspect of the social and economic system under which we all function in the worldwide struggle with Communism, or to serve some specific public interest—highway safety for example—closely related to the corporate interest of either the company or industry.

As part of its own continuing concern with the communications pattern in the United States, *The Saturday Review* last year established its Annual Awards to single out distinguished examples of institutional advertising in the public interest. For *The Saturday Review*'s 1954 Awards a committee of forty judges was named. The willingness of leading educators, editors and publishers, public-opinion analysts, scholars, and advertising and public relations executives to serve on this committee is probably the best testimony to the significant impact of such advertising on American ideas and attitudes and to the importance of regularly subjecting such advertising to critical evaluation.

IT can now be announced that after several months' study of the whole vast area of general magazine advertising during the past year that *The Saturday Review* Awards have been made to twenty-six companies or industry associations for sponsoring outstanding advertising in the public interest. In addition, the notable "blood donor" campaign of the Advertising Council, the non-profit, public-service arm of the business and advertising communities, was cited for distinguished achievement.

Furthermore, in recognition of the

AWARDS COMMITTEE

FRANK W. ABRAMS	*Former Chairman of the Board*	*Standard Oil Co. (N.J.)*
EDWARD W. BARRETT	*Editor, Consultant*	*Edward W. Barrett & Assoc.*
EDWARD L. BERNAYS	*Public Relations Counsellor*	*Edward L. Bernays*
SARAH C. BLANDING	*President*	*Vassar College*
ELON G. BORTON	*President and General Manager*	*Advertising Federation of America*
COURTNEY C. BROWN	*Dean, Grad. School of Business*	*Columbia University*
JOHN H. CASEY	*Professor of Journalism & Advertising*	*University of Oklahoma*
GILBERT W. CHAPMAN	*President*	*Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.*
LEO M. CHERNE	*Executive Director*	*Research Institute of America*
REGINALD T. CLOUGH	*Editor*	*Tide*
G. D. CRAIN, JR.	*Publisher*	*Advertising Age*
J. C. DeLONG	*General Advertising Manager*	*Trans World Airlines*
MARGARET DIVVER	*Advertising Manager*	*John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.*
BEN R. DONALDSON	*Director of Advertising & Sales Prom.*	*Ford Motor Company*
NORMAN V. DONALDSON	*Director*	*Yale University Press*
NORMAN DRAPER	*Director*	*American Meat Institute*
ARTHUR A. HOUGHTON, JR.	*President*	*Steuben Glass*
JOSEPH KASELOW	*Advertising Editor*	*New York Herald Tribune*
C. B. LARRABEE	*Chairman of the Board*	*Printers' Ink Publishing Co.*
HAROLD D. LASSWELL	*Professor of Law*	*Yale University Law School*
HERBERT A. LEGGETT	*Vice President*	*Valley National Bank*
CARL E. LINDSTROM	*Executive Editor*	*The Hartford Times*
SAVOIE LOTTINVILLE	*Director*	*University of Oklahoma Press*
LOUIS M. LYONS	*Curator, Nieman Foundation*	*Harvard University*
J. M. MATHES	*President*	*J. M. Mathes, Inc.*
ADM. HAROLD B. MILLER	*Director, Dept. of Information*	*American Petroleum Institute*
DAVID OGILVY	*President*	*Hewitt, Ogilvy, Benson & Mather*
FRED L. PALMER	*Partner*	*Earl Newsom & Co.*
THEODORE S. REPPLIER	*President*	*The Advertising Council*
VICTOR REYNOLDS	*University Publisher*	*Cornell University Press*
ELMO ROPER	*Public Opinion Consultant*	*Elmo Roper*
T. J. ROSS	*Senior Partner*	*Ivy Lee and T. J. Ross*
WARNER S. SHELLY	*President*	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
GEORGE N. SHUSTER	*President*	*Hunter College*
EDMUND W. SINNOTT	*Dean*	*Yale University Graduate School*
SUMNER H. SLICHTER	*Lamont University Professor*	*Harvard University*
THEODORE C. STREIBERT	*Director*	*U.S. Information Agency*
WILLARD L. THOMPSON	*Asst. Prof. of Journalism*	*University of Oregon*
THOMAS J. WILSON	*Director*	*Harvard University Press*
JAMES WEBB YOUNG	*Sr. Consultant*	*J. Walter Thompson Co.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pervasive presence and influence of television and radio in the U.S. communications complex today, it was decided also to cite those TV or radio programs which the Awards Committee felt served the public interest both by their content and their execution. Six programs were selected, and the details of the citations are given in an accompanying box.

Edward R. Murrow's program "See It Now," produced on CBS-TV by Fred Friendly and sponsored by the Aluminum Company of America, received the most votes from the judges for its "responsible journalism and fine institutional commercials."

In studying the more than 275 institutional campaigns from general magazines which were screened and considered during the lengthy judging process that led up to the final awards the following factors weighed most heavily: (1) Theme: especially the extent to which it enlarged the reader's knowledge of our American social, cultural, or economic institutions or traditions; also the manner in which it directly or indirectly served the public interest. (2) Text: particularly style, readability, impact, objectivity, clarity, precision, and pointedness. (3) Layout: typography and artwork. (4) Overall originality: taste, freshness and imagination in conception, execution, and creative vision.

In the final balloting the following five campaigns received the most votes and thus merit some detailed comment for what they disclose about the character and diversity of contemporary institutional advertising:

1. Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
2. Ford Motor Company
3. Caterpillar Tractor Company
4. John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company
5. Weyerhaeuser Timber Company

On the inside front cover *The Saturday Review* features a reproduction of the advertisement that won first place for Metropolitan Life, thus far the first and only campaign to receive a unanimous vote from an SR Awards Committee.

IT SEEMS particularly fitting that this campaign, devoted to public-health education and the prevention of disease, should have received such a strong endorsement because it is probably the oldest continuous institutional advertising campaign in the country. It is now in its thirty-second year.

Obviously, a great insurance company has a natural stake in public health and longevity. Metropolitan recognized this mutual interest and pioneered this form of advertising back in 1922. It was a revolutionary step at that time, but the wisdom of the campaign has never been questioned. The good-will it has earned the company over the years, the policy-holders it has brought into the fold, and the contribution made to the health of millions of persons are all solid awards for the high level of creative copy and accurate medical information that have characterized these advertisements throughout.

Last year first place also went to

Second Annual Saturday Review Awards

There follows in alphabetical order the names of the twenty-six advertisers who won The Saturday Review's Second Annual Awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest, along with the names of the agencies which prepared the winning campaigns.

COMPANY	AGENCY
AETNA INSURANCE CO.	*Charles W. Hoyt Co., Inc.*
AMERICAN CYANAMID CO.	*Hazard Advertising Co.*
AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE	*Leo Burnett Co., Inc.*
AMERICAN PETROLEUM INSTITUTE	*Sullivan, Stauffer, Colwell & Bayles, Inc.*
AYER, N. W. & SON, INC. (INSTITUTIONAL)	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
BASIC REFRACTORIES, INC.	*Griswold-Eshleman Co.*
BELL TELEPHONE CO.	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
BOHN ALUMINUM & BRASS CORP.	*Zimmer, Keller & Calvert, Inc.*
CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO.	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
CHASE NATIONAL BANK	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY (INDUSTRIAL)	*J. Walter Thompson Co.*
FERGUSON, HARRY, INC. (SOIL CONSERVATION)	*Fuller & Smith & Ross, Inc.*
FORD MOTOR CO.	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
JOHN HANCOCK MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.	*McCann-Erickson, Inc.*
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
NATIONAL BROADCASTING CO., INC.	*J. Walter Thompson Co.*
NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
NORFOLK & WESTERN RAILWAY CO.	*Houck & Co., Inc.*
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA	*J. Walter Thompson Co.*
RAND McNALLY & CO.	*Calkins & Holden, Carlock, McClinton & Smith*
UNION CARBIDE & CARBON CORP.	*J. M. Mathes, Inc.*
WARNER & SWASEY CO.	*Griswold-Eshleman Co.*
WEYERHAEUSER TIMBER CO.	*Cole & Weber*
THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL: BLOOD DONATION	*Cunningham & Walsh, Inc., and Ted Bates & Co.*

Because of the closeness of the voting in the Committee, the twelve runners-up for awards are also listed here in alphabetical order:

COMPANY	AGENCY
ARMOUR LABORATORIES	*Foote, Cone & Belding*
ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
BOEING AIRPLANE CO.	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
ELECTRIC LIGHT & POWER COMPANIES	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
GENERAL DYNAMICS CORP.	*Gotham Advertising Co.*
B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER CO.	*Griswold-Eshleman Co.*
GRUMMAN AIRCRAFT ENGINEERING CORP.	*Fuller & Smith & Ross, Inc.*
MARYLAND CASUALTY CO.	*J. M. Mathes, Inc.*
NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS, THE	*J. M. Mathes, Inc.*
REPUBLIC AVIATION CORP.	*Louis de Garmo, Inc.*
UNION OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA	*Foote, Cone & Belding*
UNITED AIRCRAFT CORP.	*Lennen & Newell, Inc.*
THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL: FOREST FIRE PREVENTION FIRE PREVENTION	*Foote, Cone & Belding, (Los Angeles) Geyer Advertising, Inc.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The boy who put the world on wheels

The boy was ten years old, slim as a buggy-whip and quick as a cricket. He had a passion for machinery. He tinkered with all the clocks in the old white clapboard farmhouse until they tock-tocked the right time.

One Sunday morning, after church, a neighbor took out his big gold hunting-case watch. He said: "Henry, can you fix my old turnip?" The boy found that a jewel was loose in the works; he joggled it back into place and the watch ran.

The neighbors around Dearborn began to bring him their ailing timepieces. So young Henry Ford set up shop on a shelf in his bedroom, working nights after chores—in the spring to the fragrance of the farmyard lilacs, in the winter keeping warm with an oil lantern between his feet.

He ground a shingle nail down into a tiny screwdriver, made tweezers from his mother's corset-stays, and little files from knitting needles. All his life he tinkered watches, and never had to use a jeweler's eyeglass.

For he could almost see with his long thin steel-sprung fingers—the fingers of the hands that put a nation on wheels. His passion for machinery became an idea, and the power of that idea has rolled on through the years.

He learned how to run and fix and make every kind of machine there was. Then he began on the machine that wasn't—a horseless carriage.

In 1896, seven years before the founding of the Ford Motor Company, he trundled his first little two-passenger machine out into the alley back of Bagley Avenue in Detroit, and ran it around the block. It had two cylinders, four bicycle wheels and he steered it with a tiller, like a boat. He called it a "motor-wagon." Long since it has become a museum-piece, but it still runs—and it has had 36,000,000 descendants on the highways of the world.

His idea was to make a useful thing—as useful as possible, as low-priced as possible—a car for everyone. The Ford Motor Company was founded, on June 16, 1903, in the hope the world was ready for the idea.

This year is the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Ford Motor Company. To us this anniversary has one meaning above all others—it means that this is still the kind of world in which a farm boy's useful idea can gradually bring about a better way of life for millions of people.

Henry Ford brought only his idea, his car and his bare hands to the company fifty years ago. Then the pavements ended just outside the cities, in dust tracks. Now the American Road means far more than a vast network of highways. It is a symbol of a never-ending search for progress, peace and plenty for all mankind.

The Ford Motor Company, in celebrating its 50th Anniversary, is dedicated to one simple proposition; the best along that road is yet to be.

Ford Motor Company

Fifty Years Forward on The American Road

FORD · LINCOLN · MERCURY CARS · FORD TRUCKS AND TRACTORS

An apple for the coroner

It was a habit that Julie's mother encouraged—an apple every morning at recess time "to keep the doctor away."

Soon it will be collected, along with the rest of the "evidence," to be tagged and placed before the coroner. It will help tell the story of a tragedy. A little girl, almost late for school, hurrying onto the very last street she must cross . . . a driver on the highway suddenly seeing the signs and . . .

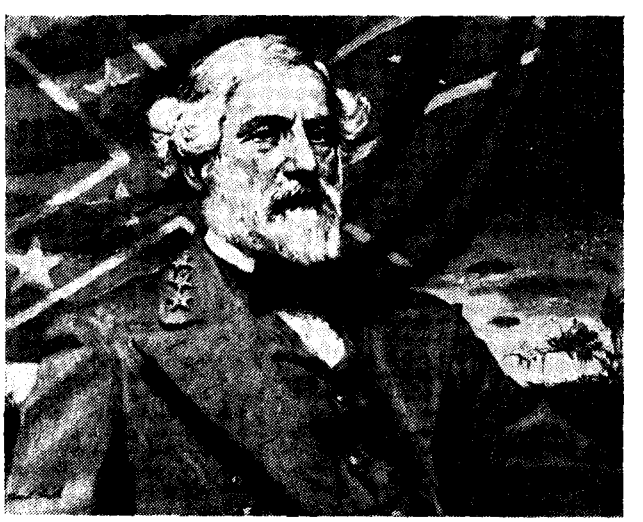
There will be the question of guilt. It will make no difference to Julie's mother, nor to the driver whose own world has just been ruined. But the question will haunt this town until the real criminal has been dealt with. And that is the highway itself. Pitifully out of date, intended only for light local use, it carries now a steady rush of through traffic, back and forth in front of the school. Signs are everywhere, ever, warning driver and pedestrian to be alert. But when there's a little girl hurrying along and she's almost late for school . . .

Bypassing the town would take some tax money. But it would keep faster moving cars and trucks where they belong, out in the open country. Maybe the idea will get a little action—now.

How about your own town? Perhaps your streets are crowded and dangerous, too, because you need a bypass. Then suppose your highway officials and their plans for road improvement. Keep your town the kind of place where it's safe for a little girl to hurry

Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois

CATERPILLAR DIESEL ENGINES · TRACTORS MOTOR GRADERS EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT



He lost a war and won immortality

EVEN among the free, it is not always easy to live together.

There came a time, less than a hundred years ago, when the people of this country disagreed so bitterly among themselves that some of them felt they could not go on living with the rest.

A test of arms was made to decide whether Americans should remain one nation or become two. The armies of those who believed in two nations were led by a man named Robert E. Lee.

What about Lee? What kind of man was he who nearly split the history of the United States down the middle and made two separate books of it?

They say you had to see him to believe that a man so fine could exist. He was handsome. He was clever. He was brave. He was gentle. He was generous and charming, noble and modest, admired and beloved. *He had never failed at anything in his upright soldier's life.* He was a born winner, this Robert E. Lee.

Except for once. In the greatest contest of his life, in the war between the South and the North, Robert E. Lee lost.

Now there were men who came with smouldering eyes to Lee and said: "Let's not accept this result as final. Let's keep our anger alive. Let's be grim and unconvinced, and wear our bitterness like a medal. You can be our leader in this."

But Lee shook his head at those men. "Abandon your animosities," he said, "and make your sons Americans."

And what did he do himself when his war was lost? He took a job as president of a tiny college, with forty students and four professors, at a salary of $1500 a year. He had commanded thousands of young men in battle. Now he wanted to prepare a few hundred of them for the duties of peace. So the countrymen of Robert E. Lee saw how a born winner loses, and it seemed to them that in defeat he won his most lasting victory.

There is an art of losing, and Robert E. Lee is its finest teacher. In a democracy, where opposing view points regularly meet for a test *of ballots, it is good for all of us to know how to lose occasionally,* how to yield peacefully, for the sake of freedom. Lee is our master in this. The man who fought against the Union showed us what unity means.

John Hancock MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Reproduced here in reduced size are three of the prize-winning advertisements from *SR*'s Second Annual Awards. At the top is the Ford Motor Company's ad telling of the youthful Henry Ford's early genius for tinkering that matured into a massive modern industry. In the lower left is the graphic ad of Caterpillar Tractor Company showing the tragic price we pay for unsafe roads. In the lower right is another of John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company's tributes to great Americans, this time Robert E. Lee.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an insurance company, John Hancock, which again was one of the five leaders this year. John Hancock—named for the celebrated signer of the Declaration of Independence—has projected this historical association through a perceptive, sensitive re-creation of the lives and ideals of great Americans. This year's prize-winning advertisement featured General Robert E. Lee, gallant antagonist of Abraham Lincoln, whose life inspired Hancock's most outstanding advertisement last year.

In second place again this year, as last, was the Ford Motor Company's handsome campaign built around the company's fiftieth anniversary. Ford's institutional advertisements dramatized not only the inventive and organizational genius of Henry Ford, but also the meaning for American life of the rise of the vast automotive industry and the new cultural horizons it opened up.

Highway safety was the theme of the Caterpillar Tractor Company's arresting advertisement, driving home with heart-stopping impact the price we pay for congested streets and inadequate roads. The legitimate association of public and private interest here is quite clear: Caterpillar equipment is widely used in the improvement and construction of roads so necessary in mobile America.

The farsighted concept of farming trees as a crop to insure our country of a permanent and varied supply of lumber is presented with unusual beauty and appeal in the advertising campaign of the Weyerhauser Timber Company.

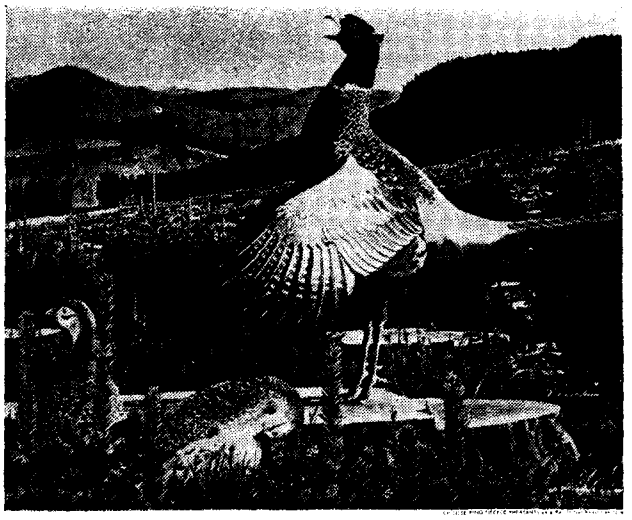
On the accompanying pages appear reduced reproductions of examples from these four campaigns, along with an example of the Advertising Council's "blood donor" campaign to persuade our citizens to give blood for civilian and military needs. This campaign has been one of the major achievements of the Council's entire public-service program, for which hundreds of newspapers, magazines, and radio-TV stations have contributed free space and time. Council campaigns are prepared on a voluntary basis by participating advertising agencies.

IT is unfortunate that space does not permit discussion and reproduction of all twenty-six Awards winners, for each one is worth study. It is to be hoped that readers will watch out for them in *The Saturday Review* and other general magazines in which they appear. The themes of these campaigns fall into these categories:

1. Socio-economic: setting forth some aspect of a company or industry's policy in relation to our national economy and/or the world situation.
2. Cultural: contributing to the development or appreciation of our nation's educational and cultural resources, or our political traditions.
3. Public service: informing and persuading the public to support some policy in the national interest, such as highway safety, forest fire prevention, public health, blood donation, better schools and soil conservation.

Notable examples under the first category would include the Bell Telephone System, American Meat Institute, American Petroleum Institute, Radio Corporation of America, National City Bank of New York, Warner & Swasey, Chase National Bank, American Cyanamid Company, General Electric, Basic Refractories, Inc., Eastman Kodak Company, Ford Motor Company, and Weyerhaeuser Timber Company.

Under category two were a variety of unusual campaigns created by the Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation, New York Life Insurance Company, Bohn Aluminum & Brass Corporation, Container Corporation of



new tree crops replace the old on tree farms...

To meet America's needs for forest products both now and in the future, man and nature work together on privately owned forestlands to grow timber as a continuing crop. Trees harvested today to provide lumber for building, pulp for paper, and raw materials for other vital products are being replaced by new trees to help supply the generations ahead. This is being done through a voluntary system of industrial forest management known as tree farming.

On the Douglas fir tree farm illustrated above, young trees are thriving on open, sunlit ground which the tree farmer provided by clear-cutting selected blocks of timber. Several years ago, nature began growing the young forest from wind-scattered seeds. These seeds came from blocks of trees left standing by the industrial forester. The new forest will be protected from fire, insects and disease until harvested . . . in about 80 to 100 years.

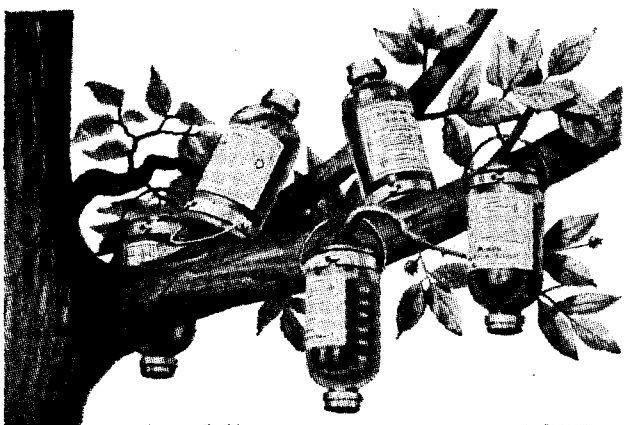
Today, more than 4400 private owners operate about 28 million acres as tree farms in 35 states. All Weyerhaeuser Timber Company forestlands are managed as certified tree farms. *Write us at Box A, Tacoma, Washington for your free copy of our colorful booklet, Tree Farming in the Pacific Northwest.*

Strong hill winds will open these Douglas fir cones, scattering their winged seeds on harvested lands to grow a new forest.

Modern papermaking enhances the beauty and utility of natural wood for interior panelling used in building today's homes.

Wood is one of the nation's most valuable and versatile raw materials. People and industry use wood every day as lumber, pulp and paper, fibers, chemicals and in many other ways. To supply this market, our company is growing trees and manufacturing a variety of forest products.

Weyerhaeuser Timber Company



BLOOD doesn't grow on TREES

Neither can you dig it up out of a mine in the ground. Human blood is manufactured in only one place—the human body.

Vast quantities of blood are needed—urgently needed—to help save the lives of the wounded in Korea, and of the hurt and sick in hospitals at home. Blood is also needed to produce gamma globulin, the new serum that promises to do much to protect children from polio, measles, and infectious hepatitis.

Only you can supply this blood.

You can do it easily, quickly, and with no more hurt than a tiny pin-prick you hardly notice. Furthermore, you can do it again in a few months without danger.

Isn't it worthwhile to take a few minutes time to save a human life? Give blood—keep on giving blood. How? Call your Red Cross, Armed Forces or Community Blood Donor Center today!

GIVE BLOOD

...give it again and again

NATIONAL BLOOD PROGRAM

Above is a Weyerhaeuser Timber Company ad explaining tree farming as the means of having inexhaustible tree crops. Right is one of the Advertising Council's pleas for blood donation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America, National Broadcasting Company, Rand McNally & Company, Norfolk and Western Railway, N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc., and John Hancock.

In the third category of direct public service were found the Aetna Insurance Group, Caterpillar Tractor Company, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Harry Ferguson, Inc., and the Advertising Council.

Behind all these campaigns there was evidence of a new quality of thinking about the relationship of business to our society at large that was encouraging in its statesmanship and constructive approach.

ALSO encouraging was the fact that more than 275 campaigns could even be regarded as eligible for consideration for one of *The Saturday Review*'s public-interest awards. This would seem to underscore the scope of this trend in advertising.

On the debit side, however, was the evidence, the campaigns rejected in the preliminary screening disclosed, that too many companies and agencies suffer from a basic misunderstanding of the values and viewpoints inherent in successful institutional advertising or ignore the opportunities at their finger-tips for stimulating public good-will and support. Since sales are so sensitive to the climate of public opinion surrounding a company and its products, this attitude becomes difficult to analyze.

In his article leading off this Awards section the well-known public-opinion analyst Elmo Roper discusses the subtle problem of audience targets and communications channels for institutional advertising. Paralelling this problem is the apparent inability of so many business and advertising executives either to recognize the rich goals of public-interest advertising or to attain those goals once they decide to embark on such an advertising effort. This report is not the place to do more than note this phenomenon, but it should be fully and frankly discussed in those inner sanctums of business and advertising where policy decisions are made.

The important and encouraging fact, however, is that a substantial number of major advertisers have grasped the values implicit in such communication with the American public, and have done something successful about it. In so doing they have brought zeal and persuasion to the communication of ideas represented by such advertising and have demonstrated that creative capitalism is at its best when concerned with the public welfare as well as private profit and when aware of its own constructive role in the overall structure of our society.

Who Tells the Storyteller?

Continued from page 26

the radio to what are regarded as certain evils being committed by Manufacturer X or by the industry of which he is a prominent part. Let us assume further that the charges being leveled or the intimation being made involve some economic theories —such as that the company is a monopoly or the industry an oligopoly or that the "no tariff" policy being advocated by Manufacturer X or his industry might precipitate unemployment in America. Suppose further that Manufacturer X honestly believes that these writers or other disseminators of ideas are not well informed and that, given certain facts, they would no longer be critical of his position. In the final analysis his interest might lie partly, if not largely, in the seventy-five million politically inert people, but it seems to me that his immediate problem is that of directing a message to the Great Disseminators and the Lesser Disseminators in language they understand and respect and in a medium they understand and respect.

A few words, then, about what is said in these advertisements may be in order. Just as it's a waste of money to spend the advertiser's dollar extoling the nonexistent virtues of a product, so also is it a waste of money in institutional advertising to lay claims to virtues which the advertiser does not possess. It's simply no good to try to convince people, for example, that you are fair and decent to your employes if you're not. There are other channels of communication and other communicators who will show that claim up for what it is.

Nor is it of much use to try to direct messages at an audience which is not interested in what the advertiser is trying to say to them. It is a difficult matter indeed for a company operating in a prosaic field to try to gain currency for beliefs about itself if there is no interest on the part of the desired group in the company or the industry, or in what it makes or even where it is located. That doesn't mean that such a manufacturer has a hopeless task. Just as there are certain people who can spoil any story and make it dull and prosaic, there are people who can find ways of telling almost any story so that it is exciting. The problem is to find some one element that has a chance of arousing interest, some common ground—preferably one having to do with the self-interest of the reader.

I do not want to refer to the subject of what is said without comment on the all too frequently followed custom of "talking to oneself." It is an unfortunate waste of money, but apparently a hard lesson to learn. It would seem almost axiomatic that it should require little money to sell to bankers and Wall Streeters generally the proposition that banking is an essential function. If banking needs any selling or any defense, it is to people who are either not sure it's an essential function better performed by private industry than by the state, or to those who recognize its essentiality and the desirability of private ownership but are sure that the present system is filled with abuses which need correcting. It seems to me an unfortunately small amount of money is spent trying to reach the right people and an unfortunately large amount spent "talking to oneself."

SURELY little needs to be said here on the subject of *how* one says whatever it is one wants to say. It must be truthful; it must be interesting in some way. Fortunately, a number of our advertisers and advertising agencies have put in enough thought on the "how" so that claims to expertness in this area are more valid than in any other area of this subject.

Probably the least thought has been given to the question of media—or perhaps I should say the least satisfactory conclusions have been arrived at in this area.

One of the reasons for this has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

already been mentioned—that there is much institutional advertising which does not seem to have a clearly defined target group in mind. Obviously the designation of a target group is almost an essential to the most intelligent selection of media. I do not think any case needs to be made here for the use of what are popularly called "mass media" as a vehicle for institutional advertising. There are doubtless many problems which call for the use of mass media, and I certainly do not want to be understood as saying that mass media should never be used for institutional advertising.

I would like to argue, however, that what we might call here "class media" have been used far too little for institutional advertising. Suppose we go back to Manufacturer X who feels he has the beginnings of a public-relations problem because a considerable number of writers (among others) are hinting at what they conceive to be evils being committed by Manufacturer X or by the industry of which he is a prominent part. He is worried about them not because they are an important segment of his market numerically but because they are being listened to by the Lesser Disseminators and the Politically Active, in whose minds doubts are being instilled and who in turn communicate these doubts to the great mass of the politically inert.

IF THERE'S any merit at all to the hypotheses I have outlined here, then it seems to me that such a situation as I have just described calls for the use of those media which are not only frequented by but respected by the immediate target group, *i.e.*, the Greater and the Lesser Disseminators. A sober, serious television show which is deliberately designed to attract this type of audience even at the expense of its overall rating would certainly provide a better atmosphere for this particular institutional advertising than would the hurly-burly attendant on a televised baseball game or boxing match, however much higher the "rating" might be. The same, of course, would apply to radio. In the printed media I should like to point out that there are certain magazines which command the respect of this particular target group; they expect to find things of interest to them in that magazine; they expect to find a sober, serious argument couched in language which "speaks up" to them rather than "talks down." (I shall not embarrass the editors of *The Saturday Review* or *Harper's* or *The Atlantic*, to name but three, by being more specific!) There is a good deal of evidence that the environment around a message is a powerful influence on the effectiveness of the message. Children learn early to ask parents for special dispensations when the parents are in a certain mood; institutional advertising might well give equal thought to the mood which the medium induces in the desired audience.

In short, it seems to me that more attention should be given to the fundamental problem of having the message couched in language appropriate to the media and both the message and the media selected with the most potent and reachable target group in mind.

To recapitulate, I have sought to make three points:

1.) That institutional advertising would be improved if the target group of people to be informed, persuaded, or influenced were more clearly defined.

2.) The message must be not only truthful but must be expressed in language calculated to win the respect of whichever target group is selected.

3.) The media selected should be one which, by reason of its editorial content, commands the respect of a large number of the target group and, where possible, should be one which the respondent turns to when in a mood to listen to sober, thoughtful argument or discussion.

Saturday Review TV and Radio Citations

There follow the details of the radio and television programs cited by *The Saturday Review*'s 1954 Awards Committee for distinguished achievement in the public interest.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA — **"SEE IT NOW"** — **CBS-TV**

"For willingness to underwrite above-average content on television and to has scrupulously maintained the correct relation with the directors of the program, has permitted skill, intelligence, and integrity to acquire a prominent place in television production."

GREYHOUND BUS COMPANY
SCOTT PAPER COMPANY
AMERICAN MACHINE & FOUNDRY CO. — **"OMNIBUS"** — **CBS-TV**
KELVINATOR

"For willingness to underwrite above-average content on television and to maintain correct relation between sponsor and program content, to associate themselves with a program which broke through established formulas to please the judicious without patronizing the larger public."

SOCONY-VACUUM — **NBC SYMPHONY WITH TOSCANINI** — **NBC**
NBC — **NBC-TV OPERA** — **NBC-TV**

"For distinguished presentation of fine music by fine artists."

FORD MOTOR COMPANY — **50th ANNIVERSARY SHOW** — **CBS-TV**
NBC-TV

"For superb taste in presenting light, entertaining Americana on a national scale with no overt commercials."

GENERAL MILLS — **"DING DONG SCHOOL"** — **NBC-TV**

"For genuinely motivated and socially constructive preschool age show."

THE FOLLOWING PROGRAMS WERE RUNNERS-UP:

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER CO. — **"VOICE OF FIRESTONE"** — **NBC**
NBC-TV

"For faithfully adhering to the standard of making available to the public, at a choice evening hour, the finest musical artists in a repertory from the light classics; and especially for gallantry, above and beyond the call of a sponsor's duty, in maintaining this standard even at the cost of its place after many years on the NBC program schedule, and a resultant shift to the ABC network."

UNITED STATES STEEL — **"THEATRE GUILD OF THE AIR"** — **ABC-TV**

"For consistent production excellence with high-level commercials."

HALLMARK GREETING CARDS — **"HAMLET"; "AMAHL AND NIGHT VISITORS" AND OTHER INDIVIDUAL PRODUCTIONS** — **NBC-TV**

"For giving talented producers and players an opportunity to create serious and impressive works, original or classic; for honorable successes and for honorable mistakes."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Triple "en Tente"

STRATFORD, ONTARIO.

IN ONE CORNER of Queen's Park enough daylight remains for the teen-age girls of this Canadian factory and railroad town to finish their nightly softball game. At the other end of the grounds a moderate-sized crowd of serious-minded adults stand in placid summer conversation outside a low and rather ordinary-looking tent. Abruptly a small uniformed band arrays itself in front of the entrance and plays one of those tuneless brassy flourishes which have come to be associated with all Shakespeare productions from the local high school to the Old Vic. This, of course, sets off a last-minute push for the door. Once inside, the sunken auditorium with its 1,900 seats circling the platform stage on three sides seems surprisingly large, but the dark-blue billowy hangings of the interior tent and the nut-brown wood of the jungle-gym stage give a feeling of intimacy which permits the audience to lapse into casual talk again.

Suddenly a violent explosion that appears to have been set off directly under your chair shakes the theatre. For the ensuing thirty seconds every spectator finds himself discussing the shock with his neighbor. Tyrone Guthrie has by means of a six-pound cannon shell succeeded in capturing our joint attention.

Then begins "Oedipus Rex." Out of the two tunnels, which are cut underneath the center portion of the audience, emerge dark figures carrying basins of steaming incense. Soon the dug-out auditorium is filled with layers of pungent chemical smoke to remind us most directly that Thebes is suffering from a horrible plague. It also sets not a few of the spectators to coughing and crying, but a man who will fire a cannon under your seat will do anything. Finally the smoke is allowed to subside and we see the chorus wearing masks which though differing slightly from each other all have a plebeian rotundity. They await Oedipus, the yellow-robed king, who enters through the colonnades. His mask is gold, and its strong square shape is echoed in his proud posture.

From this point on the familiar Sophocles tragedy as adapted by Yeats unrolls with a slightly haunted air that would perhaps be better suited to the Senecan version. James [illegible]'s Oedipus is a muffled, suffering portrait. His best moment is his pang of recognition when he hears that Laius was killed at a place where three roads meet. Interesting, too, is the breathless panting that accompanies his recounting of how he once killed a man at such a point. Later, when he finds out for certain that he has indeed killed his father and married his mother, he is less effective with an ascending three-tone moan that is too studied.

Tiresias, the blind soothsayer, in a milk-white skull-mask and costume, stumbles through the columns and along the steps in terror-ridden fashion to give a fine feeling of a man totally incapacitated except for his prophetic powers. That he is right and Oedipus wrong is a tremendous irony and Canadian actor Donald Davis keeps his performance dry and hard. Jocasta is masked and appareled in a silvery blue, and Eleanor Stuart gives a clear and thoughtful portrayal of a mother who has guessed for some time that her husband may be her son. Robert Goodier's greenish-brown Creon presents the king-to-be as a man of humility and practicality, which makes a good contrast with the proud and chance-taking Oedipus. And Douglas Campbell as the man from Corinth—he indicates his alien origin by a Mitteleuropean accent—gets the only laugh of the evening when in answer to Oedipus's offer of a reward for his news he replies, "In truth, it was for this I came."

The chorus is more exciting in appearance than it is vocally. The actors chant their strophes and antistrophes in the usual glee-club sing-song, and they move in slow motion without regard to symmetry. Without much doubt it is Tanya Moiseiwitsch's masks and costumes that make "Oedipus Rex" the stimulating visual treat it is. While all masks limit expression, it is surprising how much these do allow. With head erect Oedipus appears proud, but with head slightly bowed a wonderful sadness emanates. When he has put out his eyes he wears a new mask which differs from the old one much more than an actor could change by facial expression. While we do miss the powerful reactions that a great actor like Olivier can by superhuman concentration give us, we gain by an elimination of the imperfectly controlled manifestations that less talented actors are bound to insert into the tragedy. Also there is an increase in abstraction. The particular qualities of each character are hidden. Only what the character stands for, or rather what stands for the character, remains. Not only is this a beautiful method of production which merits future application to other scripts, but the Guthrie-Moiseiwitsch "Oedipus Rex" gives modern audiences an idea of how these plays may have appeared 2,400 years ago at Athens.

—Peter Smith & Co.

". . . beautiful method of production."

IN ADDITION to the Greek play, the Stratford Festival is also presenting "Measure for Measure" and "The Taming of the Shrew." The former is one of Shakespeare's most subtle and interesting plays. Written not long after "Hamlet," it likewise explores the area between purity and corruption. Its central figures are: Angelo, a man so addicted to absolute morality that only an absolutely moral woman can corrupt him; Isabella, that absolutely moral woman who has "to a nunnery gone" but who emerges to have her morality tested by Angelo's proposal that she give herself to him in sin in order to save her convicted brother's life; and the Duke, who has found no solution to the problem of ruling the state of Vienna efficiently without violating the charitable precepts of Christian ethics. Also included is a coarse array of sinners of all types, the most prominent of which is a cynical opportunist, Lucio, who, like most cynics, insists on testing the Duke's "infinite" goodness to prove that even it is limited by human frailty.

The Ontario production is at its best visually thanks again to Miss Moiseiwitsch's costumes, the most memorable of which transforms the Duke into a Christlike figure with a red beard and monk's habit. It is also beautifully

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PULITZER PRIZE PLAY • CRITICS' CIRCLE AWARD
MAURICE EVANS
in association with GEORGE SCHAEFER presents
DAVID WAYNE JOHN FORSYTHE
in
the Teahouse of the August Moon
A New Comedy by
JOHN PATRICK
(Adapted from the Novel by Vern Sneider)
with
PAUL FORD • LARRY GATES • WILLIAM HANSEN
and
MARIKO NIKI
Production Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
Evgs. 8:40—Mon. thru Thurs.: $4.40-1.65. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $5.95-1.65. Mats Wed. & Sat. 2:40—$3.85-1.65. (Tax. Incl.).
Air-Cond. MARTIN BECK THEA., 45th St. W. of 8th Ave.

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS INVITED
Do you have a book-length manuscript you'd like published? Learn about our unusual plan whereby your book can be published, promoted and distributed on a professional basis. We consider all types of work—fiction, non-fiction, poetry, religious and scholarly books, etc. For more information, write for booklet FF. It's free.
VANTAGE PRESS, INC., 120 W. 31 St., N. Y. 1
In Calif.: 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

If you are going to move it is necessary that the proper notification be made, at the earliest possible moment to SATURDAY REVIEW by letter, post card, or post office form No. 22S, giving the old address, as well as the new, with postal-zone number if any. You should also notify your local post office on postal form No. 22. Both postal forms are obtainable at any post office.

As considerable time is required to process a change of address, you are urged to advise the SATURDAY REVIEW Subscription Department as soon as you know your new address, preferably four weeks in advance.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW
Subscription Dept.
25 W. 45th St., New York 36, N.Y.

spoken. What is lacking is a strong directorial viewpoint that might have molded this complicated comedy into absorbing drama. James Mason's Angelo starts as a grasping hypocrite, a kind of toned-down Tartuffe. In the scenes with Isabella he changes to fit more closely her assessment of him ("I partly think a due sincerity governed his deeds till he did look on me"). Finally in guilt he resembles King Claudius in "Hamlet," a man enslaved by guilt and power. Mr. Mason plays his part with a sullen physical passion that fails to penetrate the deep maze of evil with sufficient sharpness. Frances Hyland's Isabella is also a physically passionate one which presents her as a hot little teenager rather than the usual icy woman of virtue. In the scenes between the two subtlety and tension are too often sacrificed to the fast pace of comedy and the compulsion felt by director Cecil Clarke to have constant movement at all costs.

If the non-proscenium stage does dictate arbitrary movement to keep audiences on all three sides engrossed it is a serious drawback. Also a drawback is the fact that an actor at the front of the pseudo-Elizabethan stage is, when he is standing with his back to the center third of the audience, seen in profile by each of the two side thirds.

The remainder of the cast is extremely competent. Donald Harron is an impish Lucio, Douglas Campbell a boldly vulgar Pompey, and Robert Goodier Barrymorishly funny as Barnardine the drunken prisoner who regrets he will be unable to die today. Trained by the Canadian Broadcasting Company and exhorted to the top standards set by Dr. Guthrie, the entire company performs with a uniform skill and technical sureness that one would be hard put to find in any American production. They make "Measure for Measure" an evening which constantly commands our eye and ear, if not enough our heart and brain.

"THE Taming of the Shrew" is a most entertaining experiment in farce production. Dr. Guthrie, who has previously directed the play in Commedia dell Arte style has now thrown aside the last tiny bit of restraint and has permitted his actors to run wild. Using colloquial Midwestern accents and wearing Edwardian and Wild West costumes, they run through an almost complete catalogue of farce devices. This has some advantages. The Christopher Sly prologue leaves that garrulous comic bedded down at the front corner of the stage, and his frequent interruptions of the action are delightful reminders that the plot is not to be taken too seriously. Also the subplot between Bianca and her suitors sparkles with mischief. And the Petruchio-Kate story is made more good-naturedly humorous by presenting him as a man who is really scared to death of her.

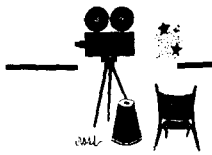
On this last point Dr. Guthrie confesses having made an error. During the run of the play to date he has felt a real disappointment on the part of the audience—and particularly its distaff members—that Petruchio is not the traditional strong man who beats Kate into submission.

However, to those willing to go along with any concept a director wishes to present a much more serious mistake has been made. The comic bits more often than not seem to occur without thought or reason. True farce is outrageous exaggeration, but not the "anything for a laugh" treatment. One actor exits with an enormous running broad-jump into one of the deep exit tunnels. At the wedding reception four chambermaids in Edwardian costumes dance the can-can to hoe-down music. And at one point Petruchio subdues Kate by spraying her with Flit. True, not all of the hokum is quite so zany. There are genuinely funny moments, such as the one where Kate's father surprises Petruchio while he is wrestling with Kate and Petruchio pretends to be dancing a tango with his violently unwilling partner. One feels that with more time, discipline, and logic an out-and-out farcical approach to "The Taming of the Shrew" might have worked admirably.

Indeed if "The Taming of the Shrew" has done not much else it has proved that an all-Canadian cast can do surprisingly well with slapstick techniques. As Sly, Robert Goodier comes close to achieving the drunk comic drollery of a Joe Jackson. William Needles plays Petruchio with a touch of Robert Woolsey. William Hutt is enormously funny as he complains of Kate calling her lute tutor "twangling Jack." And Frances Hyland is charming and pert as the merry little Bianca. Barbara Chilcott's Kate is perhaps a bit too serious for this production.

Whatever reservations one has about this second Stratford Festival and Dr. Guthrie's practical jokes, one must admit that the productions are expert and visually superb. Also by indulging in wide experimentation himself Dr. Guthrie is encouraging a host of Canadian actors to use their own ingenuity. There may be no better way to stimulate a truly Canadian comment on the classics, which is the first step towards the development of a Canadian nat-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Making Sows' Ears from Silk Purses

JERRY LEWIS and his handsome friend Dean Martin represent at this moment one of the most valuable properties in show business. A measure of their drawing power in cafes is the fact that they offered Jules Podell $60,000 to get out of a play-or-pay contract at the Copacabana, in New York. Podell refused, and his judgment was vindicated when the boys appeared and broke every previous record, including their own, in the fourteen-year history of the night club. When they played on the stage of the Paramount Theatre in New York some months ago they jammed the house, and then did between-show performances out of their dressing-room window for a mob of screaming kids on the sidewalk. In television their monthly shows astigmatize millions. *Motion Picture Daily*'s poll shows them as the leading box-office attraction in films for 1953.

Yet the interesting fact is that Martin and Lewis have never made a good motion picture. The reason for this is simple: the motion-picture studio is the one place where Jerry Lewis has to stick reasonably close to the script.

Jerry Lewis is a performer of superb comic gifts who can caricature a character with a voice inflection or a gesture, but the essence of his appeal is violence and spontaneous madness. He has the art to stick a pin in a stuffed shirt, but he prefers to rip it off and tattoo his name on the wearer's chest. In saloons, in theatres, on television programs he does absolutely anything for a laugh. In the cafe act the funniest portion of the program consists of the destruction Lewis commits on Dick Stabile, their touring musical conductor, while the man is trying to play a straight number. He is never "off," he is always trying. I once saw him in a grandstand box at the Polo Grounds competing for attention with the Giants vs. Dodgers in the opening game of the season—and not doing badly.

Put this wild talent in a movie studio and what happens? I haven't been there, but I'll bet that the electricians, the carpenters, and the other actors fall down laughing between takes. Miles of celluloid must be spoiled. But it has not yet been proved possible to capture the same lunatic invention on film. Movies may be better than ever, but they still lack one thing that cafes, theatres, and television do have, and that is spontaneity.

Only twice have I seen inspired violence captured on film: when Harpo Marx stamped the bald head of the passport inspector with his own stamp in "Monkey Business," and when W. C. Fields kicked Baby LeRoy in the seat of his three-cornered pants.

In **"Living It Up,"** the movie version of "Hazel Flagg" (which in turn was the musical-comedy version of the film "Nothing Sacred"), the writers have tried to give Jerry Lewis his necessary breakaway scenes. For some obscure plot reason he has to pretend to be crazy, so he rides a crystal chandelier and plays "Bombs Away," throwing light bulbs at the heads of the folks down below. For another obscure plot reason he has to pretend to be three different doctors, one German, one Chinese, one French, all in the same operating-room scene, and the pushing of people through doors is like rush hour at Grand Central. For no reason at all he participates in a jitterbug dance sequence with an alarming young lady named Sheree North. It is plain that these were intended to be the high points of the film, because this kind of thing is the high point of Jerry Lewis's comedy. I have to report that they are forced, they are meaningless, they are dreadful.

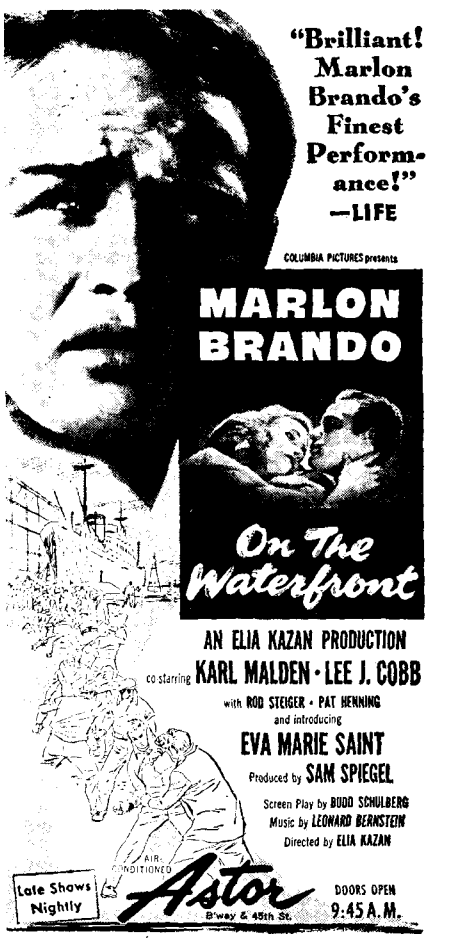
The people in charge of making bad new movies out of good old movies have been fairly active of late. They made a bad movie out of "The Awful Truth." They made a bad movie out of "The Shop Around the Corner." And they have now made a bad movie out of "Nothing Sacred." In this masterpiece of the 1930's the person who became radioactive was Carole Lombard. It is possible that you are not one of those people who behave like a melted cheese sandwich when the name of Carole Lombard is mentioned. If you are not, you may now leave the room. If you remain, you will remember that there was a kind of raffish innocence, a crack-voiced, wide-eyed wickedness about this girl which helped make "Nothing Sacred" a delicious comment on the foibles of the big city and its newspapers. "Living It Up" is not a comment on anything except the difficulty of capturing the quality of Jerry Lewis in a movie.

It should be noted that the other half of the team of Dean Martin and

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

"SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS"
In CINEMASCOPE starring
JANE POWELL · HOWARD KEEL
with JEFF RICHARDS
RUSS TAMBLYN · TOMMY RALL
Screen Play by ALBERT HACKETT & FRANCES GOODRICH and DOROTHY KINGSLEY
Lyrics by JOHNNY MERCER
Music by GENE de PAUL
Choreography by MICHAEL KIDD
Color by ANSCO
Directed by STANLEY DONEN
Produced by JACK CUMMINGS
An M-G-M Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"DUTCH TREAT"
Gala new revue produced by Leonidoff . . . with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Glee Club . . . Symphony Orchestra directed by Raymond Paige



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jerry Lewis has made an extraordinary decision. He has decided that he will talk and act like Bing Crosby—and, having so decided, he does it extremely well, even mastering the mush-mouth, throw-away readings which are Crosby's contribution to the native *sprach*. It's not only attractive, it's comforting, for it is good to know that as our giants grow old there are eager hands ready to grasp the torch.

* * *

Speaking of remakes, there is a film around called **"Magnificent Obsession,"** one of the early Lloyd Douglas mixtures of medicine and mysticism. It's about an attractive matron who is blinded by a no-good who then courts her under an assumed name while he takes medical courses so that he can do the operation which restores her sight. Rock Hudson, with talcum at the temples, plays the Robert Taylor part, and Jane Wyman fills in for Irene Dunne. The remarkable thing about the film is the proof that these great cheap formulas can touch the fringes of real emotion—what can be more affecting than the blinding of an attractive woman and a dissolute man sacrificing his life for others?—and then, with precision timing, drown it in bathos at every telling moment. —LEE ROGOW.

SR Recommends

On the Waterfront: One of the most successful native attempts to emulate the unvarnished realism of European films. This documentation of labor strife on the Hoboken docks was written by Budd Schulberg, directed by Elia Kazan, and features Marlon Brando in a superlative piece of acting. (*SR* July 24.)

The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe: The Defoe classic as interpreted for the screen by Mexico's much-admired director Luis Bunuel, with Dan O'Herlihy as the lonely Crusoe. (*SR* July 17.)

Man With a Million: Mark Twain's story about a million-pound banknote, sparklingly played by Gregory Peck and an all-British supporting cast. (*SR* July 10.)

The Caine Mutiny: Herman Wouk's engrossing story is superbly acted by Humphrey Bogart, Jose Ferrer, Van Johnson, and Fred MacMurray—with an able assist from the U.S. Navy. (*SR* June 26.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday: The sights, sounds, and inanities of a French seaside resort are caught to perfection in this satire written, directed, and starring Jacques Tati, who shows that the Chaplin-Keaton-Lloyd tradition is still gloriously alive. (*SR* June 19.)

The Unconquered: This full-length documentary biography of Helen Keller is a remarkable portrait of a remarkable woman—and it's a far cry from the fictionalized biographical extravaganzas that have been issuing from Hollywood lately. (*SR* June 12.)

Knock on Wood: One of Danny Kaye's best. No more need be said. (*SR* April 10.)

TV AND RADIO

What's Good for the TV Child?

FOR a while there, in Congress, it looked as if the Reece committee were going to make it hot again for the tender-minded tax-exempt foundations devoted to social-science uplift. But now that the investigative wolf has beat a rather heckled retreat to hearings behind closed doors, it may be in order once more to suggest good causes to the boards of directors enchartered to the liquidation of industrial jackpots.

There has been, to date, no definitive study made anywhere of the effects of TV on the child audience. For that matter, radio itself never was subjected to any full-scale scrutiny in the same area. The popular concern having shifted to television, however, and the latter enjoying calendar youth, with rigidities not yet congealed, it would seem that the conditions for objective scientific research still remain present. How "objective" such research could ever be is a big question. Isolating the variable effects of an inconstant medium upon dynamic individuals in a multanimous social context is probably in the same blue-sky research league as defining the bio-chemical laws of growth. Still, there is ample room for approximation and for useful hunches based on more penetrating and controlled experiments than have hitherto been undertaken—chiefly for want of capital, and not for the lack of suggestive hypotheses.

Five years or so ago, when the first hue and cry went up about TV's alleged deleterious effects upon the evolving characters of children, the war (both on expert and lay levels) of public charge and industry defense petered out in a climactic, unresolved truce—namely, "decision awaiting further research." The years have gone, but this truce, unlike Panmunjom, lingers on.

The concern is defrosted in this space because of two surveys that have come recently to the writer's desk: the fourth annual survey—made by the National Association for Better Radio and Television—of children's radio-TV programs broadcast in the Los Angeles area; and the first annual report of a national Look-Listen Project under the auspices of the American Council for Better Broadcasts. The NAFBRAT study reports that "crime programs for children are being produced specifically for television in a volume approximately four times greater than in 1951." "More money," says NAFBRAT, "is spent for the production of one half-hour crime Westerns than for the production of the entire twenty-one program periods classified as excellent by this committee."

The Look-Listen Project polled qualitatively 7,500 people living in twenty-one states. Each person was asked to give "thoughtful attention" to about eight programs for two hours at a time between the hours of 3:00 and 10:00 P.M. The monitors were asked to summarize a program, evaluate it, and tell why they liked or disliked it—a good, deep cry from the recall, coincidental, and automatic methods used by the TV-radio industry for mere head-counting. Because the project directors wanted individuals who would accept responsibility, they avoided a cross-section sample. Twenty-six per cent of the participants were PTA members; 30 per cent high-school students; and the adult group generally seems to have been weighted with upper middle class, educated, literate individuals.

THIS quality-in-depth sounding produced no surprises. Respondents like their news fair, accurate: they appreciate content above average on "Studio One," "Omnibus," "Hall of Fame," Philco, U.S. Steel; they complain about the drought of good music on the air; they don't like most crime programs or crude advertising; they worry about what the children are seeing; the funny, friendly, and familiar domestic comedy is a favorite; "I Love Lucy," "Dragnet," Edward R. Murrow, "Ding Dong School," "Cavalcade of America," "Our Miss Brooks," and "Life Is Worth Living" are the highest-rated programs.

Nevertheless, the frustrations of subjective measurement are present in this report in all their glittering diversity. Writes Port Washington of "Margie," in the comedy skits' department: "Very dull, uninteresting, trite. Completely improbable. POOR." Leavenworth, Kansas, has another opinion of "Margie": "All the stories follow the same pattern. GOOD." "Uninteresting. Tear-jerking," reports Stockton, Calif., of the daily serial "Life Can Be Beautiful." Again from Kansas, of "One Man's Family": "The philosophy and practical psychology

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

expounded are good. However, my husband thinks it's just another soap opera. EXCELLENT." After listening to "The Lone Ranger," one monitor reports: "Good English. GOOD." Of "Superman," Washington, Kansas, says: "How to commit crimes graphically demonstrated. FAIR." The comments range from odd and ambiguous to terse and perceptive. But the debris of variegated taste is all over the place.

The conflict of opinions is even evident in a comparison of the NAFBRAT and ACBB reports, both socially motivated. To the NAFBRAT evaluators the "Pinky Lee Show" is a "child's burlesque show; excessive bad taste." For ACBB a Maryland monitor reports of the same show: "Suitable for children. Just plain funny. Not suggestive or slapstick. GOOD." So here we are at the familiar, self-same door. What's good for the child on radio-TV and what isn't? These organizations are, at least, doing something about the problem—without too much help. And while they grope bravely along a minotaur tunnel, the "crash" research program on a grand scale that will tackle the job at the highest level of our social scientific disciplines still goes begging, while the research moneys pour out abundantly elsewhere.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 580

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 580 will be found in the next issue.

AEM'X DSGTO SX ZEGXO

BEF OCY SBBPQXSXCEMY;

OP CY EMDZ XFZCMT EM

EMP BSQP SBXPF SMEXOPF

XE BCMA OCY EJM.

—DETS MYVCXO.

Answer to No. 579

A fan club is a group of people who tell an actor he's not alone in the way he feels about himself.—Jack Carson.

Americana

Continued from page 17

have written invaluable sequels to this volume.

The publishers of the new edition, and the accomplished editor, Fletcher Pratt, deserve gratitude for reviving a work so useful historically, so full of fine narrative and descriptive bits, and so entertaining.

Notes

JEFFERSON'S FOREIGN MINISTER: With prodigious industry, painstaking scholarship, and a bit of a chip on his shoulder—no, say a torch in his hand—Irving Brant has been at work for more than a dozen years dissipating the mists that have gathered about the name and reputation of James Madison, replacing shadow with substance.

In earlier volumes he showed us first Madison the active Virginia revolutionist, then the singleminded nationalist, working against odds in the Congress of the Confederation for a strong, stable Government; next Madison as the chief architect of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, the tough-minded political thinker, the real founder of the Democratic Party. He has now reached **"James Madison: Secretary of State, 1800-1809"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $6).

One thing Mr. Brant makes crystal clear: Madison *was* the Secretary of State. He was not, as historians from Henry Adams on down have intimated, a mere errand-boy for Jefferson, a timid, vacillating nonentity. Brant shows how that libel got started—an egregious mistranslation by Henry Adams of a characterization by a French diplomat, a careless, off-hand remark by Jefferson himself, Madison's habit of writing "It is the President's wish . . ." when the policy in question was clearly his own. He shows us a Madison firmly in command of every situation, working harmoniously with the President. Jefferson, he tells us, "relied on the Secretary's analytical ability, understanding and judgment, applied to purposes on which they agreed completely. . . ."

Through eight years of dirty diplomatic weather Madison steered a straight course. A too intransigent, too aggressive policy could have brought war with England, France, or Spain—or all three; an iresolute or supine policy could have scuttled the national honor and the national interest. Brant believes that the Embargo, that ill-starred experiment in economic coercion, was really Madison's policy, though Jefferson agreed with it. He even gives Madison credit for the Louisiana Purchase. One may not accept his case at this point—to me it is more ingenious than convincing—but one cannot shrug off his demonstration—mostly based on diplomatic dispatches hitherto undeciphered or suppressed—that our Minister to France, Robert R. Livingston, deserves precious little credit for that amazing real-estate bargain.

One expects a biographer's documentation to be adequate. Mr. Brant's is overwhelming. From the documents he has given us a new Madison. It is a bigger Madison than we have known. Perhaps it is not quite a human Madison. But it may be the only technique for the job he has set himself—the basic, long-deferred job of clearing away old misconceptions, old misrepresentations, and giving us at last the authentic record.

—Frederick B. Tolles.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER THEM BY: While an evening spent in a graveyard has not traditionally been considered the liveliest way of passing time, Charles L. Wallis's **"Stories on Stone: A Book of American Epitaphs"** (Oxford University Press, $5) may alter our notions. Here is a volume delicately constructed of the most earthy materials imaginable. Humanity, with its loves and hates, humor and piety, faith and cynicism, expresses itself on the enduring slabs marking our ancestors' graves.

One reads, for example, that Andrew Jackson's wife rests under the tribute "A being so gentle and so virtuous slander might wound, but could not dishonor." A Missourian permanently advises ambulant onlookers to ". . . vote for Jennings Bryan." A more recently deceased Minnesotan boasts for his posterity that of his family "None . . . ever voted for Roosevelt or Truman." Thus did America's folk—heroes, statesmen, inventors, lovers, common citizens—leave a posthumous comment of their times.

The author wisely maintains a neutral air, judiciously permitting the humor and drama to come forth largely unaided. He has divided the volume into logical sections and has supplied well-written background accounts for many of the inscriptions which add to the value of the book. Here is a consistently interesting, frequently fascinating, and intermittently significant collection of Americana.

—Harold M. Hyman.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

Continued from page 15

then that the sensible parish priest took over.

Mr. McLaverty has added to his literary stature in this little gem of Irish storytelling. His Ulsterman's way with the English tongue and the human soul was never more impressive. The reader feels that he has lived all his life in the tidy pastoral community close to the river and the sea. The realism is achieved, in the main, by exquisite economy of detail. With characteristic selectivity, for instance, Mr. McLaverty uses the homely, familiar chestnut tree to convey the pungent flavor of relationships between schoolboy and adult and the march of the northern seasons.

—Ann F. Wolfe.

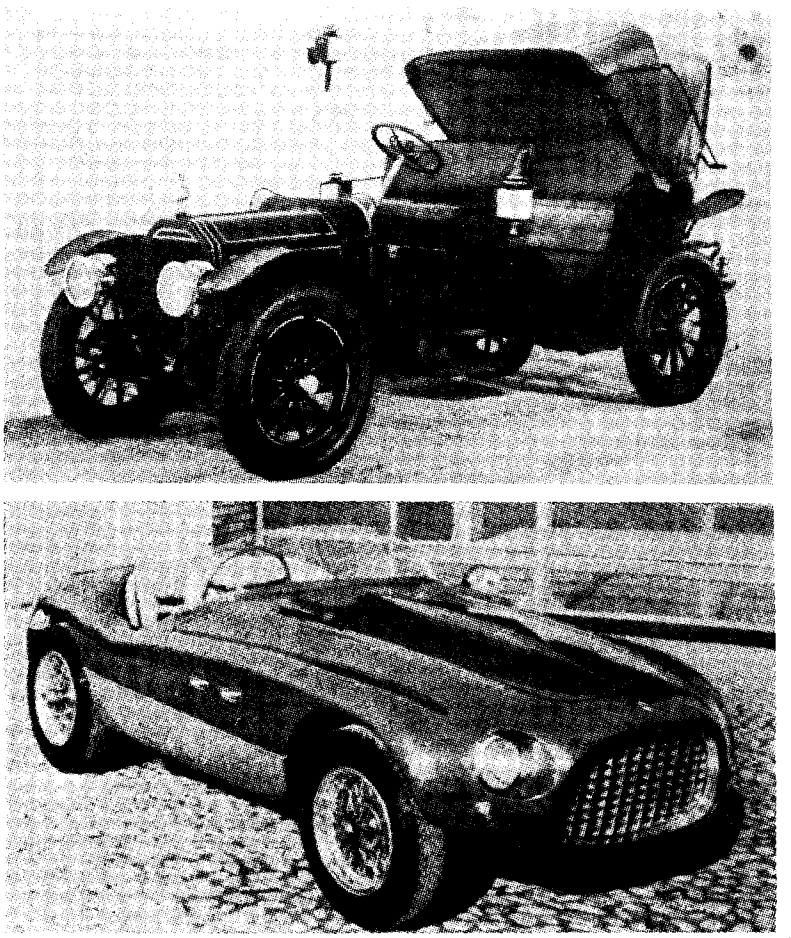
No

MUSIC FOR THE PARTING: In **"The Festival"** (Random House, $3) Lael Tucker has deserted the South, which was the scene of her "Lament for Four Virgins," and has located her story in a remote mountain village in the French Pyrenees (could it be Prades?) where for one week a music festival is being held. It is here that the Old Man (could it be Casals?), once famous as a virtuoso, has consented to direct an orchestra. Since Franco's triumph in Spain he has acquired something of the quality of a legend because of his withdrawal from the world, and musicians young and old have flocked to him, from the Continent, from America.

Among them is Joshua Middlebush, of New York-New England descent, a teacher of music, a would-be composer. The story opens as Lutie, his wife, is coming to join him, knowing that for the time of the festival she must, because of the scarcity of accommodations in the village, share with him the *lit matrimonial*. They have had an unconcluded and determinedly friendly parting, and she believes that here, after fifteen years and two children, they will dance as a *menuet* the disintegration and end of their marriage. She believes that it can be done politely and with dignity. Their differences have been many. Lutie, although she has given Joshua much encouragement in his composing, has hurt him in the secret, sensitive places of his creative will, and he has withdrawn from her. Here is an interesting and provocative situation.

But these two have reckoned without the mountain-top perspective they are to acquire, without the effect of the music they are to hear. For music is the catalyst, and none of the characters that swarm the pages of this book is left unchanged. Joshua and Lutie come to actual physical blows, are unfaithful to each other, misunderstand and hurt each other, and learn.

This is a compactly planned novel, more skilful in design than Miss Tucker's earlier book. But any story covering so short a period of time in the lives of so many characters, set as this is against an alien background, is automatically one removed from reality. This is a difficulty which the author has not been able to overcome. The reader is left with a sense of frustration, with the wish that Miss Tucker, with her easy dialogue and fluent writing, might have made us care more deeply about her Joshua and Lutie.—Cid Ricketts Sumner.



Peerless with Victoria (1911)—"elegance and grace," with Ferrari competition roadster (1954)—"masterpiece of engineering."

ANTIQUES AND HOT RODS: Having once owned an ancient and incredibly inefficient Alfa-Romeo, I know full well that car enthusiasts are a happy but lunatic breed. One of the happiest is James Melton, the popular tenor, who has his own museum of antique automobiles. In **"Bright Wheels Rolling"** (Macrae Smith, $4.50) he tells entertainingly, in collaboration with Ken Purdy, about his own and other famous old cars. There are plenty of pictures, including more than a few of Mr. Melton himself. In case you get bitten by the bug yourself, the editors of *Popular Mechanics* have compiled a fascinating volume, copiously illustrated, on **"How to Restore Antique and Classic Cars"** (Popular Mechanics Press, $2.95). For those whose taste runs to something newer and speedier, there are two new books: **"The Modern Sports Car,"** by Tom McCahill (Prentice-Hall, $3.95), and **"Sports Cars,"** by Austin Conley (Greenberg, $3). The photographs are satisfactory, the text not overly technical and generally interesting. **"Sport and Racing Cars,"** by Raymond F. and Brock W. Yates (Harper, $2) is an excellent primer for teen-age tots whose nerveless little hands itch for the feel of a hot rod. May they rest in peace!

—William Murray.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music

Continued from page 21

charge, for the interested reader to proceed to the point of purchase. Along with such examples of observant humor, he will find relentlessly sound and, I am sure, helpful opinions on many great songs by writers ranging from Bax to Hugo Wolf and Charles Wood. Not everyone can go to London and seek the personal counsel of Gerald Moore, but he has succeeded in making an almost perfect medium for the reverse with this singular volume.

Notes

JEWISH MUSIC THROUGH THE AGES: Wisely subtitled an appreciation, Aron Marko Rothmüller's **"The Music of the Jews"** (Beechurst Press, $5) is a genial recounting of the long march of Jewish music from the glories of Biblical times, through the sorrows of the Dispersion and the ghetto's gloom, until its bright and busy resurgence in today's Israel. A personal account by a Yugoslavian singer and composer, it is happiest when detailing the music he knows at first hand. Lacking the scope, authority, and objectivity of a historical survey, it is by no means "an important contribution to musicology," to quote the misleading blurb; it neither presents new data nor makes novel interpretations.

When the author dons philosopher's robes to discuss knottier questions, such as what constitutes Jewish music, he is more readable than cogent. As a historian he is weaker still. He seems to have bypassed the newer findings and approach of ethno-musicology. The gravest result of this is his treatment of tropes (*neginot*) without introducing the concept of melody-types; this would have clarified Oriental Jewish melos in terms of identical principles of melodic construction throughout the Near East and Byzantium. Antiphonal and responsorial chanting are surprisingly not discussed, instruments on the plates are too loosely identified, doubts on the Jewishness of Susskind the Minnesinger go unmentioned, and the folksong question is presented in the customary naive and overgeneralized fashion. While these weaknesses detract from its usefulness, the book's final chapters should prove valuable sources of information on Israeli composers and their music.

—JOEL NEWMAN.

AMERICAN CHURCH MUSIC: Perhaps it is significant that the first book published in colonial America was "The Bay Psalm Book," an attempt to improve on the metrical psalms the Pilgrims had brought with them for congregational singing. All through our history the music of our churches has played its part, though the story will be new to most readers of Leonard Ellinwood's **"The History of American Church Music"** (Morehouse-Gorham, $6). Dr. Ellinwood divides his survey into three periods—The Colonial Era (up to 1820), The Next Century (to 1920), and The Contemporary Scene. The various elements that have gone into our sacred music, fuguing tunes, spirituals, white and Negro, Gospel hymns, quartet anthems, and the new style contributed by the moderns—all these are fitted into place, with the personalities that fostered them. The author, both music librarian and clergyman, is peculiarly fitted to tell the story. His absorbingly readable narrative is supplemented in the appendices with repertory lists and biographical notes on outstanding church musicians. There are numerous illustrations.

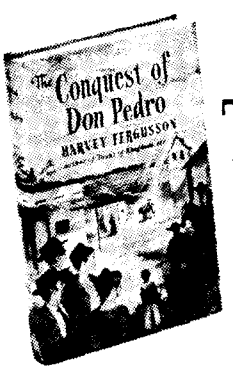
—PHILIP L. MILLER.

A Stream

By Witter Bynner

COOL, moving, fruitful and
alive I go,
In my small run reflecting
all the sky,
I see through trees,
I see through melting snow,
I see through riffles
which the wind and I
Can make, and through
the shadow of a man
Nor know where I arrive,
where I began.

"Belongs alongside 'Death Comes for the Archbishop.'"
—Lon Tinkle, The Saturday Review



The Conquest of Don Pedro

HARVEY FERGUSSON

Author of *Grant of Kingdom, Rio Grande,* etc.

Leo Mendes, man of many lives and with an insatiable zest for living brings change . . . love . . . and something of the future to the people of the sleepy little village of Don Pedro in Old New Mexico.

"Fergusson has carved from the raw material of the Southwest a notable work of art, as Willa Cather did in 'Death Comes for the Archbishop.'" — Dan Wickenden, N. Y. Herald Tribune

"An engrossing story. And the setting, right in both fact and feeling, is finely done." — Joseph Henry Jackson, San Francisco Chronicle

"No contemporary novelist writes as understandingly and colorfully of New Mexico." — *Carter Brooke Jones, Washington Post*

The Literary Guild Selection for July. At all bookstores, $3.50

MORROW

IF YOU ARE AN AUTHOR

of fiction, non-fiction or poetry, and have received rejection slips because you are an unknown, we can help you! We have 30 years' experience in publishing successful books and will design, print, promote, advertise and SELL your book. The cost is low; your royalties are high! For full details, write for free booklet.

COMET PRESS BOOKS 11 W. 42 St. N.Y.C.

Folk and Jazz Roundtable at

MUSIC INN

AUGUST 15 TO SEPTEMBER 6

Gospel songs, blues, work songs, shouts, hollers, ragtime, dixie, boogie, bop, Caribbean, European and American Folk. Under direction of Dr. Marshall Stearns; Rudi Blesh, Henry Cowell, S. I. Hayakawa, Geoffrey Holder, Langston Hughes, Willis James, assisted by folk and jazz musicians and dancers. Tennis, fishing and swimming for the less hardy.

Write MUSIC INN, LENOX 1, MASS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

The Saturday Review

25 West 45th Street,
New York 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription for the term indicated below:

☐ One year . . . . . $ 7.00

☐ Two years 12.00

☐ Three years 16.00

Please note: The above rates apply to the United States and its possessions.

Canada: One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $19.

Other Foreign: One year $9, Two years $16, Three years $22.

Payment is enclosed ☐

Please send me a bill* ☐

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

Zone_____State_____

As considerable time is required to process a change of address, you are urged to notify The Saturday Review Subscription Department as soon as you know your new address, preferably four weeks in advance.

** Payment is required with the order on subscriptions outside the continental limits of the United States.*

Business and the Cultural Climate

Continued from page 10

less likely to be a paying proposition. As the size of businesses and possibility of large profits have increased, skilled managers and promoters have more and more assumed control; earning statements and the welfare of stockholders have become matters of primary concern. In the entertainment and communication fields editorial and artistic points of view can be allowed to prevail only if they produce profitable results. Those whose job it is to satisfy a large clientele are necessarily conditioned by the responses of the audience they are serving, and their own esthetic judgments will in time be affected by the atmosphere in which they work.

THIS does not mean that the heads of large newspaper, magazine, book, film, radio, and television companies are evil men conforming to the radical caricaturists' pictures of them. In most cases they would like to have pride in their product and they would like to have the recognition and the regard of critical opinion that comes from making superior quality available. They usually find themselves, however, caught in a competitive situation in which not only success, but survival, demands constantly maintained or even increasing volume and allows little room either for indulging in personal tastes or in straying far from the line of proven appeal.

Once a structure has been created which is dependent on a given turnover it is almost impossible to pull back. The audience exists; if one company lets some part of it get away a rival will be there to snap it up. Film makers must provide goods that will fill huge theatres; magazines and newspapers will lose their advertising if circulation drops; sponsors demand television shows with high popularity ratings; publishers find that issuing a given twenty-five-cent book is unprofitable unless it will attract close to 200,000 buyers. It does not at all follow that the article of wide circulation is necessarily inferior. The popular can, of course, be excellent and the experiment worthless. The question raised by the condition is not whether bigness in itself is good or bad, but rather whether the small can also flourish—not merely occasionally exist—alongside it. For in the field of ideas and art the new, the original, the different have always played an invaluable role. Much of what we most cherish in our intellectual heritage has in the first instance received trifling acceptance and has gradually grown and sifted down through wider and wider circles, to be appreciated eventually by large numbers. We are familiar with the stories of our most highly regarded novelists whose first several books went entirely unnoticed by the public, of great painters and musicians whose work took years to be recognized.

Hospitality to the original has often depended on young ambitious enterprisers trying to establish a place for themselves. We are not living in a world in which the doors are shut to such new activities, but in most fields control has become vested in fewer and fewer hands, so that competition, even though intense, is usually a struggle between giants. The cards are importantly stacked against the newcomer or the producer who is addressing himself to a small portion of the people. The newspapers with huge circulation can afford to buy innumerable features with which a less wealthy rival can scarcely compete. Book clubs and paperback editions that are based on big circulation can afford to offer bargains which make the ordinary volume of narrower appeal seem exorbitant in price. The quality magazines aimed at pleasing relatively restricted circles have to charge a much higher retail price than their mass-directed competitors, can pay far less for contributions, and can hope to have their wares on sale in only a small percentage of the localities that are available to the more popular periodicals. No one can undertake to bring a play to the commercial stage with the hope of profit unless it promises to be of hit proportions.

These conditions lead to enormous difficulties not only for the small producers, but possibly even more so for the creative artists who are as yet unrecognized or who are trying to address themselves to something less than the mass. These are apt to be the very people who explore new paths and who bring stimulation and variety to the fields in which they work. Without them conformity and repetition of proven formulas are likely to be the pattern, but at present there is evidence that the original talent which does not fit in with currently accepted popularity has tremendous difficulty in getting heard.

Even in music, where the phonograph and the radio have created an undreamed-of audience for the very best and where consequently the mass distributor can make his strongest case for having contributed to cul-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tural improvement, the young composer complains that in the midst of this musical plenty it has become no easier for the serious newcomer to get a hearing. Why should it be when so much of proven worth and popularity can be safely used?

THE same problem exists in other fields. Why should one buy the work of an unknown painter when superb reproductions of great art can be had at a fraction of the cost of an original? If the classics and the most admired and best-selling contemporary authors become generally available at a very low price, who will be eager to read (or be willing to publish) the talented young who may still not have achieved their full growth and have yet to establish themselves?

The picture should not be painted too black. Exceptions can be found to any generalization. Unfortunately, the opportunities for the unproven come too often from sources that provide limited fame and less financial nourishment. There are, for example, the learned publications, university presses, avant-garde magazines, little theatre groups, and multitudes of amateur organizations. Our native production is also enriched and augmented by our ability to import from other parts of the world. But it is nevertheless true that the bulk of our cultural fodder is supplied by our large commercial organizations.

If businessmen in the various mass-communication media are put on the defensive, they have a number of answers. They can point to enough first-rate achievement to make a persuasive case. Can not millions of people now tune in to Elmer Davis or hear Toscanini on records? Have not the movies brought Shakespeare to people to whom the living theatre was never available? Are not some excellent books on sale at low cost in communities where there was never a bookstore?

If one argues that the general level is still appallingly low, they answer that even if much of the quality that they disseminate leaves a great deal to be desired, they still have made a substantial contribution in providing the great public with something which it obviously enjoys in place of the comparative emptiness that existed before. They also say that they are not responsible for the public's taste. It is up to the home and the school and the church, they claim, to educate and to raise standards. Their job is to give the public what it wants.

This is in fact much too modest a stand, for business is not merely limited to the simple role of fulfilling a demand. It also deliberately creates wants and forms habits. One need only think of the vast apparatus concerned with fashion to realize that a mighty machine works constantly to make women dissatisfied with all the clothing they already possess and to urge them to replace it. Even in more durable fields the same process goes on. The automobile industry each year tries to persuade car owners that last year's model is now quite out of date. Advertising uses all its ingenuity and a great deal of money to convince people that a cigarette or a breakfast food (or even a politician) is the best of its kind and then, when they have been successful, promptly deny themselves any credit for their skill and announce triumphantly that the public has spoken. Once the verdict is in it becomes almost heresy, or at least un-American, to suggest that the public judgment might be wrong or its taste poor.

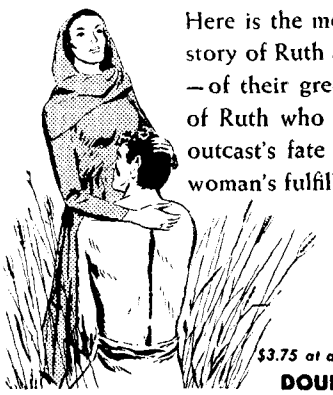
It is difficult to guess, in a society that has been reshaping itself so rapidly, what the future is likely to bring. Are we at the mercy of a kind of cultural Gresham's Law which says that the big (not necessarily the bad) will succeed in driving out the small (not necessarily the good)? Or are we perhaps only undergoing the growing pains of a new kind of civilization which will be formed on a much broader base of general participation from which we can expect that growing sophistication will gradually demand higher values? Even though there is so far pitifully little evidence of standards being elevated, there should be grounds for optimism in the very existence of our numerous great educational institutions and also in the interest in these problems being displayed by some of the large foundations. The present college emphasis on science and on "practical" learning may be only a temporary phase. If some of our most thoughtful educators have their way, the humanities may in time recover their traditional role as the requisite for a rounded, cultivated man. If the lively interest in creative artistic activity which exists in small circles on many of our campuses can be encouraged, strengthened, and enlarged, we may see in another generation demand from new audiences large enough to influence what big business feels it can successfully provide. It looks very much as though our best hope for higher standards depends on our institutions of learning, on their desire and their ability to produce intellectually mature citizens in sufficient numbers to be a leavening factor in the composition of the market place. For it seems certain that the conditions of the market will for a long time largely determine the kind of culture that will be available to us.

On Every Best-Seller List!

Frank G. Slaughter's

THE SONG OF RUTH

The Bible's Most Beautiful Love Story



Here is the memorable story of Ruth and Boaz —of their great love— of Ruth who chose an outcast's fate to find a woman's fulfillment.

$3.75 at all booksellers

DOUBLEDAY

WHY RETIRE FROM LIFE AT 60?

Why not instead BEGIN a new life of EXPLORING, LEARNING and DOING those interesting things you have always postponed?

Last year a group of men and women between 60 and 75 years gathered at this beautiful location in the Hudson Highlands to pioneer an "experiment in dynamic retirement."

The rewarding results proved to participants and professional observers alike that retirement can lead to new, constructive and positive LIVING experiences.

Why don't YOU start planning now to be one of the 20 men and women who will begin on October 1, 1954, the second adventure in dynamic retirement at the Cold Spring Institute?

Men, women or couples with college training or equivalent experience—plus faith in their own futures—are eligible. The costs are modest.

For details write the

COLD SPRING INSTITUTE
Cold Spring-on-Hudson 5, N. Y.
Sponsored by the Walt Foundation, Inc. a non-profit organization

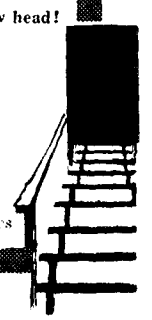
Go, lovely Rose
How you died no one knows
But as you lie there cold
and dead
Murder rears its ugly head!

GO, LOVELY ROSE

a mystery novel by

Jean Potts

$2.75 at all bookstores



SCRIBNERS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oriental Art

Continued from page 19

the papermaker because so much depends on his judgment for texture and shade. I wish Mr. Hillier had been more explicit in the description of the actual printing process and its tools, particularly in view of recent revivals of the process by some contemporary American artists. "The ink having been rubbed on to the raised lines (of the woodblock), proofing paper was placed over the block, pressure was applied by rubbing a twist of hemp over the back of the paper, and a proof of the engraver's facsimile of the artist's design thus secured." The "twist of hemp" is truly more complicated than just a twist and, as much depends on this tool to obtain the subtlety of impression peculiar to the Japanese print, I wish to add that this twist is a disc of hemp cord, filled into a socket of strong paper and cloth, enclosed in a sheaf of bamboo. It is called a "baren." With rotating motions, the proof is pulled. It is the printer's knowledge of the idiosyncrasies of this tool, it is the printer's awareness of the design, to exercise pressure where needed, and to be more lenient where there is to be a gradation of tonal value which determines the quality of the print.

The eighty full-page reproductions of the Japanese prints range from the primitives to the latest of the great printmakers, Hiroshige. Sixteen of the plates are in color printed at the Chiswick Press of London. Perfectionists will not delight in them. Uninitiated will be misled. It would have been better had the publishers stuck to black-and-white only. Mr. Hillier's selection and his notes to each of the printmakers add that touch one wants from an informal informational book. As we thumb the illustrations we are reminded that "their splendor was by day like paradise, and by night like the palace of the dragon king." We delight in the little subtleties of the prints, at the unpretentious charm and hidden poetry. Look at the two lovers, for instance, deep in conversation; or at the young girl reading by the light of a paper lantern; then regard towering Fuji in the snow and the struggling group of pilgrims towards Japan's great mountain. And what have we here? A young couple watching a brace of mandarin ducks—the symbol of conjugal fidelity—a poem above, expressing the girl's thoughts:

> Ducks that are forever mated
> By a love unchanged, unsated,
> Ah, how happy life would be,
> Were my lover thus with me.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 35¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 27¢ a word; 26 times 29¢ a word; 13 times 31¢ a word; 6 times 33¢ a word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

EDITING, TYPING, ALL FORMS of Manuscripts—Theses, Books, Plays. GHOSTWRITING theses, speeches, et al. All subjects. WRITERS' SERVICE, 7 East 42 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-5690.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS Marketed. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Excellence guaranteed. GLADYS-IRENE LEAHEY, 7 Park Ave. (34 St.), NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

WRITERS! It's not quite dignified to peddle your own work. Besides, we have a specialized knowledge of sales outlets for novels, stories, articles, and plays. Write or telephone. No obligation. MEAD LITERARY AGENCY, 419 Fourth Ave., NYC 16.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED with intelligence and dispatch. PEGGY SWEET, 424 Madison Ave., NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

TYPING. Manuscripts, etc. Electromatic. Fast. Accurate. Reasonable. BETSY ROSS, 57 West 45 St., NYC. JUdson 2-0840.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY PRESENTED. Tape recordings transcribed. Quality typing at reasonable rates. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1278 Third Ave. (at 73 St.), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

TYPING SERVICES. Free price-List. LEROY MORGAN, 814 Sunset, Benton, Arkansas.

WE PUBLISH, print, and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, 313 West 35 St., NYC.

"LIFE IS SHORT, BIBLIOGRAPHY IS LONG!" Our staff of university experts will collect and evaluate sources and iconographic material for you. Reports prepared on any subject, including foreign language sources. BIBLIOGRAPHIC RESEARCH, Box 71, Worthington, Ohio.

WE SELL YOUR MANUSCRIPTS! Literary agents 34 years. Constructive criticism, editing. New writers invited. References: ANITA DIAMANT, The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 280 Madison Ave., NYC 16.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent; books, plays, stories, novels; all languages marketed. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

MANUSCRIPTS, theses typed intelligently and quickly at inexpensive rates. Box T-194.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 6, Colorado.

MANUSCRIPTS typed intelligently, promptly, reasonably. MIMEOGRAPHING—yes! MIRIAM LANCASTER, Hotel Vanderbilt (NYC). MUrray Hill 3-4000, Ext. 55.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail-order Catalogue 40¢.

CLASSIFIED

BOOKS

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—Literature, etc. Catalogues issued. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1920. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

ATHEIST BOOKS, 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH-SEEKER Co., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES—Over a thousand titles and a million issues. "BACK NUMBER" WILKINS, Danvers, Mass.

OUT-OF-PRINT

RARE, HARD-TO-FIND Scholarly Books, all subjects. Specializing Ancient Classics, Curiosa. SCHOLARLY BOOK SERVICE, 35 East 52 St., Brooklyn 3, N. Y.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll Get It! Chicago Bookmart, Chicago 40, Illinois.

BOOKS FOUND! Fast service—reasonable prices. Send titles wanted—no obligation. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-SRL, Beverly Hills, Calif.

BOOKS LOCATED. No charge for searching. Send your wants. DELTA BOOK SERVICE, 2856D Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis, Tennessee.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free Catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

COMPLETE STOCK—One of the largest Buyers, Sellers of hard-to-find books in the world. Founded 1900. CRIST BOOK SHOP, 381 Wabasha, St. Paul, Minnesota.

FIND IT AT BARNES & NOBLE. Over a million books. Free search facilities. For 80 years one of the world's largest bookstores. Dept. L. BARNES & NOBLE, Inc., 105 Fifth Ave. (18 St.), NYC 3.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE: Scores of beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

LANGUAGES

GIVE THE GIFT OF LANGUAGE. A Linguaphone Language Set makes language learning easy. At home you, your family and friends can quickly master French, Spanish, German—29 languages by Linguaphone Conversational Method. Save time, work, money. Send for FREE Book. Call for FREE Demonstration. Circle 7-0829. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 2607 RCA Building, NYC 20.

PERSONALS

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported pearwood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a toy. $14.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo., 63 East Grand Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

LACE TABLECLOTH—72 x 144 inches. Beautiful heavy lace, handmade in Indochina. 12 matching napkins. Appraised value $800, will sell for half that amount. Will send for inspection. Write Mrs. R. Hatbach, R.R. 5, Quincy, Illinois.

WOMAN, mature, civilized, personable, presently employed as librarian, A.B. and B.S. in Library Science, college and public library experience, wishes to make change. Something more than mechanized routine. Will consider other fields. Can drive a car and housekeep. Box T-192.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, MINSTREL, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES, etc. $1 each. List for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

WANT room and board in exchange for part-time duties at 200-year-old inn in Connecticut? Ideal arrangement for male artist, writer, with ample time for own creative work. Box T-306.

CHARMING, EXCLUSIVE GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive 1-room studio suites with full hotel service. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

TRAVELING? Binoculars add greatly to your enjoyment. All types, prices. Postpaid. BINOCULAR HEADQUARTERS, Box 50-B, Pittsfield, Mass.

DELIVERING daughter, 17, to European School end September; would chaperone other girls. Moderate fee, references exchanged. Box T-197.

ABC SHORTHAND IN ONE WEEK. $2 Returnable. ZINMAN, Box 386-S, Chautauqua, N. Y.

A GRAMMAR OF VIOLENCE—lead article on the Semantics of the literature of violence in the current issue of ETC., official journal of Int'l Society for General Semantics, edited by S. I. Hayakawa. Read how language forms limit thought, behavior. $4 year; trial issue $1. Write Dept. 33, 400 W. North Ave., *Chicago 10, Ill.*

SUPPLEMENT "fabulous" pension, English-history teacher (Annapolis, elsewhere) available—anything. Southerner, single, 62, healthy; foreign residence, study. Box T-305.

CHILDREN LOVE GRANNY GUINN'S weekly letters about her real Virginia farm. Four to 8-year-olds crow over farm surprise in every other letter. Gift card. Letters are 6 for $1; 13, $2; and 26, $4. Write GRANNY GUINN, RFD #2, Culpeper, Va.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

THERE'S A SURPRISE in store for Review Readers visiting Washington, D.C. They enjoy special all-expense tour rates at the 3 fine, friendly Manger Hotels—the Annapolis, Hamilton, and Hay-Adams. Tours as low as $10.95 include air-conditioned room and bath, sightseeing trips, broadcasts, etc. Write Harry Weissinger, General Manager, Hotel Annapolis, Washington 5, for advance reservations. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information.)

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Art Objects, Ivory, Tortoise Shell. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16, MUrray Hill 5-4280.

TEACHER, English education, American experience, B.A. London, M.A. English, M.A. French, Breadloaf scholarship 1951, desires challenging position. Box T-193.

PHYSICIAN available for travel as companion, preferably Europe. Box T-191.

YOUNG WOMAN, teaching and clerical experience, wishes position as governess or companion involving travel abroad, starting Autumn. Excellent references. MOnument 2-7576 (NYC). Box T-312.

SECRETARY. Accomplished stenographer-typist. Some reading knowledge of foreign languages. Book experience desirable. Only written offers considered. H. P. KRAUS, RARE BOOKS & MANUSCRIPTS, 16 East 46 St., NYC 17.

STUDENT will act as chauffeur and guide between August 15 and September 30—all details managed. Experienced traveler, graduate of Yale and Cambridge, speaks French and German. Good references. Robert F. Evans, King's College, Cambridge, England.

EDITOR wants year-round rental unfurnished 4-bedroom house or apartment Scarsdale-Bronxville-Rye vicinity. Robbins, BArclay 7-1525 (NYC).

EXPERIENCED Young Lady wishes to baby sit week nights, week ends. Manhattan. Reasonable. LEhigh 5-1172 after 7 P. M.

BUSINESS WOMAN desires furnished room, quiet, Manhattan. Reasonable. LPR-FM Fan. Box T-313.

GOLF-IMPROVEMENT BOOKLET—fits shirt pocket for reference while playing. 25¢ copy. Discounts, professionals; dealers. Vandeveer House Publishers, P. O. Box 139, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

ESTABLISHED COMMUNITY THEATER needs director. Send application to Community Theater, 522 N. Jefferson, Green Bay, Wisconsin.

BACKGROUND information sought concerning Sen. McCarthy. For book, accuracy please. Box T-317.

SECRETARY desires position in college, school, church, or similar field. Efficient. Willing to assume responsibility. Box T-316.

APARTMENT FOR RENT

JACKSON HEIGHTS—4 rooms, north light, 15 minutes NYC, professional-living, $80 month. Box T-311.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

15-ACRE FARM, 5-room house, barn, $3,200. Other listings. Windsor County, Vermont. Box T-301.

BROOK-IN-GLEN. Artist's dream in a picture-book setting. 5 rooms, 2 fireplaces, 1½ baths. Studio entire 2nd floor. 2 skylights, picture view of Brook on property. Dining room; kitchen; 3 bedrooms. Nice closets. O.B. Steam heat. Town water. 2-car garage. $22,000. Closed Sundays. PAUL L. ORT, Realtor, Long Valley, N.J.

SUMMER HOME, Vermont. Artistically remodeled 9-room farmhouse, beautiful view, high altitude. $11,000. P. O. Box 47, Stockbridge, Vermont.

QUAINT, sunny old house—4 bedrooms, oil burner, fireplace, electric kitchen. Fine old trees, 2 acres. $13,000, terms. Chichester, Mahopac, N. Y.

For Rent

FLORIDA ranch-type house on Kissimmee River. Beautiful country, furnishings. Fireplace. Seclusion. Box T-310.

IN THE BERKSHIRES, comfortable year-round modernized barn. Central heating, large living room, fireplace, 2 bedrooms, furnished or unfurnished. $1,200 a year. A. Story, June Mountain, Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

FIVE-ROOM COTTAGE on quiet, secluded farm in Lyme, N. H., 10 miles from Hanover. Furnished, all conveniences. Ideal for creative work, study. Available for September, October, or entire winter. Box T-196.

MEREDITH, NEW HAMPSHIRE. Available now, attractively renovated schoolhouse, accommodates 3. Electricity, gas, open fire; $25 week, $75 month. Box T-314.

For Summer Rental

EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND, Gardiner's Bay. Ideal beach house, pine-paneled; stone fireplace; fully equipped, sleeps 6; quiet, restful, private beach, sailing, fishing. Rent August and September. Box T-309.

FIVE ROOMS, bath, fireplace, all conveniences, private wing Colonial farmhouse 10 miles north of Northampton. 3½ hours train from Grand Central. Secluded, accessible, inexpensive. Excellent swimming pool nearby. Available week, month, season. Morning Star Farm, West Whately, Mass. Telephone: South Deerfield 5-9016.

COTTAGE with mile-long private shore front. Serene, cool, coast of Maine. August 1 until mid-September, $250. Box T-315.

VACATIONS

FIFTH FOLK and JAZZ ROUNDTABLE at Music Inn. See page 39.

VERMONT VACATION at country inn on Lake Hortonia. Excellent food, summer sports, golf, riding nearby. Unique bar. Weekly square dances. SUDBURY INN, Sudbury, Vermont.

DELLMARSON LODGE, Mortimer's Point, Muskoka, Canada. Beautiful private island. All conveniences. Relax. Fine Food. Recreation. Folder.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N. Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

COOL, COOL CRADLE OF NEW ENGLAND Monhegan Island—a cool 10 miles at sea—flora-loving, fauna-loving, sea-loving, beauty-loving guests welcome. Booklet? The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine.

THREE VILLAGE INN, Stony Brook, L.I., N.Y.—ON LONG ISLAND SOUND in Suffolk County. Colonial setting, delicious food, informal, swimming. Museums nearby. Within hour's drive of ocean, summer theaters, and other points of interest.

ROOMS AVAILABLE on quiet, secluded farm in Lyme, N. H., 10 miles from Hanover. Delicious food, comfortable beds, weekly rates. Box T-195.

CORNWALL, Vt.—Sophistication in the country. Catering to guests who enjoy Southern cuisine and comfortable accommodations. Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner. Virginia Graham, Ring Cornwall 14-13.

VACATIONS

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R. D. 2, Middlebury, Vt.

LANIER-ON-THE-PISCATAQUA, Eliot, Maine. Small country inn and cabins. River beach, salt water. Good food and beds. Restful. June to September.

ENCHANTING LAKESIDE VACATION, deep woods, mountain-top, 2 connected lakes, boating, tennis, shuffleboard, badminton, croquet, ping-pong, Hi-Fi concerts, barbecue, hiking, packed lunches, etc. Lodge and Cabins. Moderate, informal, relaxed. Folder S. CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASSACHUSETTS. Midway Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, Berkshire Playhouse.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

CULTURE IS FINE and at SEVEN HILLS you'll have plenty of it—plus all comforts, wonderful meals, excellent tennis and swimming, dancing, and a picture-book terrace for loafing. Performing Arts Pot-Pourri after Tanglewood. Adults. SEVEN HILLS, LENOX 5, MASS.

STUDY in BEAUTIFUL TAXCO! Springtime all year. Inexpensive living and tuition. Write for folder. Fidel Figueroa, Director, Taxco School of Art, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

VERMONT VACATIONS—Beautiful, restful countryside, farm-fresh food. BRIDGEROAD LODGE, Lake Bomoseen.

TEA AND CRUMPETS in the kitchen nighttime bring a feeling of conviviality at informal SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N.Y.

ECHO LAKE LODGE, Brandon, Vermont, a delightful adult resort on private lake. Deluxe cabins for 2. Wonderful swimming, tennis, summer theaters nearby. Delicious food, reasonable rates. Telephone Hubbardton 17-2.

LE HAMEAU, Delaware River, Equinunk, Pa. Boating. Swimming. French cooking. $35 weekly. Booklet. Louis Rigaud.

COLONIAL CHARM—luscious food; casual, intimate, midst woods with trout stream. Swimming, horses, golf nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

FESTIVAL HOUSE, Lenox 3, Massachusetts. Quiet, restful. Recordings, folk dancing, Pete Seeger folk singer, social staff, art instruction, tennis; informal. Reserve now for Tanglewood concert season. Telephone Lenox 367W; NYC LUxemburg 2-1165.

STONEGATE LODGE—Informal Resort Estate, Adirondack splendor, 14-mile lake. Concert trio, folk dancing, crafts, motor boating, fishing. Long Lake, N. Y. Circle 6-6386.

THINK OF SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Waterfalls. Trout. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

SCHROON CREST on SCHROON LAKE, Adult Summer Resort. Resident Staff, Band. Home of Adirondack Folk Song and Dance Festivals. NYC telephone: MAin 4-8570, or MAin 4-1230.

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER in MEXICO! Study arts, crafts, Spanish, history. Field trips and early fall fiestas. Mexico's most beautiful colonial town. Room and board for $60 a month. Why not? Don't fail to request our free illustrated prospectus: Instituto Allende, Box 7, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

SHADOWOOD INN, Lenox, Massachusetts. Near Tanglewood. Informal atmosphere, fine food, reasonable rates. The Rosenbergs.

HEATHER LODGE, Mortimer's Point, Muskoka, Canada. Excellent meals, recreational facilities. Beautiful spot on lake. $35 weekly. Folder.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Elevation 2,000 feet. Completely surrounded by the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal. Swimming, Sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

ATTENTION WEEK-ENDERS! Your own room for the summer season. Single or double. Leave your clothes and belongings. Same room always waiting for you. Friday afternoon to Monday morning—with excellent meals—$41. WESTERN VIEW FARM, New Milford, Connecticut. Telephone Elgin 4-7964.

TRY LIFE with farm family. Hilltop, View, Home cooking. $35-$45 weekly. Halley Farm, West Newbury, Vermont.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1062

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

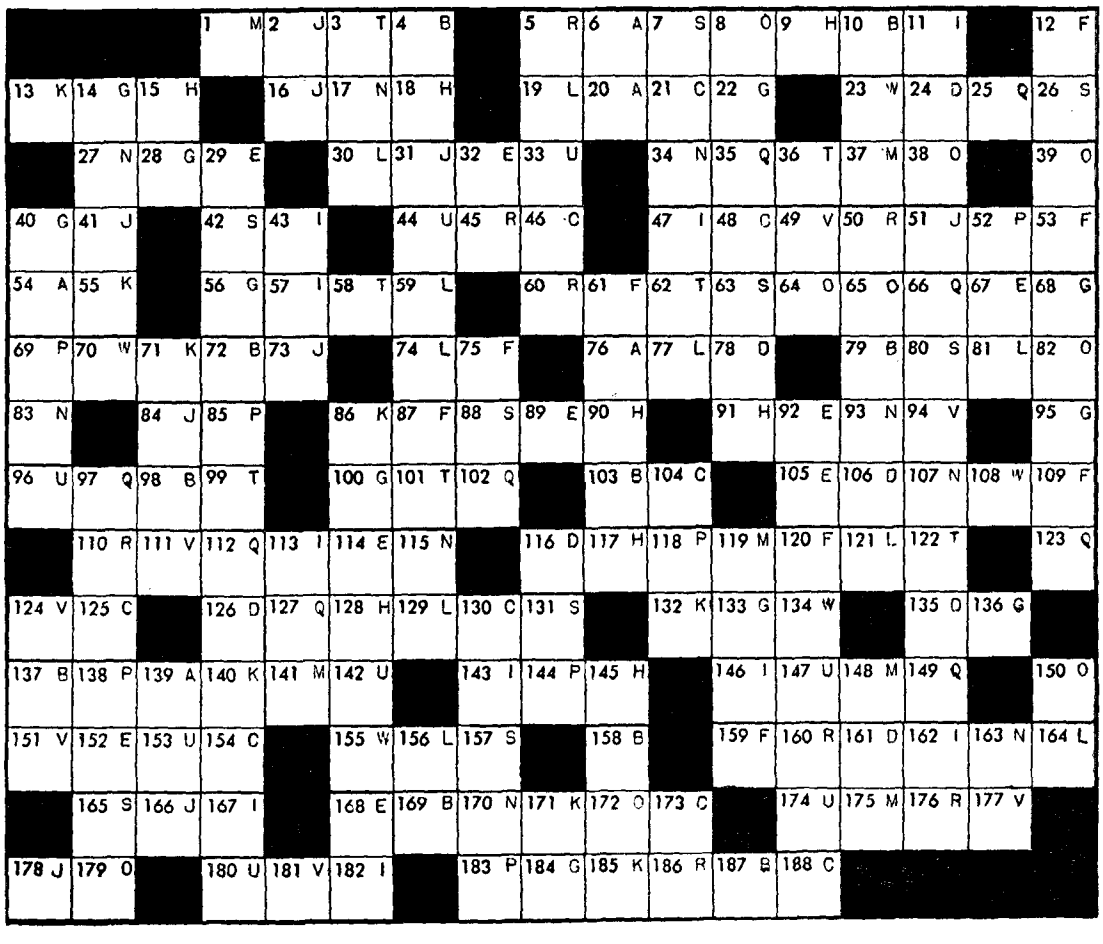
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Western Mongol usually called a Kalmuck.	54 6 139 20 76
B. An officer who supplies the place of a superior in his absence.	169 98 72 187 103 4 137 158 10 79
C. Oust.	125 65 154 130 104 46 173 188 48 21
D. Feminine name meaning truth.	116 106 78 161 135 126 24
E. Nomadic people.	152 92 67 168 105 89 32 29 114
F. Unblushingly forward.	120 159 12 87 53 109 75 61
G. The shagbark *Carya ovata* (2 wds.).	68 56 184 136 95 100 28 40 14 133 22
H. Retainers (2 wds.; esp. of outlaw chief).	117 9 90 128 15 91 145 18
I. Better dressed than "Solomon in all his glory" (3 wds.).	113 146 57 167 43 143 162 182 11 47
J. Term in psychology for the warmth sense.	178 166 2 41 51 84 73 31 16
K. Amer. agitator of 18th cent., leader of the "Whisky Rebellion."	86 13 185 132 171 71 140 55
L. Pertaining to musical notes which look different on the staff but sound the same.	59 30 77 81 164 19 129 156 74 121

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. One of the most famous of recent French actresses (1856-1920).	119 141 1 175 148 37
N. Not so deep as something else.	115 27 107 83 34 17 170 163 93
O. Mother of Alexander the Great.	179 150 172 8 64 82 39 38
P. What Amer. Indians added to their costume for every enemy slain.	85 138 52 69 144 118 183
Q. Nephew of Richard Wagner, well-known as professor of philosophy (1843-96).	123 25 149 66 97 112 35 127 102
R. Fifteenth cent. Italian painter sometimes called "Father of Modern Art."	176 110 60 50 5 186 45 160
S. Delegated authority to.	26 88 63 42 165 131 80 7 157
T. Italian city and province of rich history, site of tombs of Dante, Theodoric, of Byron's house, etc.	58 101 36 62 99 3 122
U. White hellebore of Europe (*Veratrum album*).	147 180 174 44 96 33 153 142
V. Insane game played by teenagers in speeding automobiles.	111 181 151 49 94 177 124
W. Alchemists' name for mercury, regarded by them as the first principle of all metals.	155 108 70 134 23

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

CONTENTS

THE MEASURE OF VAUGHAN WILLIAMS
By Neville Cardus 45

VIRTUOSO OF THE DOUBLE BASS
By Olga Koussevitzky 48

POINTS CONTRAPUNCTUS
By Putnam Aldrich 50

THE "RING" FORSAKEN
By John Culshaw 51

NOTES ON A TRANSLATION
By Victor Seroff 53

SOME HIGHS AND LOWS
By R. D. Darrell 54

THE ENDURING ELSIE HOUSTON
By Davidson Taylor 55

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By Irving Kolodin 56

HITS AND MISSES
By Wilder Hobson 59

THE OTHER SIDE
By Thomas Heinitz 60

SPOTLIGHT ON THE MODERNS
By Arthur Berger 62

AN "ELIXIR" FROM HMV
By Paul Hume 65

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR 67

The Measure of Vaughan Williams

To honor Ralph Vaughan Williams, now in his eighty-second year, London has issued a complete edition of his symphonies as recorded by Sir Adrian Boult and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. They are appraised here by Neville Cardus, the well-known English music critic, who relates Vaughan Williams to the "weathers and humors and dispositions" of his native land.

By NEVILLE CARDUS

LONDON'S issuance of the entire symphonic output by Ralph Vaughan Williams is one of the most remarkable achievements in recording so far.* First of all, this is the first time a whole body of symphonic music has been prepared for the phonograph under the active supervision of the composer. What would we not give for a complete recording of the nine symphonies of Beethoven made with Beethoven himself present at every session, deaf or not deaf? Vaughan Williams may not (as yet) be a Beethoven—time discovers the masterpieces—but he is the greatest living authority on his own music and on how it should be performed. These London recordings are therefore definitive.

Another fact which contributes to the London achievement is that the production of tone on the discs is generally excellent and true to style and character. Vaughan Williams presents severe problems to the studio engineers. His music is mainly texture or counterpoint; he puts classical tonality into a crucible. It is easy nowadays to make a pretty good phonographic counterpart of a composition in which melody is linear and the harmonies contributory or complementary; even a ravishing orchestral canvas, such as Debussy's "La Mer," can be coped with by the microphone, because the chording is usually homophonic. Vaughan Williams does not compose for the orchestra in an obviously virtuoso way; consider, for example, the "Pastoral" Symphony—it is a monochrome in music, with tones of no luster mingling one with the other, like the cloud, light, and the distance in a landscape in Gloucestershire, where Vaughan Williams was born. Only by the nicest calculation can such elusive music be photographed for the ear to hear; and with extraordinary skill and good taste have the London engineers attended to a hard but worthy task.

The choice of Sir Adrian Boult to conduct the London Philharmonic Orchestra in and through this enterprise was, I believe, strongly supported by the composer himself. His music abhors the familiar blandishments of the baton; it asks for no rhetoric, no exciting dynamics. It does not try to appeal to the impressionable senses. An understandable objection to Vaughan Williams's music is that it is never passionate in a worldly way; he is, in fact, a moral composer, with intense passion for spiritual beauty.

Boult understands the Vaughan Williams idiom and atmosphere. And if it is said that Vaughan Williams is essentially a moral composer, it does not at all follow that he is not a full and human man. Vaughan Williams is capable of gusto and humor as rough and as "unbuttoned" as any in the range of English composition. He simply keeps sex out of it, because it has no relevance to the theme and dimension he is dealing with—belonging as they do to a plane of consciousness that transcends, or seeks to transcend, sex.

If the "Pastoral" Symphony is on the surface unchanging in its themes and lacking in arresting features of rhythm or melody, the Fourth Symphony is as violent as any gale that swept over Wenlock Edge and set the woods in trouble. When the Fourth Symphony was produced in 1935, even admirers of Vaughan Williams were startled. After the peace and quiet of the "Pastoral" the bitter uncompro-

*VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *Symphony No. 1 ("A Sea Symphony"), LL 972/3; No. 2 ("A London Symphony"), LL 569; No. 3 ("A Pastoral Symphony"), LL 721; No. 4, F minor, LL 974; No. 5, D major, LL 975; No. 6, E minor, LL 976; "Sinfonia Antartica," LL 977. $5.95 each.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STEINBERG

Great Artists of Our Time

on CAPITOL RECORDS
in Full Dimensional Sound

HAROLD C. SCHONBERG – *New York Times*
"Steinberg is not a virtuoso conductor. He is something better – a thoughtful and sensitive musician who has complete control over his orchestra."

WINTHROP SARGEANT – *The New Yorker*
"Most of the other new records I've been listening to lately offer music wholly identified with this century, and three of them, all Capitol products, are highly enjoyable. One is a stunning rendition by the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, under William Steinberg's direction, of Stravinsky's magnificent ballet score 'Le Sacre du Printemps'."

STRAVINSKY: Le Sacre du Printemps –
The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra,
conducted by William Steinberg P-8254

IRVING KOLODIN – *Saturday Review*
"Assured, authoritative, and warmly personal performance by Steinberg... first-class playing, keenly recorded."

MAHLER: Symphony No. 1 in D Major –
William Steinberg conducting
The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra P-8224

PAUL AFFELDER – *Brooklyn Eagle*
"... it is doubtful if any extant version can surpass the dignity, elegance and spirit of the present interpretations. Once again, Steinberg gives conclusive evidence that he is a master conductor."

MOZART: Symphony No. 41 in C Major
K.551 "Jupiter" – Symphony No. 35 in D Major
K.385 "Haffner" – The Pittsburgh Symphony
Orchestra, conducted by William Steinberg P-8242

Incomparable High Fidelity in Full Dimensional Sound

Capitol RECORDS

Consult Your Record Dealer for Complete Repertoire of Capitol FDS Classics and Latest Releases

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mising dissonance now heard was surely quite unlike the composer whom many folk had mistakenly imagined was a nice bourgeois West country English gentleman educated in the academies and the best traditions, don't you know. The new symphony assaulted our ears so strangely in 1935 that I confess to having thought that Vaughan Williams was intent on showing us that he could at will sit down and write a William Walton symphony with anybody. A year or two ago Vaughan Williams conducted this "turbulent priest" of a symphony in person, and after the rehearsal of it he put down his baton on the desk, closed the score of the work with a bang, then looked at the orchestra over his glasses and said, "Well, gentlemen—if *that's* modern music you can have it!"

THE London discs take the measure in great style of the explosive first movement of the Fourth Symphony, where semitone clashes as though hatefully against semitone. If Boult scarcely shatters us with the magnificent and always legitimately musical vehemence that Mitropoulos demonstrated in the same work at the Edinburgh Festival with the New York Philharmonic, he none the less explores the volcanic territory with a sure, confident tread and touch. Some really fine sonorities are obtained, and the balance is always as exact as well could be.

In the Fifth Symphony, the old unhappy battles are forgotten. The curious fact is that the F minor Symphony, the Fourth, seemed to utter prophecy of the wrath to come to the world shortly after 1935, while its successor appeared when the prophecy had come devastatingly true. For the Fifth Symphony contains the most benedictory and consoling music of our time. A story from my own experience will tell how eloquently Vaughan Williams expressed what he had to say in this masterful work.

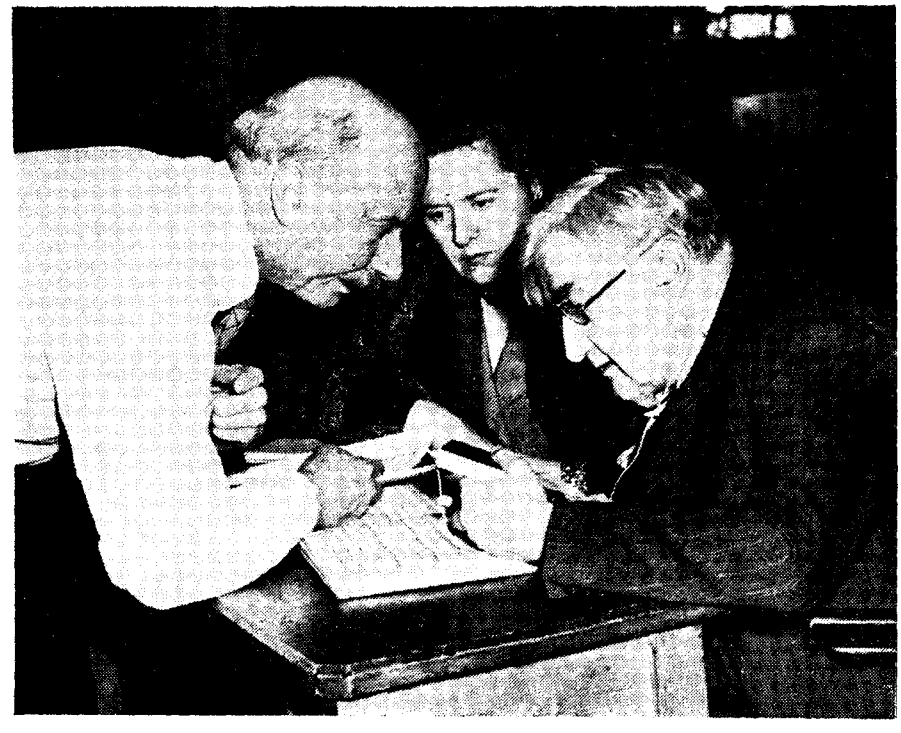
I heard it for the first time when living in Australia and knew nothing of the poetic intention of the music. But after one hearing I wrote as follows in the *Sydney Morning Herald*: "The Fifth Symphony of Vaughan Williams might be called the symphony of The Delectable City; it seems inspired by the faith and gentle austerity of Bunyan . . ." I did not know then that in its original manuscript the composer had written a quotation from "The Pilgrim's Progress," prefacing the slow movement: "'He hath given me rest by His sorrow, and life by His death.' Christian stood still in wonder until, as he wept, 'behold three shining Ones came to Him, and saluted Him with 'Peace be to thee.'"

The Fifth Symphony is perhaps the best way to approach Vaughan Williams by means of the phonograph: at any rate this London recording cannot fail to impress the least informed or even prejudiced ear of the greatness of heart of Vaughan Williams and of his absolutely certain command of his way of making music. Boult makes clear the course of the opening movement, where development is not compartmental or starkly contrasted, but evolves bar by bar, so that the interest is sustained as much by character of tone or texture as by melodies which somehow blossom from the simplest interval of a fourth. The recording is especially faithful to individual instrumentation. Vaughan Williams at his most mature seldom resorts to "doubling" for the sake of orchestral mass; he asks from the players the most intimate nuance. Often they are expected to make nobility out of the most easily anticipated modal cadence. In the beautiful Romance, the solo violin gets as close to celestial ardor as could possibly happen in any mortal state, and it breathes the Alleluia refrain of the closing movement with telling fervor.

Boult and the London Philharmonic don't allow us to get the impression that this Fifth Symphony is at all heavily didactic or pious. The mood is contemplative, but there is no preaching. The Scherzo is a delicate piece of fancy, aerial and mysterious, with a bucolic middle section in which we hear the guffaw through the horse-collar, a stroke of superb irony bringing in the brainless hobble-de-hoy world in a manner of some relation of Bottom who finds himself removed far from his base and makes the best of it. The finale, a Passacaglia, is alternately rugged, masculine, and exalted; here again Boult obtains the right tone and spacious motion from the dispersion of fourths, and the bell-like Alleluias are jubilant but never self-consciously so. The paradox of Vaughan Williams is that his extremely personal style is devoted to the exploration and expression of impersonal truths. His music may occasionally seem stiff in motion; a Richard Strauss might find some of it a little "amateurish"; but throughout every phrase, and in all the playing on these London recordings, we can feel that mastery which is the consequence of ripeness and inner peace.

Most of us imagined that the Fifth Symphony, written after Vaughan Williams had passed his seventieth birthday, would be his last work and testament. But soon he added the Sixth Symphony, which actually sets new problems of technique and invades enigmatical places of the imagination in the Epilogue, where spectral trombones and muted strings lead us to "the edge of silence," in Scott Goddard's fine phrase. This epilogue is played to such a state of perfection that at the end of the recording the composer speaks—to praise the significance of the soft playing—and how easily in performances and in record-

(*Continued on page* 64)



Sir Adrian (left) with V. W. and wife—"a choice supported by the composer."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Virtuoso of the Double Bass

By OLGA KOUSSEVITZKY

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY's early and extraordinary career as double-bass virtuoso was not premeditated, it was providential. At fourteen he had dreamed of conducting and composing. But as a late applicant for a scholarship at the Philharmonic he was given the choice of one of the three instruments still available for free study. These were the trombone, the horn, and the double bass. He selected the unpopular double bass, following his predilection for the string instruments.

The instant young Koussevitzky discovered the latent possibilities of the huge fiddle, his attraction for the double bass became magnetic and he began its conquest. He overcame its technical difficulties, explored and exploited its tonal resources. A fellow pupil in the cello class recalled the hours of practice together.

> We would start with scales, go over to cello studies, and wind up with concertos. Koussevitzky would play along keeping pace with the cello on the bass fiddle. There was no limitation for him. Listening to Koussevitzky one would forget that he was playing the bass. It was some instrument between a cello and a bass of unusual beauty.

One of Koussevitzky's recollections of student days was playing for Tchaikovsky and receiving praise from this great and kind composer so idolized by students. Graduating as Master of Free Arts in 1894, Serge Koussevitzky was invited to be "soloist" on the double bass with the Moscow Imperial Opera Orchestra, a position especially created for him. In 1897 the young artist replaced his late teacher, Joseph Rambousek, as professor at the Philharmonic Conservatory. His reputation was growing as he appeared in Moscow and St. Petersburg and toured other principal cities of Russia. He had yet to win over the continent of Europe and break down prejudice against his "unclassical" instrument.

It was in 1898 that Koussevitzky gave his debut in Berlin. Arthur Abell, then critic of the *Musical Courier* recollects:

> I distinctly remember the furor that Koussevitzky created in Berlin on the occasion of his debut at the venerable Singakademie, as double-bass virtuoso. Even in concert-ridden Berlin, then the musical center of the world, a recital on the double bass was an event such as had not been heard of since the palmy days of Bottesini. But the youthful, aristocratic looking Russian outdid his great Italian predecessor in one respect, for he played on a regular orchestral bass with four strings tuned to fourths whereas Bottesini played a three-stringed bass tuned to fifths and pitched a whole tone higher to insure greater brilliancy.

Giovanni Bottesini, who preceded Koussevitzky by half a century, was in turn preceded by Domenico Dragonetti half a century earlier. Dragonetti, also an Italian, was a contemporary of Beethoven and the first known master of the bass viol. Koussevitzky's double bass, with which he triumphed in musical Berlin, was his treasured old Amati, one of the three bass instruments fashioned by the hands of the celebrated Cremonese violin maker of the seventeenth century.

Koussevitzky and his Amati.

Thus, within the space of a decade, the aspiring student at the doorstep of the Moscow Philharmonic School reached the footlights of the famous Singakademie as an accomplished artist. Thereafter all European stages were open to the young Koussevitzky. His seven-league boots were at work again taking him from country to country, from one musical mecca to another. His aim was high but not unattainable. Did not the annals of music note two remarkable virtuosi of the double bass, his predecessors, who mastered the unmanageable member of the string family and raised it to a state of artistic beauty and respect? Nor was his art revolutionary; for deeply inherent in him was the classical tradition of the strings.

IN HIS youthful art Serge Koussevitzky sought a latitude beyond perfection. He searched for the unrevealed dimension of the double bass, for the "inner voice" of strings which he likened to cords of the natural instrument—the human voice. In this sense his art was evolutionary. Listening to the great singers of his day, trying to imitate their vocal art, he was not merely playing "on" a string instrument, he was singing through the voice of the double bass.

"The moment his bow is in motion, Serge Koussevitzky and his double bass become one," wrote Gabriel Alphaud in the Paris *Comoedia*.

At the turn of the century the demand for Koussevitzky's solo appearances was increasing and his repertoire became insufficient. To replenish it, he transcribed and composed for the double bass, adding the following compositions to his repertoire:

Transcriptions

1. Handel: Sonata (for violin)
2. Galliard: Sonata (for cello)
3. Eccles: Sonata (for cello)*
4. Mozart: Concerto (for bassoon)
5. Bruch: "Kol Nidrei"
6. Bach: Aria (from Cantata No. 12)
7. R. Strauss: Sonata (for cello)
8. Scriabin: Two Etudes, Opus 74

Compositions for Double Bass

1. Valse Miniature*
2. Chanson Triste*
3. Andante
4. Humoresque

In 1902 he completed his Concerto for Double Bass and Orchestra* and

(*Continued on page* 66)

**The compositions marked with an asterisk are represented on an LP reissue of Koussevitzky's double-bass recordings made in the late Twenties. On the reverse of this record, RCA Victor LCT-1145, is Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" as recorded by the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A little Bluebird told me...

BLUEBIRD CLASSICS GIVE YOU RCA VICTOR HIGH QUALITY... FOR ONLY $2.98 PER ALBUM!

Take a tip from the Bluebird yourself. Enjoy these brand new recordings of popular classics performed by outstanding artists, and made by RCA Victor under the finest acoustical and engineering standards. Get Bluebirds on Long Play or 45 Extended Play. There are as many as four records in "45 EP" Bluebird albums—an all-time bargain of only 75¢ per record! Ask your RCA Victor dealer for free catalog of Bluebird Classics. Choose your favorites from his distinctive Bluebird display rack today.

RCA VICTOR
FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC

Beethoven: "Moonlight" Sonata
Beethoven: "Pathétique" Sonata — Ania Dorfmann

Beethoven: Symphony No. 5
Mozart: "Jupiter" Symphony
Hallé Orch., Barbirolli
Vienna Philharmonic Orch., Böhm

Dvořák: "New World" Symphony
Danish National Orch., Malko

Gershwin: Rhapsody in Blue
Byron Janis, Winterhalter's Orch.
Grofé: Grand Canyon Suite
(Excerpts) Winterhalter's Orch.

Grieg: Peer Gynt Suites No. 1 & 2
London Symph. Orch., Irving
R. Strauss: Der Rosenkavalier Suite
Hallé Orch., Barbirolli

Mozart: Symphony No. 40
Mozart: "Haffner" Symphony
London Mozart Players, Bleeh

Music of Johann and Josef Strauss
Vienna Philharmonic Orch., Böhm; Szell

Prokofieff: Peter and the Wolf
Philharmonia Orch., Markevitch; Pickles, narr.
Tchaikovsky: The Nutcracker Suite
Philharmonia Orch., Markevitch

Rimsky-Korsakoff: Scheherazade
London Philharmonic Orch., Dorati

Sibelius: Symphony No. 7
Mozart: "Prague" Symphony
St. Louis Symph. Orch., Golschmann

Tchaikovsky: Capriccio Italien
Danish National Orch., Malko
Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture
Philharmonia Orch., Malko

Tchaikovsky: "Pathétique" Symphony
Philharmonia Orch., Malko

Tchaikovsky: Swan Lake
Royal Opera House Orch., Covent Garden; Rignold; Shadwick, Violin solo

Gounod: Faust Ballet Music and Prelude to Act I
National Theatre Orch. Paris Opera, Fourestier

J. S. Bach: St. Matthew Passion (Complete) Toronto Symphony; MacMillan, Mendelssohn Choir. $8.94

Prices suggested list, including Federal Excise Tax. Add local tax.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points Contrapunctus

By PUTNAM ALDRICH

THE release under the auspices of the Bach Guild of a harpsichord version of the "Art of Fugue" (Vanguard BG 532/3, $11.90) is prefaced by a flurry of polemics aiming to prove that now for the first time it is presented in a medium, form, and style that faithfully carry out the composer's intentions. This is a bold claim to make for a modern re-creation of any of Bach's music: it is particularly so in the case of his last work, which is more than usually lacking in explicit directions, having been interrupted by the composer's death and published posthumously in a rather negligent manner by his sons.

The fact that the "Art of Fugue"—as it may be called for convenience, though there is no proof that Bach himself gave the work its title—was written in open score with no indications for instrumentation has given rise to controversy as to the appropriate medium for performance. Its phonographic history includes adaptations for organ (RCA Victor sets 832/833, Biggs), string quartet (Columbia set 206, Roth Quartet), orchestra (London LLA 2, Scherchen), and chamber orchestra (HMV EH-1007/16, Diener). The case for the present version is upheld by a monograph written by the performer, Gustav Leonhardt, entitled "'The Art of Fugue'—Bach's Last Harpsichord Work: An Argument" (published by Martinus Nijhoff, The Hague, 1952). Mr. Leonhardt's argument is essentially a restatement and expansion of the data set forth in 1931 by Donald Francis Tovey in his "Companion to the 'Art of Fugue'." The reasoning of both gentlemen is quite convincing and need not be considered in detail here; one may rest assured that even though Bach's contrapuntal miracles do not *depend* upon a specific medium, the work was undoubtedly conceived in terms of a keyboard style—if only, perhaps, for teaching purposes.

Further controversy concerns the form of the work. The "Art of Fugue" consists of nineteen or twenty pieces (the last unfinished) devoted to the exploitation of a single theme through all manner of contrapuntal devices. There is some question as to the order in which these pieces should be presented and even as to whether they were meant for performance at all, as a single work; perhaps they were devised rather as the ideal ingredients of a textbook for the study of counterpoint. In Bach's autograph, as well as in the original edition, the scholastic term Contrapunctus (not Fugue) is used as title for the individual pieces. These appear in a dictionary sequence, starting with simple fugues and proceeding systematically through inversion, stretto, diminution, augmentation, double and triple counterpoint, canon, etc. The nature of such a didactic scheme is obviously not favorable either to good contrasts or to artistic integration. Hence, most of the arrangers for modern performance have juggled the original order in an attempt to make consecutive listening tolerable.

Mr. Leonhardt is no exception. He conceives the work as "a great symmetrical structure, the nineteen fugues and canons divided into five main sections of 4, 4, 3, 4, 4, each of which is also a symmetrical structure: in other words a *microcosmos* within a *macrocosmos*." Needless to say, both symmetries and cosmoi are products of Leonhardt's imagination, not Bach's. It is not easy for the listener to perceive in this structure any more sense of continuity or "build-up" than was present in the original encyclopedic arrangement. One wonders if Tovey was not more charitable in recommending that the "Art of Fugue" be administered in small doses, or else that some of Bach's Preludes which are "not very happily married" to their own Fugues be interspersed among the austere Countrapuncti.

A corollary to Leonhardt's thesis that the "Art of Fugue" is a "work of art in fugue form" rather than a set of craft lessons is his opinion that it should be played in true Baroque style, with due attention to improvised ornamentation and a "large creative fantasy on the part of the performer." A tenable position, but one which is not borne out by his own performance on the recording. Here no flights of fancy delight the listener's ear; nor are there other suggestions of the improvisatory Baroque style. An inflexible pace is maintained throughout each piece. The written note values are observed with mathematical accuracy, with two exceptions: 1) in the fugues written *in stile francese* (Contrapuncti 2 and 8) the exaggerated French dotted rhythms are correctly (but too systematically) applied; and 2) in the mirror fugues arranged by Bach for two harpsichords (but played by Leonhardt on one!) the meter is shifted bodily from Common to 12/8 time. Although Leonhardt states that "at least every cadence should have an ornament," he leaves many full closes completely bare (in Contrapunctus 14, for instance).

As a matter of fact, the outstanding qualities of this interpretation reside neither in its overall conception of the work nor in any penetrating insight into the essence of Baroque style, but rather in its straightforward clarity and precision.

THE listener who is primarily interested in following the individual voices through Bach's amazing contrapuntal feats will be gratified by the distinctness with which the linear elements come through. One serious esthetic blemish, however, cannot be overlooked. As soon as Contrapunctus 1 gets under way, one becomes aware of a hammerlike thud that accompanies each tone and continues throughout the entire work. This is not a defect of the recording; nor is it an unavoidable by-product of the harpsichord's mechanism. It is due solely to the heavy-handed touch of the performer, whose finger stroke, continuing on past the point at which the string is plucked, jams the key against its bed or the top of the jack against the jack-rail. Leonhardt is not the only player whose harpsichord touch produces this annoying disturbance. It is a common fault of organists or pianists who have transferred their technique to the harpsichord without making the proper adjustment—an adjustment which, incidentally, may well take several years of intensive practice to achieve satisfactorily. In the opinion of this reviewer, Leonhardt cannot be ranked as a mature harpsichordist until he overcomes this obstacle.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "Ring" Forsaken

By JOHN CULSHAW

THANKS to some brilliantly perceptive sleuthing by Edward Cushing [*SR* April 10] the facts about the now notorious Allegro "Ring" recording are well known. Less well known is the fact that in 1951 a perfectly legitimate recording of the entire cycle was made under the same conditions as London's "Parsifal" and Columbia's "Meistersinger"; and now that the European musical press is buzzing with rumors about another "Ring" to be made this year it seems appropriate to tell the story of the last one: the one that never reached the public.

In 1951 two British firms had the recording rights for the first postwar Bayreuth festival: Decca-London and the Columbia division of EMI. Since Bayreuth castings are made by the Wagner brothers without any consideration of the inter-company artist problems that may arise, a system of barter has to be used whereby, for example, an eminent soprano belonging to one company is exchanged for an equally eminent tenor belonging to another. In 1951 London needed Ludwig Weber and George London in order to make "Parsifal" without violating exclusivity agreements; and Columbia, hoping to record "Meistersinger," needed Hans Hopf. It was a case of agreement or stalemate; and in the end the two companies reached agreement and installed themselves in adjacent rooms backstage at Bayreuth during July 1951.

In my capacity as the musical member of the Decca-London crew (Walter Legge was doing similar work with the Columbia engineers next door) I found out that Columbia had ideas about recording the third act of "Walküre" in the cycle conducted by Herbert von Karajan. (Evidently they didn't want the first two acts, or didn't want the trouble of getting permission to use Günther Treptow, the Siegmund, who was with us at the time.) It also became clear that so far as the Wagner brothers were concerned the two teams could record what they liked and then fight out the battle as to what could be released when they returned to England. Accordingly, Decca-London gave our crew permission to record the entire "Ring" cycle conducted by Hans Knappertsbusch in 1951.

Meanwhile we worked on "Parsifal." This had the advantage of an extremely static production without a severely ramped stage (the Bayreuth "Ring" sets are a recording engineer's nightmare and seem to call for singers who are also qualified as mountaineers); and there were about a dozen performances and rehearsals from which we subsequently chose the best passages in assembling the master recording. One incidental but remarkable point was that in all these performances of a work whose playing time is almost five hours Knappertsbusch's timing varied by less than ninety seconds.

The "Ring" was a different matter altogether. There were only two complete cycles and each had its own conductor: thus our choice was limited to tapes of the general rehearsals and of the actual second cycle. It was, of course, asking for trouble. For one thing, the artists were understandably nervous in view of the unusual and extremely "open" sets. For another, the regulations governing recording at Bayreuth prevented us from slinging a microphone in any position between the audience and the stage; but we reckoned that, as in "Parsifal," the collectors who wanted an authentic recorded "Ring" would put up with any minor blemishes which this situation made inevitable.

The general rehearsals, so good in the case of "Parsifal," proved absolutely hopeless. They were given before the townspeople of Bayreuth and were supposed to go through without a break; but they didn't. In "Rheingold" Alberich got his foot stuck in something at the bottom of the Rhine and had to be released by aquatic stage hands, and the serpent in the third scene set up a creaking noise that virtually obliterated the orchestra. In "Walküre" Sieglinde forgot her lines and in "Götterdämmerung" Siegfried forgot his. At the end of "Götterdämmerung" the mechanical and electrical devices used in the "Immolation Scene" set up a howling in the microphones as of a thousand geysers. So by the end of the general rehearsals we were left with a few good episodes and a tolerable performance of "Siegfried." Everything depended on the cycle of actual performances which was to follow.

In the few days before the cycle the engineers worked like demons to fix suppressors to the various Wagnerian gadgets which were causing interference. All this had to be done with the grudging assistance of stage managers and electricians, who were far more concerned with setting up the stage for the evening performance of "Meistersinger" or "Parsifal." Indeed, nobody seemed to know for certain how the "Götterdämmerung" effects were produced: you just flashed all the lights you had and let everything that was capable of falling fall and that was it. Somehow, from all this, Brünnhilde emerged with her life; but we weren't at all sure that we had found what caused the buzzing.

It was a great moment when, at 5:03 precisely on the afternoon of July 31, 1951, the first note of "Rheingold" struck into the tape and we knew we had embarked for better or worse on one of the biggest recording projects to date. As I remember—I haven't heard it more than once

"Except where Sir Thomas yells 'Now' to the cymbalist it's a flawless recording."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

since that time—the "Rheingold" recording went very well. It was with "Walküre" that we ran into trouble. Columbia, too, had evidently had trouble with the third act which they took from the first cycle under Karajan; and among people who ought to know there are some who still insist that several bars of the Knappertsbusch version found their way into the record which Columbia eventually issued.

ONE of our difficulties was that backstage Bayreuth during a performance is not unlike a subway in the rush hour. No matter how hard we tried we couldn't keep artists out of the control room, which, being adjacent to the dressing rooms, they regarded as their province. Hunding (Arnold van Mill), having been doped by Sieglinde, marched off stage into the recording room and sat himself down on a pile of tapes to judge his wife's inconstancy through the monitor speaker. With somewhat less urgent justification, the bear in "Siegfried"' did likewise, and at one time we had the whole troup of Valkyries in full dress, spears and all, milling round the place. The major calamity, however, was the sudden arrival of Wieland Wagner in the middle of "Walküre," Act II. It appeared that sound from our monitor speaker was escaping into the auditorium and disturbing sections of an audience trained to expect perfect acoustics at Bayreuth. In his anxiety to stop the leakage, the engineer in charge of tapes forgot to start his overlap before the tape ran off the main machine, and in the time it took his finger to reach the button we lost exactly seven bars. By some lucky chance those seven bars were fine on the rehearsal tapes.

"Siegfried" caused little trouble because it is in any case the most static work of the "Ring" cycle; but "Götterdämmerung" looked like being a nightmare. This time we had hardly any insurance in the rehearsal tapes, and to make things worse the stage directions had been changed at the last minute so that what had been right was now center and what had been left was now right. (You cannot see the stage from the Bayreuth recording room and so you have to work blind with a score covered in directional cues.) It all began at 4:02 on the afternoon of August 4 and by 8:30 that evening we had two unbelievably excellent acts in the bag. If everything went well with those electrical devices at the end it seemed that our troubles were over.

The climate at Bayreuth is usually hot during the festival and August 4 had been the hottest day of the year. About five minutes before the opening of the last act a real Wagnerian thunderstorm came rumbling over from the direction of Munich and went into action directly above the Festspielhaus. Two thousand people inside the auditorium busily engaged in making the kind of din that only a large audience can make were as mice compared with the fury outside. The lights went off three times. The engineers, knowing the effects of lightning on recording equipment, were ready to pack up and go home. But at the appointed time, thunder or no thunder, Knappertsbusch appeared in front of the orchestra and the third act began.

The storm raged throughout the first scene. Nobody worried much about the thunder—this was, after all, "Götterdämmerung"—but how we escaped interference from the lightning remains a mystery to this day. One microphone did fail for about fifteen minutes, but this mattered not at all: it simply put the Rhinemaidens into better perspective and by the time Hagen appeared it was working again. Hagen, sung by Ludwig Weber, was responsible for one of the more spectacular effects in the recording. I had watched him in rehearsal at that point where the dead Siegfried raises his arm, and had noted that since he fell away from the microphone his scream of horror was lost. When we reached that point in the performance I cued the chief engineer to open his stage microphones to the maximum in the hope of getting at least a squeak out of Hagen. This time, he fell the other way; and the result was a high-fidelity shriek such as will possibly never be equaled on records.

People who work in opera houses talk of enchanted evenings when against all expectations everything goes to perfection. This "Götterdämmerung" was such an evening: everyone who had been connected with it left the theatre with that mixture of elation and humility which follows whenever a masterpiece is reborn. Astrid Varnay as Brünnhilde sang as I think she had rarely sung before: she played no other part at Bayreuth that year and her voice was therefore in excellent trim. Her acting, in the vocal sense which is so vital in recorded opera, was matched by that of Bernd Aldenhoff as Siegfried; and Ludwig Weber was the incomparable Ludwig Weber. Yet what really raised this to the "Götterdämmerung" of a lifetime was the conducting of Hans Knappertsbusch. The secret of that orchestral sonority for which the "Parsifal" recording was so highly praised lay partly in his method of deploying the orchestra in the Bayreuth pit. No other conductor has taken the risk which this involves; and no other conductor has produced such a result. His is the Wagner of the old school: slow, steady, with each climax carefully placed and seen in relation to the ultimate climax. I would not part with his Bayreuth "Immolation Scene" for the entire Schwann catalogue, and around Bayreuth they still talk of his 1951 "Funeral March."

WHY, then, was this recording never released? The "official" reason quoted Wieland Wagner's dissatisfaction with the 1951 "Ring." But this was not a musical judgment. On the contrary, 1951 set a musical standard which Bayreuth has not been able to equal since. Wieland was worried about his scenic production in 1951, and he has subsequently modified the abstract staging which caused so much discussion, and which led to Knappertsbusch's resignation in 1952. In any case, I do not think from my experience that Wieland Wagner is very interested in records. The concentration in 1952 and 1953 on visual effects rather than musical quality was carried to such an extent as to suggest he is not even very interested in music.

The reason why this "Ring" was forsaken lies mainly in the old intercompany difficulties concerning exclusive artists. It also lies in the uncertainty which any company must feel when it has to assess the commercial prospects of so vast an undertaking. In 1951 it was not felt that individual works from the "Ring" were of sufficient appeal to justify issue: nothing short of a complete cycle would suffice. We who had worked on the project knew that the first three parts were passable but not exceptional; we also knew that in "Götterdämmerung" we had something not far short of a miracle. There was hesitation—and there was also embarrassment because, under the Bayreuth system whereby an eminent artist sings both main and subsidiary parts, the Rhinemaiden Woglinde was sung by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf. Whether or not a mighty effort would have secured the release of this Columbia artist for her very small part in the first scene of the last act it was not my task to discover; but her presence, coupled with commercial uncertainty about the whole project, consigned the recording to oblivion.

This kind of thing is bound to happen now and then in this turbulent world of recording; but I suspect it will be a long time before Bayreuth again has an evening like August 4, 1951. And when it happens again, perhaps someone else will be there with a machine—not only for handling recording tape, but also for disentangling that other kind we call red.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Notes on a Translation

By VICTOR SEROFF

A CURIOUS biography of Rachmaninoff recently published in Paris should be brought to the attention not only of music-lovers and musicologists, but of general readers who are interested in the truth. Since March 4 it has been on sale throughout Europe, as well as in the United States. Taking it at its face value, the reader will readily conclude that the author's virtues include neither accuracy, nor good taste, that he is incompetent and ignorant (and not only in the musical field), and that in any decent and civilized society he certainly deserves a place off on his own. For this book contains innumerable incongruities and, what is more, grave and scandalous falsifications about a great artist, Sergei Rachmaninoff, and some prominent men with whom he was associated.

Taking it at its face value, I repeat, one is perplexed. How could an author, well known for his biographies and articles about prominent personalities in the musical world, have committed such an outrage to the memory of one of the most beloved Russian composers? One naturally wonders what his sinister intentions were? Was he suffering from a sudden mental lapse? Or did something happen to his work on its way to the book stores?

On closer examination of this extraordinary literary product one finds that this is supposed to be a "faithful translation" from the English, though neither the original copyright nor the place of original publication are mentioned in the French version. The purported translation shows an obvious lack of knowledge of English. The French also is poor, at times grammatically incorrect, clumsy, and vulgar whenever it tries to be colorful. It displays an ignorance of the most elementary musical terms and the names of prominent composers—a famous composer's name is substituted for that of an unknown poet, and a completely extraneous, though famous, name is interpolated for no apparent reason. Turning to the original publication in English for comparison one finds in the so-called translation an unscrupulous falsification of the original text. Was this to "sexualize" the work so it would "sell"? Surely, there could have been no desire to smear the names of the composer and others in the story or to discredit the reputation of the author.

Before giving specific examples of how the French version "improves" the original work, I must point to the following deviations from the English edition, which destroy its value as a scholarly work: an eleven-page bibliography of all the sources, books, and articles on which the original work was based is omitted; the foreword by Virgil Thomson of the New York *Herald Tribune* is omitted; the index is omitted and in the list of Rachmaninoff's works dedications, dates, and places of first performances and publication are omitted; whole sentences are omitted, others are added; fifteen footnotes are omitted and four (improvised and ridiculous) are added.

I am not so much concerned with the general style, which is both flippant and vulgar, but only with deliberate distortions of the original text and ideas of the author—over a hundred instances throughout the book—which make this version no longer his book, though unfortunately it bears his name.

The list of stupidities in the present French version is too long to be given here. But how can the following libelous falsifications be explained?

In a letter written by Rachmaninoff in 1936, the French version, by twisting a sentence in reference to Vladimir Horowitz and Wanda Toscanini, states that "every one was consoling himself that he [Vladimir Horowitz] did not stay married a long time." The Horowitzes have been married for nearly twenty years.

The omission of important footnotes to serve its own purposes is one of the favorite devices of the translation. It was not enough to misquote Rachmaninoff twenty-three times, omit sentences and dates in his letters, and add to them *ad libitum*. No, the letters to Marietta Shaginian, a young poet, had to be "hammed up" so as to appear as love letters, which they were not. These letters were published in the Soviet Union seven years before the book from which this French translation derives was published in the United States. By omitting the footnote which gives this source and changing the wording in the text, the translation makes the author responsible for all the falsifications. In one of these letters to Marietta Shaginian, who must have asked Rachmaninoff what he loved, the composer answered: "Besides my children, music, and flowers I also love you, my dear Re, and your letters." Here is how this turns up in the French version: "It is not only my children, the music, and my flowers that I love, because you also, I love you, my dear Re, you and your letters." The three times repeated use of the pronoun *you* is uncalled for. Moreover, when in the same letter Rachmaninoff says that he also loves his wife very much, in the translation this becomes "I also have much affection for my wife"—which is not the same thing, or is it?

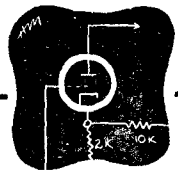
In another letter where Rachmaninoff says simply "I remember you very well," the translation "improves" matters by saying "You are always present in my mind." And when in still another letter Rachmaninoff says "to sit next to you" the translation makes him say "to feel you near me." The falsifications make the correspondence appear as proof of a love affair, for which there was no foundation.

But the summit of the translation's delinquency is reached in a carefully prepared and most infamous act of dishonesty. To lay the groundwork, a sentence in the original referring to sixteen-year old Rachmaninoff's wish to have a room of his own for his work, because (he said) "he must have greater privacy and freedom," is changed to "in order to enjoy greater liberty and intimacy." Intimacy with whom? Then the original sentence, "And it will always remain a question whether Rachmaninoff was or was not aware of the reputation that Zverev's pensionnat certainly had" (the reputation was of homosexuality), was changed to this new version in the French edition: "And the question whether or not Rachmaninoff deserved the reputation which Zvervev's pensionnat certainly had will never be elucidated."

The author knew nothing about the French "translation" until six weeks after its publication, when he was presented by his American publishers with a *fait accompli* and three complimentary copies.

There is more to this infamous affair, as who should know better than I, for I am the author of the original book.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SOME HIGHS AND LOWS

Tape vs. Discs: War or Coexistence?

NOW that magnetic tape, having consolidated its sensational conquests of all fields of recording, has launched its first large-scale invasion of home listeners' recorded music libraries, I trust that my colleague on the other side of the lines, Robert Oakes Jordan, won't begrudge sharing communication facilities with a veteran record "war" correspondent who'd like to report on the current "front" from a discophile's point of view.

It's a frankly biased report. Although I'm fascinated myself with the fabulous new medium and have devoted a lot of study and experimentation to tape techniques, I gag over the wild claims of its more extravagant partisans, few of whom emulate Mr. Jordan's objectivity. At the very least these claims demand qualification, particularly insofar as they concern listeners to more-or-less serious music rather than recording hobbyists. For, granting that magnetic tape at its best can provide reproduced music of far higher technical "fidelity" than any discs now available, to realize that "best" in actual living room practice is something else again. Anyway, I've seen discs rise phoenix-like from too many "deaths" in the past to share the current delusion of tape fanatics who exultantly boast (in the June issue of *Tape Recording* magazine) that "We are beginning to see the end of the phonograph record!"

With the significant proviso that my remarks apply to commercial pre-recorded tapes exclusively, my counter-assertion is that whatever success these may win (and it well may be considerable) will be gained largely *outside* the present record-buying public, and that, however valuably they may supplement discs, they'll never supersede them in any foreseeable future. To think otherwise is to ignore certain stubborn "facts" of human nature, which may not always be strictly justified technologically, but which—for the typical discophile at least—are valid psychologically. Warned both by instinct and experience, the discophile is repelled by what seem to him to be three decisive disadvantages of pre-recorded tapes:

1. *Their practical inconveniences for the layman.* While no problem to the amateur technician, the means of loading, handling, and filing tapes can't approach the foolproof simplicity with which unskilled, impatient laymen can use discs. The variety of speeds is the same in either case, but 33.3 and 45 rpm do not involve technical quality differences as do 15 and 7.5 ips, and with discs the problem is not complicated by a further single vs. twin-track choice. The latter cannot be played on single-track machines unless additional playback heads are obtained and installed when necessary, and twin-track tapes seldom can be satisfactorily spliced, while single-track recordings of equivalent playing time demand exactly twice as much tape. And all tape's superior freedom from wear is offset, in practical home use, by its susceptibilities to accidental erasure, snarl, breakage, and the effects of humidity.

2. *Their higher cost for equivalent quality.* Tape's finest potentialities can be exploited only by the best (and most expensive) reproducing equipment. Top-notch 15-ips recordings demand transport mechanisms and playback heads which are far costlier and trickier to maintain in optimum operation than completely satisfactory turntables and pickups. With 7.5-ips tapes, LP-disc durations are matched only if twin tracks are used, and their technical qualities are not normally superior to those of microgroove discs (except perhaps in background-noise reduction)—yet they cost between two and three times as much! Of course, this price differential will shrink when (and if) pre-recorded tapes win any mass-market acceptance, but it is not likely ever to disappear entirely. Meanwhile, their reproduction on the popular types of comparatively inexpensive tape players not only callously garbles their genuine merits, but dangerously subverts the aural education of their habitual listeners and the great campaign to promote an appreciation of true wide-range, undistorted, wowless and flutterless sound.

3. *Their basically different "temperamental" appeal.* The serious home listener is primarily intent on gaining the maximum of rewarding musical experience with the minimum consciousness of electromechanical intermediaries. He wants to hear what he wants (and nothing else) the moment he wants it—a demand which LP's and 45's, whatever their deficiencies, have convincingly established their ability to satisfy. Even with special indexing devices, the right tape and right passage cannot be located, played, and repeated at will as easily as a particular band on a particular disc.

For short pieces, especially of vocal or popular music, EP 45's surpass tapes as clearly as they have proved to excel LP's, and surely will continue to command those great segments of the listening public accustomed to relatively brief "selections" either by long 78-side training or by their own inherent incapacity to maintain interest in uninterrupted larger works. Very long works, like complete operas, demand at least as many (and more awkward) reel as LP-disc changes, and in music of standard symphonic length tape offers no important advantages over LP's.

Even more significantly, the typical tape fan is generally a person of radically different tastes and temperament from those of the common garden variety of disc collector. He seldom is capable of sustained attention to meaningful musical contexts and often relishes best the divertissements of Maestro Hack Swain and his ilk. If he does turn to more serious fare, he tends to gulp it indiscriminately in doses too big to chew or digest. Usually he is happiest credulously listening to his own irrationally finagled home recordings or those of his fellow fanatics (with whom he loves to swap "sound letters" closely akin to the gab-fests of adolescent radio "hams"). At heart he is a hobbyist rather than a music lover. (And before you accuse me of gross caricature, make sure you've examined his candid self-portrait as exposed in the pages, and especially the correspondence columns, of *Tape Recording*!)

MUCH in this admittedly biased, but I hope not essentially exaggerated, picture is likely to change, of course, with time. At least some tapeophiles may outgrow their present juvenile idiosyncrasies; but I am highly skeptical whether the basic pattern can be altered. For engineers and mature audio connoisseurs, tape and discs complement each other in forming one world of sound; there need be no real conflict between them. For the general public, however, they are likely to remain largely separate—if not necessarily antagonistic—coexisting domains which command entirely different allegiances. And to my mind there is no question of which domain offers the more profound and lasting satisfactions to those for whom serious music—to be intimately lived with and enjoyed with the minimum of inconvenience, cost, and distraction—is the prime consideration.

—R. D. DARRELL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ENDURING ELSIE HOUSTON

—*Wide World.*

"She was mistress of her talent."

By DAVIDSON TAYLOR

IF YOU knew her, we agree that we can never forget Elsie Houston. If you did not know her, buy this record* and begin to know her. I commend to you particularly the song about Bahia, so delicious, so sunny, and so innocent.

She sings on this disc with piano, not the best instrument to accompany her unless others were unavailable. Pablo Miguel plays superbly, but he must have wished to be percussion and orchestra for her.

The first time I saw her was during this country's early passionate courtship of Latin America. The Department of State had assembled a group interested in cultural exchange with Latin America, before Nelson Rockefeller became our distinguished coordinator. After our briefings, Mrs. Bliss invited the delegates (or whatever we were) to her house, and the performer chosen to entertain was Elsie Houston, "who is appearing in a New York night club." It was a large party.

Elsie Houston entered this great drawing room like an African queen. Like a priestess, like the reigning hetaera, in short, like an artist. She carried some small drums and was tugging two huge candlesticks, because she wanted to sing in the dark. I was drawn to her like a moth. I helped her get the waist-high candlesticks into place (nobody else was helping), lit the candles, and sat on the floor enslaved.

She sang a Macumba ritual song, warming her drums over a smaller candle to tighten and tune the membranes, peering out at us over the flame with inquisitive calm to see whether we could possibly understand. And sweating a little.

Beating with her hand on a little drum, she sang of the sacrifice of a chicken, first "O Caytí," in high, rapt nasal invocation, and then, in a guttural, rapid dance rhythm, "Manguaran." The god Xangó was present in Mrs. Bliss's drawing room. You will not find this spirit on any of her records.

In addition to her great skill as a folk singer, Elsie Houston (great grandniece of Sam Houston) was a beloved performer of Brazilian art music, Villa Lobos's for example. Some of his instrumental music is on the other side of this disc.

But Miss Houston is our subject. What was she like? She seemed tall. Her features were rather Mayan: arced nose, proud eyes, black hair. Or so I remember. Her appearance changed from time to time. She moved beautifully. Her skin was oily and watery, in fact, a bit swarthy.

One night at Dorle Jarmel's apartment, Dorle asked Elsie to sing. Elsie borrowed a man's hat and took a collection. "I sing for money," she said. "No silver, please." Then she turned off the lights, and with a card table substituting for drum created an incantation.

Carmen Miranda was popular at the time. I am vague about the year, but it was toward the end of Elsie Houston's day. She took her own life in 1943, and that is close enough for the purpose of admiration and sorrow. Elsie lunched with me at the Barberry Room. She had constructed a truncated conical hat of artificial fruit which outrivaled Miranda; it was chic. I was conspicuous merely by being with her, but not because of the hat. It was because of her collected force of character and her darting intelligence. She talked of Brazil and told me how an air force officer had drawn a ring with his forefinger on their country's map, saying, "Here is an area larger than France, and no man has yet flown over it."

The capital of Rio is Paris, as the capital of Hollywood is New York. To Paris Elsie Houston went, and there she wrote a book on Brazilian music and loved a Surrealist poet. Then she turned back to her hemisphere, not wholly home.

ONE night my wife and I went to the Rainbow Room to see Elsie and Charles Weidman dance the "Frog Song" (which you can hear on this record). Afterwards she came to our table and assailed me because CBS, then my employer, was broadcasting another Brazilian, Olga Coelho. She had nothing against Olga, except that Coelho was not Houston. Elsie regarded herself as *sui generis*.

Elsie Houston, lovely as her voice was, had even greater skill as a diseuse than as a singer. She was too highly seasoned for the popular American taste. Her flavor was like a secret of *la grande cuisine*. She was mistress of her talent. She could manipulate her voice to evoke a witch doctor, in the praise of elegance, in tenderness toward a child, in pride for the rich Brazilian landscape with all its flowering trees.

If ever we come to understand the Americas for what they really are, we shall become aware of our debt to Elsie Houston. Meanwhile, Carmen Miranda and I should take off our hats and say a prayer for Elsie Houston, whenever we hear this record.

*ELSIE HOUSTON SINGS BRAZILIAN SONGS; also VILLA-LOBOS: "*Bachianas Brasileiras No. 1*" and *Nonetto*. (RCA Victor LCT 1143, $5.72.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings in Review

Light on the "Pictures"

MUSSORGSKY-RAVEL: *"Pictures at an Exhibition." Ernest Ansermet conducting the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande.* (London LL 956, $5.95.) *The same. Antal Dorati conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw.* (Epic LC 3015, $5.95.)

SAVE for the furrowed ground of "Scheherezade," this work has served as the Derby distance for more ambitious sound engineers than virtually any other. It was, of course, one of the first high fidelity "marvels" in the impressive run of Ansermet and the London Philharmonic half a dozen years ago, and the touch of thoroughbred breeding in that version is even more conspicuous here.

Not that Philips's engineers haven't done an expert work in producing, with Dorati, a performance that won honors as a Grand Prix disc last year. However, Ansermet's concept of Mussorgsky plus Ravel will be satisfying listeners with its refinement, sensitivity, and evocative colorations when the bigger and better bass drums of Philips are gathering honors in other areas. His work is of the essence, musical, and—as reproduced here—leaves me asking for no more. Of course, that is subject to review when the Toscanini broadcast of last winter is made available later this year, but the kind of effort involved is hardly comparable.

For his unused time, Ansermet offers a version of "La Valse" which has many virtues, but is not quite so flavorsome a performance or poetic a recording (and there is poetry in those dials, as well as electricity) as his previous one with the Paris Conservatoire personnel. Dorati offers equally ear-filling versions of Smetana's "Moldau" and Dvorak's "Rhapsody No. 3," though both have had readings of more style and suavity under other conductors.

Musique Française avec Paray

DUKAS: *"L'Apprenti Sorcier"*; FAURÉ: *"Pelléas et Mélisande" music;* ROUSSEL: *"Le Festin de l'Araignée." Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra.* (Mercury MG 50035, $5.95.)

NOBODY who heard Paul Paray conduct a guest engagement with the Philadelphia Orchestra in New York a few years ago with his right arm done up in a sling as the result of a fall will forget the point and decisiveness of his delivery of the well-worn "Sorcerer's Apprentice." Allowing for the difference between the Philadelphia and the Detroit ensembles, Paray's two-armed performance is even more impressive than the one-armed one.

This is the kind of "scherzo" after Goethe that one has often imagined but rarely heard: concise, humorous, neither rushed nor dragged. Its tone is the product of the kind of blending which, we are assured, goes into the best champagne—something for body, something else for tang and flavor, a touch of sweetness offset but not nullified by a stronger distillation. In any case, whatever the justice of the analogy, this is a "Sorcerer's Apprentice" that bubbles and froths as few others have in recent years. The analogy extends to the reproduced sound, which is dry enough while respecting the *goût Américain* in matters of fidelity.

Of the other offerings, I am more partial to the lively, distinct, well-marked performance of the Roussel matter, which says much for its creator in Paray's active, well-informed interpretation. It is also the best reproduced of the three works. The Fauré is played with consideration and excellent orchestral discipline, but the tenuous material does not seem to enjoy Paray's complete confidence. Withal, this is an excellent accomplishment for him, and a highly creditable one for the Mercury engineers.

Dobbs and Gedda

SCHUBERT: *"Die Entzückung an Laura," other songs. Mattiwilda Dobbs, soprano, with Gerald Moore, piano.* (Angel 35094, $5.95.)

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Lenski's aria from "Eugen Onegin" and other arias. Nicolai Gedda, with orchestra directed by Alceo Galliera.* (Angel 35096, $5.95.)

IT IS one of the oldest truisms of music that the mechanics of singing can be taught but the art of singing must be learned. Rarely has it been better demonstrated by singers of outstanding vocal endowment than in the current releases of extensive collections by Dobbs and Gedda. Each is capable of all kinds of beautiful sound, but neither has more than a modicum of the insight, power of projection, or command of texts to make the individual enterprises less than a rash miscalculation.

Miss Dobbs emerges with somewhat more credit, for she never misuses her fine voice, and the sound she produces is always clear and bell-like, even when something else might be preferable. It is rather disappointing to discover that she has little ability, thus far, to differentiate the vocal colors appropriate to German *lieder* or French *mélodies.* Indeed, it is only by straining the ear that one can make out that different languages are involved.

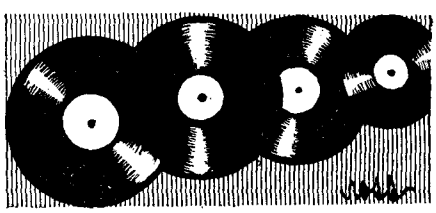
Her list of songs is, for the most part, a discerning one, adding to the Schubert song noted above such others of quality but not too much familiarity as his "La Pastorella," Brahms's "Nachtigallen Schwingen," and Wolf's "Zitronenfalter," also Fauré's "Notre Amour" and Chausson's "La Cigale." The error of Miss Dobbs's present method may be conveyed by the observation that one remembers, along the way, a climaxing note beautifully sung in one or another of them, but no complete conception fully realized. The recording is excellent.

With Gedda the issue involves voice as well as the use of it. He can manage very well such a cantilena as is provided in Tchaikovsky's "Kooda, kooda," from "Onegin" or, by an all-out effort, the curving top phrase in "Spirto gentil," but the control to sing "Cielo e mar" from "La Gioconda" or "Parmi veder le lagrime" from "Rigoletto" in the time-honored manner of the better tenors is not at his disposal. As for such matters as "Pourquoi me réveiller?" from "Werther" or the lament of Federico from Cilea's "L'Arlesiana," a charitable silence may be observed on behalf of the pleasure Gedda gave us in "The Merry Widow" and "The Land of Smiles." Very good reproduction.

A "Forellen" from Holland

SCHUBERT: *Quintet in A, Opus 114 ("Forellen"). Amsterdam Piano Quintet.* (Epic LC 3046, $5.95.)

WHAT is it that makes the "Forellen" a quintet? As most music-lovers know, though the recording engineers usually forget, it is the double bass, providing a unique so-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

jority and solid foundation for Schubert's invention. Here it can be heard to full advantage (without the absurd overprominence that disfigured the Columbia release with Horszowski and the Budapest Quartet members) and it is a happy augury for future quality in Epic chamber-music releases, of which it is one of the first.

The performance is very good, almost close to excellent—especially on the part of Alice Heksch, the pianist, and a new name to me. Rhythms are beautifully articulated throughout, and all that is lacking for an honorary accolade is a bit of lightness, of fantasy and *esprit*, which is not native to the Dutch temperament.

Thoroughness is, however, and the kind of musicianship that Nap de Klijn provides as first violin and leader. His associates are Paul Godwin, viola, Carel van Leeuwen Boomkamp, cello, and Lion Groen, double bass. The latter produces consistently musical sound and few groans or grunts, with an especially felicitous bit of bowing in the variation of the "Forellen" movement which Schubert optimistically entrusted to the double bass. Groen demonstrates that it was not written overoptimistically. We wait to hear what Epic-Philips will do with other oddities of the literature, such as the Schubert Octet.

Falla by Argenta

FALLA: *"El Amor Brujo." Ataulfo Argenta conducting the Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, with Ana Maria Iriarte, mezzo-soprano.* Also, *"El Retablo de Maese Pedro." Eduardo Toldra conducting the Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française, with Lola Rodriguez Aragon, soprano, Gaetano Renom, tenor, and Manuel Ausensi, baritone.* (Angel 35089, $5.95.)

IN THE Angel listing, place of prominence is given to Toldra's direction of "El Retablo de Maese Pedro"—which may be quite justified artistically—but there is little doubt that the average customer will be more interested in Argenta's version of "El Amor Brujo." It is, after all, the familiar work which will determine the attractiveness of the associated score.

As one who was aroused by his "Iberia" (Albéniz) and "Danzas Fantasticas" (Turina) on a recent London disc, I regret to report that Argenta's "El Amor Brujo" is, for all its professional competence and occasional incisiveness, a rather casual product by comparison with the Stokowski version, despite the latter's idiosyncrasies of balance, microphoning, etc. Apparently, Argenta can take or leave his "Amor Brujo," which is all right with us, save to say it is a letdown in whatever curve to excellence this conductor's career is pursuing. (On the other hand, the grapevine rumor that this item was made by Argenta as long as five years ago could explain much.) Iriarte is a young Spanish singer with a promising voice who has, however, not as much understanding of this style as the American Nan Merriman.

Horenstein—"persuasive effect."

Having said as much, it is only proper to report that the "Retablo de Maese Pedro" is decidedly superior to either version (Spa or Westminster) previously released here on LP. The instrumental values are very well organized under the direction of Toldra, a conductor previously not known in this part of the world, and the vocalists are all well qualified for what they are called upon to do. However, it seems to me a work of limited interest for the musical values conveyed by record, without the action. Very good sound.

Straussian Valedictory

STRAUSS: *"Metamorphosen." Jascha Horenstein conducting strings of the Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française.* Also, STRAVINSKY: *"Symphonie des Psaumes."* (Angel 35101, $5.95.)

A DECADE is a short time as values are measured in the history of an art, so it need not cause undue alarm that this masterwork of Richard Strauss written during the last months of the war (March-April 1945) is still to be integrated with his long life's work. At the same time, anyone who will bother to settle down and absorb this performance—even more so than the only previous one, on 78 rpm, by Von Karajan—must conclude that it is a mighty voice speaking, in accents sometimes veiled and oblique, but with an eloquence and a passion to shame those who follow him as "German musicians."

I rather regret that Edward Cushing's annotation was not more musically exploratory and less verbally explanatory, that some serious effort was not made to separate the work into its component parts and tell us, if possible, what the scheme of Strauss's wonderfully varied harmonic texture is. If I see aright, it is another superb series of variations such as Strauss evolved in "Don Quixote," with the difference that the theme—as revealed in the last eight measures—is a counterpoint to the opening phrase of Beethoven's "Marche Funèbre" in the "Eroica." I believe the allusion to be germinal rather than accidental and that close study might produce a *raison d'être* for the Wagnerian allusions that come and go. The history of variations in which the theme is revealed only at the end is long enough to persuade us that Richard Strauss was as aware of it as we are.

However, that is more than can be comprehended in a review. I pay tribute here to the generally persuasive effect of Horenstein's performance—the first sizable matter from him on discs in a considerable time—to the sweeping eloquence of the French strings and the velvety sonorities that have been gathered by the Angel microphones. The manifold string divisions (twenty-three strands at some points) put a premium on subtle gradations of dynamic power, which are not always at Horenstein's command. But in the dissemination of understanding of this epochal work of the string literature—one which gathers the forces of Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll," various works of Dvorak, Grieg, Sibelius, and Schoenberg into a new stream of direction—it has a singular place.

The overside "Symphonie des Psaumes" is entitled to a separate evaluation, which it shall have in due course. On the two faces of the matter, however, this is obviously a disc well worth any connoisseur's half a dozen dollars. I suggest the added expenditure of the few dollars necessary to acquire the Boosey and Hawkes miniature score of "Metamorphosen." It will add much to the intellectual comprehension of Strauss's accomplishment, as well as intensifying the enjoyment of his emotional one.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings Reports: Classical LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Brahms: Concerto in D minor. Wilhelm Backhaus, piano, with Karl Böhm conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. London LL 911, $5.95.	Powerful execution by Backhaus, with a massive attack and plentiful delicacy to balance. Perhaps the leisurely tempi are his own choice, but a little balancing animation from the conductor would have been welcome. It is not provided by Böhm. Fine sound, and a real balance in this tricky score.
Corelli: Concerto Grosso in F (Opus 6, No. 12). Saxon State Players, Kurt Liersch conducting. Urania LP 7113, $5.95.	The indicated work is but part of the generous list providing a D major suite of Telemann and a C minor suite of Johann Rosenmüller in addition. All the playing is painstaking and efficiently done, though something more in creative spirit would have added listening interest. Good broad sound.
Debussy: "La Boîte à Joujoux." Jonel Perlea conducting the RIAS Orchestra. Remington R 199-159, $2.99.	An interesting addition to the Debussy catalogue, if scarcely a convincing refutation of the reasons for the work's neglect. The music *per se* conveys little without the action, and hardly honors the creator's name. Thoroughly good performance under Perlea, and very well reproduced.
Delibes: "Sylvia," "Coppélia" excerpts. Jean Fournet conducting the Lamoureux Orchestra. Epic LC 3030, $5.95.	Fournet's excellent way with this material might have been indulged at greater length with one work or the other, though each group of four excerpts is well done. Overside, in the same manner and with equal aural splash, are excerpts from Rabaud's "Marouf" and Gounod's "Faust."
MacDowell: "Indian Suite" (No. 2). Howard Hanson conducting the Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MG 40009, $5.95.	Contrary to the first impression, this is not a derivation of Dvorak's "American" manner, indicative though the sound seems to be. It preceded the Bohemian's American impressions by several years and has a decided flavor of its own. Very successful recording.
Mendelssohn: Concerto for Two Pianos in E. Orazio Frugoni and Eduard Mrazek, pianists, with Hans Swarowsky conducting. Vox PL 8350, $5.95.	A little-known work from Mendelssohn's "best" (which is to say, earliest) period, done with skill and affection by the team of Frugoni and Mrazek. The recording comes off well. The second side includes Frugoni's performance of the "Capriccio Brillant," Opus 22.
Mendelssohn: Symphonies in A minor ("Scotch") and D major ("Reformation"). Mitropoulos and the New York Philharmonic Symphony. Columbia ML 4864, $5.95.	The affinity of Mitropoulos for the "Scotch" has been a matter of record ere this, and it is good to have it renewed in a better sounding recording than his previous one. Overside he does the "Reformation" to somewhat lesser effect, but with an amount of relevance to complete an attractive coupling. Good engineering, allowing for the fact that Mitropoulos does not favor tonal sheen.
Rimsky-Korsakov: "Antar" Symphony and "Russian Easter" Overture. Hermann Scherchen conducting the London Symphony. Westminster WL 5280, $5.95. Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MG 50028, $5.95.	As is well known, there is a French way of conducting Russian music and a Russian way, and never the twain shall meet, especially when one is done in Detroit, the other in London. Actually, the competition is weighted on Scherchen's side, for the hall and the engineers do much more for him than those aligned with Paray. Nevertheless, as Scherchen has shown in "Ilya Mouremetz" and Prokofiev's "Lt. Kije," he has a considerable color sense, underscored here by a strong idea of the contrast in these works. Paray's is certainly adroit, but not as emphatic.
Schumann: Symphony No. 2 in C. Leonard Bernstein conducting the Stadium Concerts Symphony. Decca DL 9715, $5.85.	Credit Bernstein here with his best effort to date with a standard symphony. The flow is good, the joints smooth, the accents right, all provoking a comparison with the previous best by Stokowski. Interpretative inclinations aside, the older Leo's work is marked by a degree of finesse in the management of the orchestra, a care for detail in the articulation which the younger has not yet mastered, or, at least, does not choose to employ. Very good sound, of the empty Carnegie Hall type.
Sibelius: "Legends of Lemminkäinen." Sixten Ehrling conducting the Symphony Orchestra of Radio Stockholm. Capitol P 8226, $5.70.	Neither the playing nor the direction match the standard in this music of Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, but it is nevertheless highly creditable to the developing Ehrling and his able personnel. All the musical values are comprehended, but not the kind of dramatic flair required to "produce" these works on a scale of effect comparable to Ormandy's. Clean, well-ordered sound.
Taneyev: Symphony No. 1 in C minor. USSR Symphony conducted by A. Gauk. A-440 1208, $5.95.	This work is more interesting as part of the cosmos of Russian composition than it is of itself, reflecting influences and developments better known to us from the works of Rachmaninoff. Better than fair USSR sound. With it is Rimsky-Korsakov's "Overture on Russian Themes," a brilliant work well performed under the direction of A. Kovalev.
Taylor: "Through the Looking Glass." Howard Hanson and the Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MG 40008, $5.95.	The first recording in too long a time of Deems Taylor's engaging fantasy founded on the Lewis Carroll stories, well recorded by the Mercury engineers. Hanson's direction is not disarming in imaginative compulsion, but it gives the tender sentiments of the score a sympathetic hearing. Finely defined reproduction.
Tchaikovsky: Concerto in D. Ricardo Odnoposoff, violin, with Walter Goehr conducting the Netherlands Philharmonic. Musical Masterpieces Society MMS 34, $1.50.	The unpredictable Odnoposoff would seem capable of a first-class reading of this work, but the opening slip, uncorrected, suggests that the once-over method could not produce it. Technically glib, tonally sound, but interpretatively superficial. Clean, well-balanced sound.
Tchaikovsky: "Romeo and Juliet" Overture-Fantasia, "Overture Solennelle, 1812," "Capriccio Italien." Paul van Kempen conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra. Epic LC 3008, $5.95.	A fitting companion to Van Kempen's excellent Fifth Symphony of Tchaikovsky, reviewed here recently [RECORDINGS, SR May 29]. The style is broad (preserving the main lines of the Mengelberg tradition, without its later digressions into excess), the orchestral competence masterful, the sound of a ring and fullness to match anybody's hi-fi standard. Good Buy!
Tchaikovsky: "Swan Lake." Robert Irving conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. RCA Victor LBC 1064, $2.98.	Despite the modest price category, this is a considerable serving of the Tchaikovsky ballet score (some sixteen items from all four acts), directed in Sadler's Wells style by Robert Irving, magnificently played and robustly reproduced. Irving's accents are sometimes lumpy, but for those who wish an aural reminder of their favorite visual experience (Margot Fonteyn, *et al.*) this is it to the life. —IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HITS AND MISSES

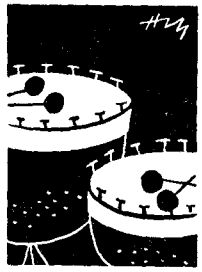
Pleasures of High Summer

THE late Kurt Weill's magical work about a nineteenth-century London scamp, "The Threepenny Opera," has now been Englished by Marc Blitzstein and appears in fine LP form (M-G-M E3121). It seems to me that Blitzstein's translation of Bert Brecht's German verses is felicitous in the extreme, and he tells us "I have not touched this great score, not 'modernized' or "filled-in' one early jazz passage, not removed one raw edge or unexpected *pianissimo.*" It is delightful to have the complete score of this remarkable, poignant music for an eight-piece street-style band: two clarinets, two trumpets, trombone, tympani and percussion, banjo doubling with guitar, and piano. I have known the work largely through partial recordings by the German performers, and have no intention of abandoning them; both the singers and the pre-Hitler band have a mordant emanation which reeks of the German desolation of that period and is of high lyric quality. At the same time, the new version exhibits and clarifies many elements of the work which I had not previously appreciated. The singers include Scott Merrill as Mack the Knife, Jo Sullivan as Polly Peachum, and the composer's widow, Lotte Lenya, in her accustomed role as Jenny.

The passionate Pee Wee Russell claque, of which I am a devoted member, will rejoice to hear that the heroic clarinetist now makes his plaintive song with some first-class men in some warmly ingratiating arrangements by Dick Carey. The trumpet is the elegant Doc Cheatham, a player of high, lucid style who is heard all too infrequently. Vic Dickenson's sensitive attentions are devoted to the trombone, and there are George Wein, piano; John Field, bass; and Buzzy Drootin, drums. This Boston group are especially fine in "Lulu's Back in Town," "Sweet and Slow," "Sugar," and "Missy" (Storyville LP 308).

Traditional jazz is well represented this month. There is another brisk Dixieland effusion from Doc Evans, the Minneapolis classicist, including "Riverside Blues," "Mississippi Mud," and "King Porter Stomp." The last, conventionally a big-band number, comes very rewardingly from Evans's small combination (Soma LP MG-101). In Dayton, Ohio, the tuba player Gene Mayl devotes himself to the New Orleans canon, and I have enjoyed his latest program when I cut down a rather overinsistent bass. The band has an admirably simple and urgent trumpet player in Bob Hodes, and the fine clarinetist Joe Darensbourg, who for some time adorned Kid Ory's masterly group on the Pacific Coast, is also heard. The tunes, beginning with "Maple Leaf Rag," belong to the ages; I was especially happy to find a version of the grand old "Skid Dat De Dat" (Empirical EM-102).

In the revival field, there are three attractive LP's from Riverside's Jazz Archives Series. "The Great Blues Singers" (RLP 1032) includes Bessie Smith's "St. Louis Blues" from the sound track of a movie short by that name, and the great woman should never have been permitted to sing in such a musically pompous, phoney production, with the whole Hall Johnson choir chanting around her. But the other items here are rich blues singing by the masters Ma Rainey, Chippie Hill, and Ida Cox, with appropriate jazz band accompaniment. "Muggsy Spanier and His Bucktown Five" (RLP 1035) is a collection of irresistible 1924 work by the famous cornetist and Chicago friends: Guy Carey, trombone; Volly De Faut, clarinet; Mel Stitzel, piano; Marvin Saxba, banjo; and Joe Gish, tuba. This is good, tough, propulsive basement jazz, from "Everybody Loves My Baby" to "Really a Pain," and so is the 1928 music of "Jimmy Blythe's State Street Ramblers" (RLP 1036). This colored Chicago group, with Blythe at the piano, was based on the washboard rhythms of Jimmy Bertrand and featured the bright trumpet and clarinet of Natty Dominique and Jimmy O'Bryant. There are, of course, certain jazz enthusiasts who have a passion for the washboard equaled only by the emotions they direct toward Henri Matisse or the New York Giants. I am not among them, but will own that I would feel distinctly truncated if there were not at least one sound washboard program on the shelves. RCA's "X" Vault Originals series has now come up with one of my favorite all-time bands. "Mezz Mezzrow's Swing Session" ("X" EVA 5) consists of just four numbers: "Apologies," "Sendin' the Vipers," "35th and Calumet," and "Old Fashioned Love." The arrangements for ten-piece band, by the clarinetist Mezzrow and the trombonist Floyd O'Brien, are clear and highly rhythmic. The performances include some of the very best recorded playing of Mezzrow, O'Brien, alto saxophonist Benny Carter, and tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman. If there is any notable flaw it is in the rhythm section, where Willie "The Lion" Smith's piano beat is none too secure; but his lapses are infrequent and the records are, for the most part, positively lustrous. The wonderful fluidity of Carter and the rolling punchiness of Freeman are unforgettable.



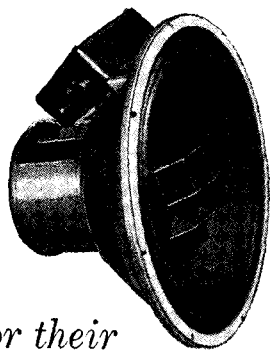
IN the modern jazz area there are both pleasures and disappointments. The dulcet little quintet of bassist Harry Babasin, featuring Larry Bunker at the vibraphone, would seem to demand the most discreet drumming, but Roy Harte keeps swatting away as if he were backing a powerhouse brass team (Nocturne-NLP3). Pete Rugolo is an arranger of brilliance whose teachers have included Darius Milhaud, but I find his latest orchestral works largely pyrotechnical, with an addiction to brass screaming I simply can't take (Columbia CL 6289). Bob Brookmeyer is a splendid young valve trombonist already extolled in last month's *SR* column by Mr. Simon. There is an agreeable new LP of his work with tenor saxophonist Al Cohn and others (Storyville 305). It is scarcely up to the subtleties of the Brookmeyer-Stan Getz outfit praised by Mr. Simon, and, furthermore, I would like to enter a general *caveat* regarding the valve horn. In slow, ballad-style numbers, unless the attack is exact and incisive, there is likely to be a general effect of pooping and blarting which is certain to be unmusical and may be hilarious. Moments of this sort occur here, and I am too convinced of Brookmeyer's abilities not to think that he can work his way out of this kind of unintentional comedy. Students of the alto and baritone saxophones will find polished exercises on these reeds by Boots Mussulli and Serge Chaloff, with Russ Freeman at the piano—modern in style and agile in execution (Storyville STIP 310). And the virtuoso talents of the extraordinary white drummer Louis Bellson, sometime sensation of the Duke Ellington band and husband of the singer Pearl Bailey, are to be heard *in extenso* with a chamber jazz group (Norgran MGN-7).

—WILDER HOBSON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

People who "Know"

unanimously acclaim
STEPHENS
TRU-SONIC
SPEAKERS



...for their
unequalled realism

Developed by the Nation's foremost High Fidelity Pioneer, Tru-Sonic speakers are indeed musical instruments bringing you the experience of a whole new field of exciting sound sensations. Tonal reproduction is flawless from the Ultra high tones down to the lowest bass notes and is unmatched for its life-like smoothness.

Because of unparalleled performance in famous buildings, theatres and shrines all over the world, Tru-Sonic speakers and sound systems are acclaimed the International Standard in *High Fidelity* for home or business.

To be sure you obtain the finest—hear and emotionally feel the difference—before you buy.

Write for 12 page descriptive brochure complete with specifications and curves.

MODEL 206AX 15" COAXIAL
★ 7½ lbs. Alnico V Magnet
★ Heavy Die-Cast Aluminum Frame
★ Free Space Cone Resonance—35 c. p. s.
★ Frequency Response 30 to 18,000 c. p. s.
★ Impedance: 16 ohms or 500 ohms.

STEPHENS
TRU-SONIC

STEPHENS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
8538 WARNER DRIVE • CULVER CITY, CALIF.

THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

IN musical circles the main topic of conversation the last few weeks has undoubtedly been the new production at Covent Garden of "Der Ring des Nibelungen," two cycles of which were spread over the month of June. By its very magnitude such an undertaking is of considerable moment. No opera house in the world can afford the luxury of new sets for the "Ring" every four or five years and, judging by past experience, we shall become familiar with every nook and cranny of Leslie Hurry's decor during the next two or three decades. If the new sets may be described as competent rather than inspired, they are nevertheless most acceptable after the shabby inadequacy of the old scenery, which has been our annual lot since time immemorial. Visually, at any rate, a Covent Garden "Ring" is no longer an embarrassing experience.

From a musical point of view, the 1954 cycles were rather disappointing. Stiedry conducted in workmanlike fashion, but he never seemed able to inspire real confidence in the orchestra pit. The Wotan/Wanderer of Ferdinand Frantz, not previously heard in London, fell considerably short of expectations; though authoritative in style, his voice rarely dominated the orchestra, and his upper register was almost nonexistent. Svanholm, on the other hand, was in his best form (he sang Siegmund as well as Siegfried in the second cycle) and Margaret Harshaw again impressed us with her bright-toned and intelligent delivery of Brünnhilde's music. Surprisingly, the two outstanding performances were contributed not by imported stars, but by two members of the resident company: Sylvia Fisher, who sang most beautifully as Sieglinde, and Otakar Kraus, whose Alberich completely dominated "Das Rheingold."

A few days after the "Ring" was launched, amid the less-than-enticing surroundings of London's fruit and vegetable market, the 1954 Glyndebourne season opened, amid the flower beds of the Sussex Downs, with a new production of "Il Barbiere." With Vittorio Gui now firmly established at John Christie's opera house, Rossini is beginning to feature prominently in the repertoire. It began two years ago with "La Cenerentola" (of which more below) while this year Gui and Ebert are presenting "Le Comte Ory" at Edinburgh in addition to "Il Barbiere" at Glyndebourne. Another work produced here for the first time is Busoni's "Arlecchino," a delightfully frothy one-act opera containing much witty parody, which is given together with Strauss's "Ariadne" as a double bill.

A recording of "Ariadne" has just been completed by Columbia-Angel, though quite independently of Glyndebourne. The principal parts are sung by Schwarzkopf (Ariadne), Rita Streich (Zerbinetta), and Seefried (The Composer); the Philharmonia Orchestra is conducted by Karajan. HMV, on the other hand, has just released the first full-length Glyndebourne recording since the "Don Giovanni" of 1936: "La Cenerentola," recorded after last year's Edinburgh Festival. Rossini's somewhat sophisticated version of the well-loved fairy-tale is a miracle of wit and charm, and this performance makes a most delightful evening's entertainment. The young Spanish contralto Marina de Gabarain is a very appealing heroine even though she lacks the virtuoso technique to surmount all the obstacles of the celebrated Rondo-Finale; one also misses the mischievous gaiety which the late Conchita Supervia brought to this part. But the remainder of the cast, which includes Juan Oncina (Ramiro), Sesto Bruscantini (Dandini), and the superb Scottish buffo Ian Wallace (Don Magnifico), could hardly be bettered, while Gui's conducting is a model of skill and good taste. The recording, on three LP discs, is absolutely first class.

Falla's early opera "La Vida Breve" is another notable contribution to the recorded repertoire from HMV. It was a broadcast performance of this work put on by the BBC some six years ago that established Victoria de los Angeles in our affections almost overnight, and now we can once more hear her as the tragic heroine, Salud, supported by an all-Spanish cast under the authoritative direction of Ernesto Halffter. The popular soprano is in splendid voice, and I doubt whether any of her records have shown her to better advantage. "La Vida Breve" is complete on three sides; on the fourth we have a recital of Spanish songs in which she is supported by Gerald Moore.

Other HMV issues include Brahms's Symphony No. 1, notable for Cantelli's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mature direction and the flawless playing of the Philharmonia Orchestra; a new version of Elgar's "Enigma" Variations, coupled with the "Wand of Youth" Suite No. 1, competently played by the London Philharmonic under Boult; a disappointing coupling of two Beethoven violin sonatas—Opus 24 and Opus 96—from Menuhin and Kentner, and an enjoyable recital of Neapolitan Songs sung by Giuseppe di Stefano.

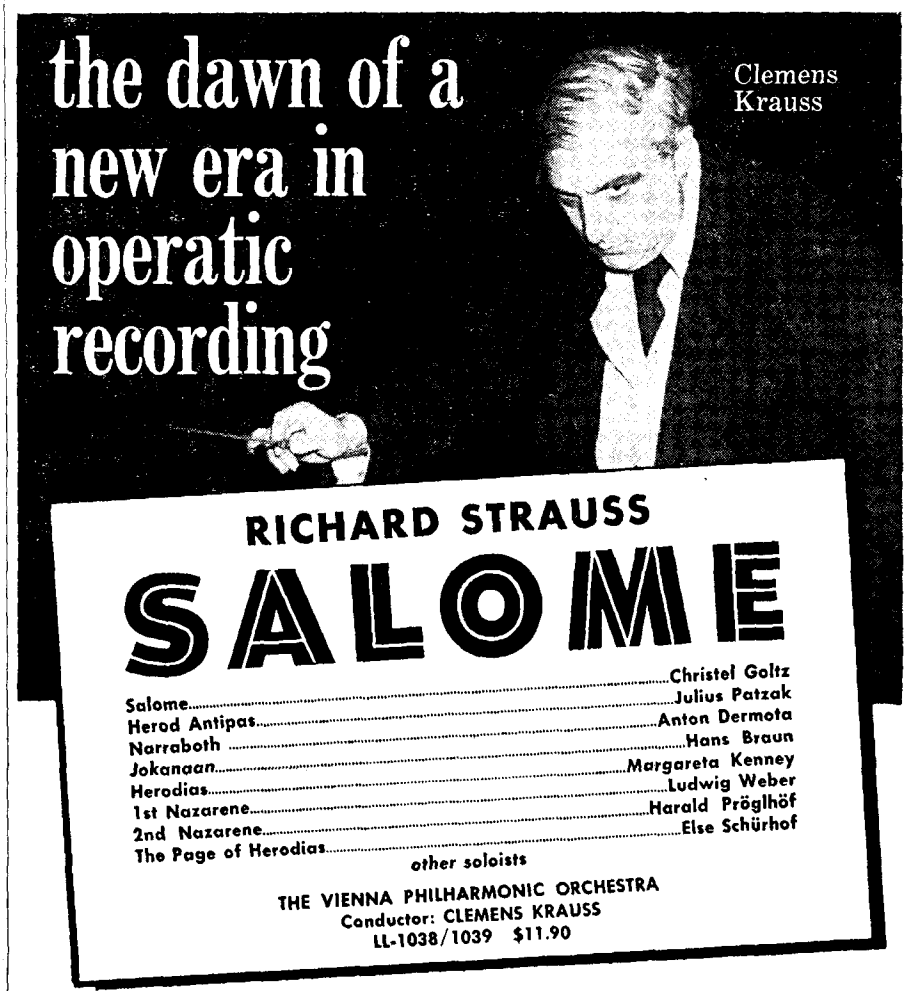
ALTHOUGH there is no Coronation or Festival of Britain to celebrate this summer, Decca's July list features an unusually large number of British works, all of them composed during the present century. Taking them in chronological order, we first have Elgar's "Falstaff" (1913), considered by many to be his greatest composition. Elgar called it a "Symphonic Study," an apt title for this ripe and expansive music which is something more than a tone poem yet too specifically programmatic to be labeled a symphony. The performance, by the London Symphony Orchestra under Anthony Collins, is very competent, even if it fails to penetrate to the heart of the music as did the composer himself and also Boult on SP; the recording is excellent. Holst's most celebrated work, "The Planets," appeared three years after "Falstaff"; the latest recording of it has been made by Sargent and the London Symphony. From an engineering point of view this disc is as impressive as the recent Westminster version, but the conductor takes so superficial a view of the score that the performance cannot be compared with Boult's.

Vaughan Williams's "Job" — described as "A Masque for Dancing"—was produced by the Camargo Society (predecessor of our national ballet) in 1930 and must be ranked among the very greatest works ever written specifically for the ballet. Indeed, I am not at all sure that the music is not too profound for its original purpose. Certainly, "Job" is a worthy companion piece for the seven symphonies, and this splendid recording of a deeply satisfying performance by Boult and the London Philharmonic is in the nature of an appendix to the complete set of symphonies published earlier this year. The younger generation is represented by Britten, whose Rimbaud settings, "Les Illuminations" (1939), have not previously appeared on discs in England and whose Serenade for Tenor, Horn, and Strings (1943) deserved a new recording. If the earlier cycle, though fascinating, is a little too self-consciously clever, the Serenade remains among the loveliest and most imaginative of Britten's compositions. The performance by Peter Pears, Dennis Brain, and the strings of the New Symphony Orchestra under Eugene Goossens is superb and the recording is up to Decca's best standard. Two of Britten's folk-song arrangements are included in a broadcast recital by Kathleen Ferrier, which Decca has been able to issue by courtesy of the BBC. The recital, which took place during 1952, consists entirely of British songs and shows the loved contralto in fine voice.

When, in last month's report, I referred to EMI's decision to do away with the major portion of their 78-rpm catalogues as from next winter, I had only just received their deletion list and had not yet been able to study it in any detail. To my mind the very extent of the slaughter has its hopeful aspects, for it suggests that HMV, Columbia, and Parlophone will, in time, reissue some of their finest pre-1950 recordings in LP form.

Philips has announced its first "Minigroove" release. It is scarcely possible to imagine a more mixed assortment. Included are another Vienna performance of "Salome" (cond. Moralt), the Berlioz "Te Deum" (Beecham), a selection of Italian opera choruses recorded in Holland and some Russian Orthodox church music recorded in Paris. I shall refer to these in more detail next month, when the records should be available.

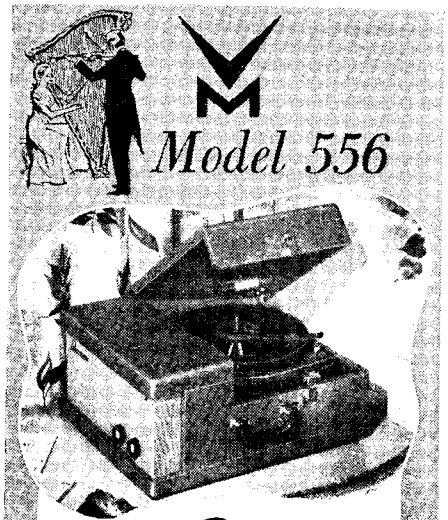
—THOMAS HEINITZ.



With this issue, FFRR commences a new series of full-length operatic recordings whose superiority on all counts will be completely unquestioned. Every artist involved is the finest exponent of the role available as a glance at the above cast will quickly reveal. Christel Goltz will be the new Salome at the Metropolitan Opera revival this coming season; Julius Patzak, Anton Dermota, Hans Braun and Ludwig Weber have long reigned as bulwarks of the world-famous Staatsoper in Vienna. The inspired leadership of the late Clemens Krauss (this is his very last recording) shows only too clearly the tragic loss music has suffered by his untimely death in May.

LONDON ffrr RECORDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



the Voice of Music

authentic full-range high fidelity easy-to-carry wherever you go

Now enjoy all the advantages of authentic full-range high fidelity in a lightweight portable, automatic phonograph. The V-M 556 has a new, exclusive V-M tone-o-matic® loudness control that lets you hear every note in the audio range from 50 to 15,000 cps.

New, exclusive V-M high fidelity speaker system includes two extended range speakers (4" tweeter and 8" woofer). V-M powerful 5-watt amplifier affords 500% reserve power. Built-in radio-TV tuner input receptacle and external speaker receptacle.

V-M tuned-resonance case covered in scuff- and water-resistant leatherette . . . choice of colorful Rose and Gray or Rich Brown. Enjoy a demonstration soon at your V-M dealer. $119.95*. V-M Corporation, Benton Harbor, Michigan, is the world's largest manufacturer of phonographs and record changers.

V-M Fidelis® 560

table model high fidelity phonograph gives authentic high fidelity reproduction from 40 to 15,000 cps. Exclusive V-M tone-o-matic balanced tone control. Has three extended-range speakers, plus bass reflex tone chamber, plus full-range angular tone dispersion. Your choice of blonde or mahogany at same price. Black or brass legs, optional at extra cost. $149.50*.

*Slightly higher in the west.
UL approved

V-M CORPORATION
BENTON HARBOR 2, MICHIGAN

Please send me illustrated folder, "Bring Concert Halls Within Your Walls."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

SPOTLIGHT ON THE MODERNS

Ives in Retrospect

CHARLES IVES once used a fanciful phrase, "The Unanswered Question," as the title of a little work, and now, with the recent passing of this vital American figure, when we attempt to sum up his contribution, the phrase is singularly obsessive. A work of art is normally its own fulfilment. But Ives's music is often less fascinating of itself than as a symbol of the artist versus American industrial society. An Emersonian devoted to rural living, he was as autobiographical in tones as such a personal romanticist as Schumann. Yet almost all attempts to get at the man, justified as they may have been to explain eccentricities of the music, have been blocked. In his fertile years, prospering as an insurance man and composing for his own pleasure and that of his friends, he was shielded by the very aloofness from officialdom that made him a unique artist. This aloofness, in his last twenty years when he enjoyed a martyrdom largely instigated by Henry Cowell, was intensified by lingering illness.

Of all the unanswered questions, the most fundamental for me bears on Ives as an innovator—a subject on which Cowell, whose biography of the lone New Englander is soon to appear, will doubtless have much to say. It was under Cowell's aegis around 1930 that I belonged to a group that was "discovering" Ives, and we made much then, as many still do today, of his use of certain dissonant devices prior to the European leaders who claim credit for them. But just as often he was apt to write in a most conservative vein, which has led me to wonder if his dissonance was, perhaps, a coating to be applied or left off at will, and if deep down he were not actually devoted to the conservatism of his teachers, Parker and Buck. Was it his refusal to exchange ideas with his contemporaries that kept him from realizing his impulses to disavow his conservative mentors?

In a sheaf of songs which were among his later works (Spa LP 9, $5.95) only "Walt Whitman" seems a product of our century. (Jacqueline Greissle's singing leaves much to be desired.) His Second Symphony (Spa LP 39, $5.95, recorded in Vienna under F. Charles Adler), except that it pioneered in American nationalism by its use of folk song, might have been written at mid-nineteenth century. True, it dates back to around 1900. But in determining Ives's historical position it must be noted that Debussy and Schoenberg were abandoning the grandiose symphonic mold then and were thinning out the orchestra. And what of Satie's prophecies years earlier?

There are many reasons why one generation's method may be untenable to the next, but the desire to be fashionable, so often cited, is not one of them. They are factors that strike at the roots of the creative process, as, for example, when Ives obviously struggled to fill in an inflated genre that was on its way out. I refer to the regulation twenty-minute first movement of the post-Brahmsian symphony. He did so only by denying the nature of a symphony, by inserting now and then square, conventionally harmonized folk tunes that might as well have been separate pieces. But to scorn Ives for his conservatism would be to commit the error of those who overevaluate him for his early use of dissonance. The Schumannesque opening is lovely, and there is a gentle, sensitive quality throughout, until "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," hinted at earlier in this cyclic form, bursts out finally in a setting suggestive of a naval documentary—with taps thrown in at the cadence.

Composers are, of course, still coming to grips with the grandiose symphony that was on the wane around 1900. Philip James did so as recently as 1943 in his First Symphony (Spa LP 38, $5.95, Adler conducting). James has remarkable control over vast orchestral sonority and his music has sweep. But he, too, had obviously to pad his twenty-minute first movement, and his device was substantial repetition of a rhythmically stolid main theme. (I counted over fifty fairly literal recurrences.) He later attempts to lighten the atmosphere with a mock funeral march, the humor of which evades me, and a jazzy finale, with echoes of old popular tunes, that more nearly achieves its aim.

An American conservative of a younger generation, Paul Creston, is also on the current list (Westminster WL 5272, $5.95, Mitchell conducting the National Symphony). It is in Creston's favor that between his Second Symphony (1943) and his Third (1950), both on this LP, he acquired considerably more polish and taste. Climaxes are still apt to arise prema-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

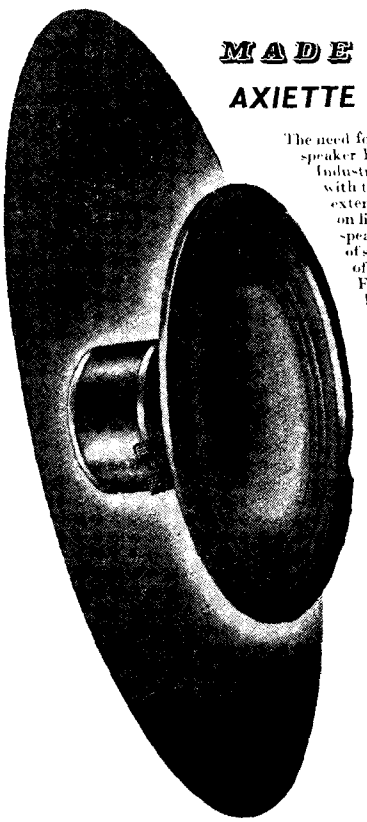
turely or resolve in Radio City cadences. But he does not keep them pounding at us as he did in 1943. Subtitled "Three Mysteries," the Third Symphony can scarcely go wrong in its melodies, since they are drawn from the wonderful store of Gregorian chant.

A new academicism has emerged, based on Hindemith's style. Brilliantly as he solved the problem of idiom for himself, Hindemith does not seem to have provided the means for its conversion to fit other personalities. I am pleased to observe Ulysses Kay, in his rather expert and agreeable Concerto for Orchestra, starting to free himself from that master's compelling influence (Remington LP 199-173, $2.99, recorded in Venice with Perlea conducting). The Concerto for Organ and Brasses by Normand Lockwood on the reverse side is a serviceable piece for organists (Marilyn Mason, soloist, with Thor Johnson conducting). Evoking the baroque in an accepted contemporary manner, the music moves along agreeably enough, but without any special destination, and the ends of the movements occur merely where the composer seems to have decided arbitrarily to stop.

WHEN Virgil Thomson wrote his first opera, "Four Saints in Three Acts," a quarter of a century ago, the pretentious epigones of obsolete European culture were in the ascendancy on the American scene (RCA Victor LCT 1139, $5.72). His brazen use of the simplest demotic content—strands out of the American hymn books, nursery, and night club—was a breath of fresh air. Coming my way again now in this stack of academic American works on LP, the present recorded version, made from the 78 rpms, has had much the same bracing effect. The tricky montage of mostly scale-wise materials, clipped at unexpected places to follow Gertrude Stein's text, has scarcely lost any of its charm. With this work Thomson laid the foundation of American opera, and mighty little has been done since to build on it. Thomsoniana on LP has been further extended by a recording of his piano etudes (Decca DL 4083, $2.50), played by Maxim Schapiro with a silken touch and suavity of execution that must surely be a great pleasure, indeed, to their composer. There are a few pieces in folkish style among these etudes (for example, a tango and a ragtime) that relieve the monotony of the typical finger exercises. They come at the listener in this context with a rather drastic shock effect that was no doubt intended. But I am not sure but what I prefer the purity of the straight etudes.

—ARTHUR BERGER.

AXIETTE High FIDELITY OF SOUND



MADE IN ENGLAND

AXIETTE 101 8" Single Cone Loudspeaker

The need for a reasonably-priced and medium-sized high-fidelity loudspeaker has been met by the Research Laboratories of Goodmans Industries who are constantly in touch and, indeed, in sympathy with the requirements of the high-fidelity enthusiast. To a certain extent this demand can be related to the present-day restrictions on living space and the fact that enthusiasts are seeking a loudspeaker which, when suitably housed, will occupy the minimum of space, and yet still faithfully reproduce their particular choice of music.

From the start it was decided that the new loudspeaker would be housed on an 8 in. chassis and to set a really new trend, a special hyperbolic cone was designed.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION

Frequency Range	40-15,000 c/s.
Fundamental Resonance	65 c/s (nominal)
Voice Coil Impedance	15 ohms.
Flux Density	13,500 gauss
Nett Weight	3¼ lbs. (1·47 kgs.)

AUDIOPHILE NETT PRICE $21.30

Exclusively distributed by:—

EAST: Goody Audio Center Inc., 235, West 49th St., New York 19, N.Y.

WEST: Hollywood Electronics, 7460, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles 46, Cal.

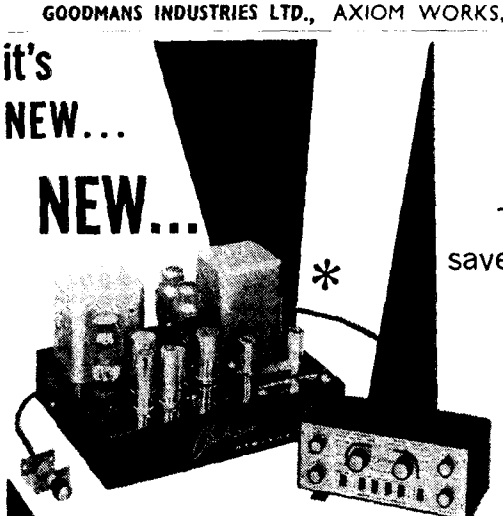
SOUTH & SOUTH-WEST: High Fidelity SSS, 606, Peachtree St., N.E., Atlanta, Ga.

CANADIAN SALES OFFICE: A.C. Simmonds & Sons Ltd. 100, Merton St., Toronto 12.

GOODMANS

GOODMANS INDUSTRIES LTD., AXIOM WORKS, WEMBLEY, MIDDX. ENGLAND

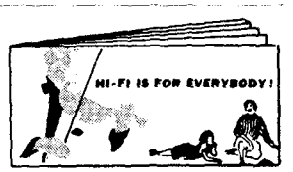
it's NEW... NEW...



NEWCOMB!

Sound Quality Since 1937

2500-R Amplifier with Remote Control. One of many Newcomb High Fidelity Components Priced from $59.50 to $297.50



This 25¢ book on Hi-Fi can save you Hundreds of Dollars!

New . . . interesting . . . informative . . . **not** a catalog. "Hi-Fi Is for Everybody" is a 32-page book packed with money-saving facts, how-to illustrations and suggestions. In this new, practical approach to the how's and why's of hi-fi, you'll learn how to get more for your investment when you buy components . . . .how to cut costs without sacrificing looks or quality . . . how to plan the simplest system with an eye toward building the most elaborate. You'll follow the step-by-step installation photographs. You'll use the cost estimating sheet to keep track of component purchases and your budget!

Send for your copy today!

Newcomb Audio Products Co., Dept. B7
6824 Lexington Ave., Hollywood 38, Calif.

☐ *I am enclosing _____. Please send me _____ copies of "Hi-Fi Is for Everybody" @ 25¢ each.*

☐ *Please send me free catalog on Newcomb High Fidelity Components and name of my nearest Newcomb dealer.*

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUGUST RELEASES

RAVEL
Bolero
La Valse
Valses Nobles Et Sentimentales
Alborada del Gracioso
Pavane Pour Une Infante Defunte
Orchestre du Théâtre des Champs-Élysées
Conducted by Pedro de Freitas Branco
WL 5297

J. S. BACH
Italian Concerto
Aria Variata In The Italian Manner
Overture In The French Manner
Eva Wollmann—Piano WL 5298

PAUL HINDEMITH
String Trio No. 1, Op. 34 (1924)
String Trio No. 2 (1933)
Jean Pougnet—Violin
Frederick Riddle—Viola
Anthony Pini—Cello WL 5299

ERNST VON DOHNANYI
Quartet In D Flat, Op. 15
Quintet For Piano and Strings
In E Flat, Op. 26, No. 2
Curtis String Quartet
Vladamir Sokoloff—Piano WL 5301

"CANTE FLAMENCO"
ANTHOLOGY—VOL. 1
Cantes Con Baile
Cantes de Levante
Flamenco Singers with Guitar
Accompaniment WL 5303

IN THE CONTINENTAL
MANNER—VOL. 1
Herbert Seiter—Piano—and Rhythm Group
WL 3017

NATURAL BALANCE
Westminster
LONG PLAYING RECORDS

le diner complet, c'est un repas consistant
Open Daily, Including Sats., Suns., Holidays
Blissfully Air Conditioned
Russian Tea Room
150 WEST 57 STREET • NEW YORK • CO 5-0947

The Measure of Vaughan Williams

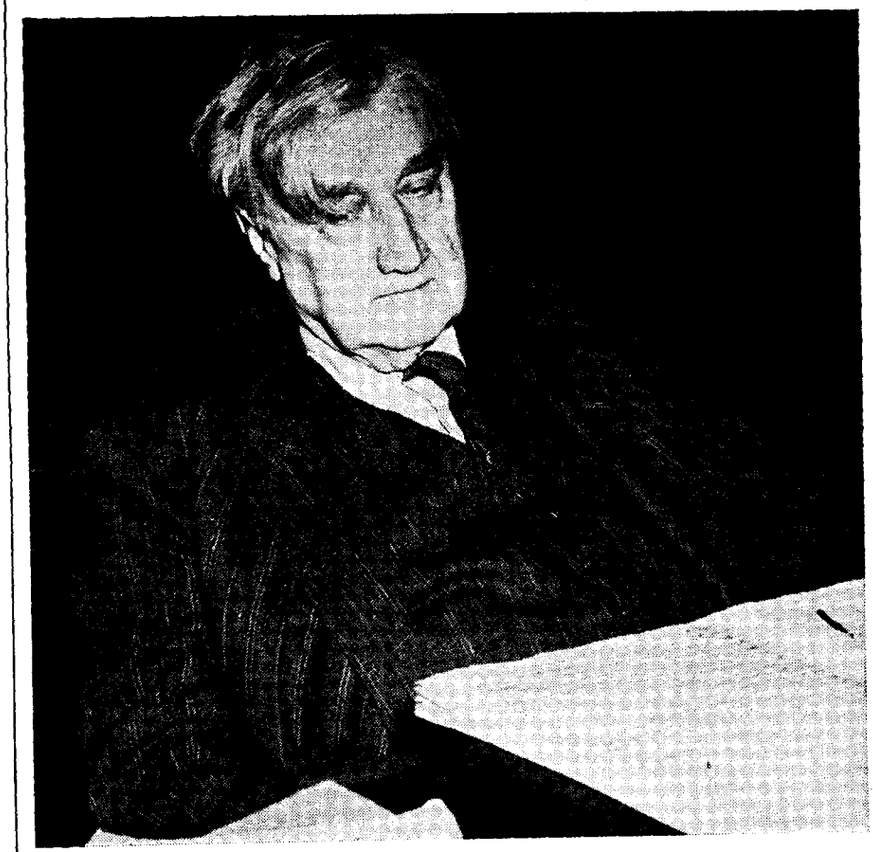
Continued from page 47

ings soft playing loses all tone and therefore all significance.

The "Sinfonia Antartica" (Vaughan Williams on ice!) was composed from film music; and purist critics have objected to pictorial and onomatopoeic music assuming a symphonic guise. Frankly, I have found in this work some of the composer's most striking and vivid orchestration; and there is at least one passage of grandeur, spiritual as well as musical in conception. John Gielgud's eloquence adds to the recording's value, but the realism in the work—blizzards and lost, lonely voices—obviously presented difficulties both to players and studio technicians. Again the playing is convincing and the conducting authentic.

The "Sea" and the "London" Symphonies each contain strong and original ideas; nobody except Vaughan Williams could have composed them. A certain lumpishness is not expelled even by performances which are by artists who, through knowledge and love of the later masterpieces, can bring subtleties of diction to passages where the composer had not yet "realized" himself. But the Scherzo of the "London" Symphony is as much charged with genius in this recent recording as it was forty years ago; perhaps actually more so, as the recording gives us the revised version of 1920.

Vaughan Williams did much in England to make corrections to romantic excess in music. By natural assimilation of modal melody and harmony, he escaped from an all-too-human and nineteenth-century chromatic indulgence. But in the Fourth Symphony and onward he has never been bound in archaic formulae. He was late, maybe, in discovering his inner core. And he has never written a common or cheap or affected note. An Italian or a French musician could easily think that Vaughan Williams is short of style or charm. The greatness of his music comes from an English way of living; it is like an independent and natural growth out of the earth, refreshed by all the weathers and humors and dispositions with which the reserved and romantic and historical Englishman is acquainted.



Vaughan Williams: "If *that's* modern music, you can have it."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An "Elixir" from HMV

FLIRTATION is uncommon currency in the great majority of operas that generally win, place, and show in American opera houses. There is, of course, Manon, who is returning in her French guise to the coming Metropolitan season. And there are Carmens of flirtatious persuasion, though usually the Merimée heroines make it all seem rather more *fatale* than mere flirting would imply. The heroine of Donizetti's "Elixir of Love," however, thoroughly qualifies as a flirtigig. What's more, she manages to provide most of the opera's maneuvering by her carrying on. Adina, to pin the girl down, threatens heartbreak to a tenor and a baritone simultaneously to gain her end—the tenor—while promising instant marriage to the man she has no intention of marrying—the baritone.

HMV recorded the Donizetti comic charmer on their fairly newly labeled "Long Play" discs, with a superlative cast for the work of singing the delicate music for tenor and soprano, the robust music for baritone and basso buffo (ALP 1067/8, $13.90). The records are now available in this country on the original labels, not the LHMV seal associated with RCA Victor's pressings. Addison Foster is distributing the British line here.

The only competition in the field of "Elixirs" is the fine set by Cetra, and HMV with two discs costs less than Cetra with three. By cutting four long sides where Cetra cut six short ones, the HMV becomes the more economical buy. It is also, though not on an absolute basis, the musical preference. Role for role, HMV places Margherita Carosio opposite Cetra's Noni, Nicola Monti where Valletti sings for Cetra, Tito Gobbi to do Afro Poli's work, Melchiorre Luise in the juicy Dulcamara role, sung in the earlier set by Sesto Bruscantini, and one Loretta di Lelio matches vocal swords against one Rizzoli in the small bit of Giannetta.

Carosio is known in this country only through a small number of imported 78 rpm's, in which she shows an unusually lovely voice and extreme distinction in nuance and elegant phrasing. She is also completely at ease in coloratura passages. As Adina, she shows the utmost sensitivity, even when she is tossing off the silly giggling that goes with its earlier pages. A tinge of acid has crept into the top of her voice, but this might be no more than the desire to point up the role's flightier aspects, or perhaps an ultra "high" in engineering fidelity.

The men of the recording are excellent in ensemble as well as in their solo assignments. Gobbi's characteristic roughness suits Sergeant Belcore's boorish ardors right down the line, though he misses a few of his higher notes at the outset of the score. Monti is a light lyric tenor of pleasing sounds and style, though he is no more than the equal of Valletti, and occasionally, as in the largest moments, not quite as suave. Melchiorre Luise understands Doctor Dulcamara, a great figure in the line of Doctor Bartolo, Don Pasquale, and, for that matter, the Sacristan in "Tosca." In voice and in every word he projects a fine characterization. Dulcamara is the central mover in the opera, with his Burgundy "elixir," and there is a clear, if intangible style in which Luise suggests every mood of the role.

Gabriele Santini leads the orchestra and chorus of the Rome Opera in a brightly resounding account of the comedy, with the finest assistance from the engineers. There is, thus, practically nothing with which to quibble in this set, except that it is published in two separate envelopes and there is no libretto of any kind.

—PAUL HUME.

"Musically and literarily appealing..."

BALLADS MIGRANT in NEW ENGLAND

By Helen Hartness Flanders and Marguerite Olney

A unique and delightful collection of ballads that presents folk songs as living art. Preserved formerly only in the memory of people who loved them, they are set down now—with music—for all to enjoy.

"The two collectors have done an important job that is also both musically and literarily appealing to anyone who has a genuine interest in the American past. Mrs. Flanders' comments on the joys of collecting, on the values of ballads to historians, on the qualities and characteristics of the ballads themselves are delightful reading."
—CARL CARMER, N. Y. Herald Tribune

$6.00

FOR THE FOLK SONG RECORD COLLECTOR:

Eight of the ballads from this book are available on an LP record. To order, send check for $10.50 to Flanders Ballad Collection, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.

FARRAR, STRAUS & YOUNG
101 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 3

...this is the GARRARD
The World's Finest Record Changer

...featured in these outstanding high-fidelity systems
CROSLEY • HALLICRAFTERS • PILOT
RCA • STROMBERG-CARLSON
...and sold as a component by leading sound departments throughout the country.

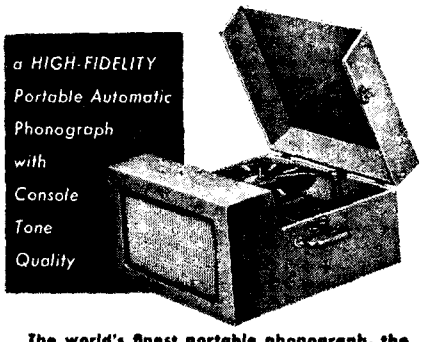
Garrard Sales Corp. Dept. SR-7
164 Duane Street New York 13, N.Y.
Gentlemen:
Please send a complimentary copy of your booklet "Sound Craftsmanship," to:
Name.....
Street.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

GARRARD SALES CORP. 164 Duane St. N.Y.13, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"King of the Portable Realm remains the *Libertyphone*"

says IRVING KOLODIN music editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW



The world's finest portable phonograph, the Libertyphone is highly recommended for travel or home use. Has G-E variable reluctance magnetic pickup, diamond needle for 33 and 45 rpm records and sapphire for 78. 8" speaker, airplane cloth finish $139.50. Genuine leather (suntan, ginger, black, rawhide) $179.50. Also available in other models and as phonograph-radio. Write for free brochure.

Mail orders given prompt and careful attention
(slight additional cost for 50 cycles 220 volts)

Available only at

LIBERTY Music Shops

450 MADISON AVE. AT 50TH ST.
Madison Ave. at 57th St. • Madison Ave. at 76th St.
New York 22, N. Y.
228 East Post Road, White Plains, N. Y.

If you must wipe your fine records use RECORD SPRAY on a soft lint-free cloth! • • But if you really want top performance and an end to SURFACE NOISE

JUST USE RECORD Spray AS DIRECTED

HIFIDELITY FANS
Send $3.95
For Big Supply Today!

SILICONE SPRAY PRODUCTS
3514 LEE RD. • CLEVELAND 20, OHIO

It's been tough to line up dealers—we're still trying tho' and thanks to those Hi-Fi's who have written us complimenting Record Spray! It's nice to know you think we have the only real answer to surface noise!

DIAMOND PHONOGRAPH NEEDLES:
The most indispensable factor in HI-FI. We retip the long playing point on twist and tip-over needles with diamond. Send us your needle or complete cartridge (if you cannot remove needle). Deal direct with manufacturer. .001 radius diamond, $10.50.

THE TRANSCRIBER CO.
Manufacturers of diamond styli-Retipping
Dept. L—70 Pine Street, Attleboro, Mass.

Virtuoso of the Double Bass

Continued from page 48

dedicated it, as well as some of his smaller pieces, to Mlle. Natalie Ouchkoff, whom he married in 1905. In later years he also was at work on a method of instruction for double bass playing, the draft of which remained in his files when he left Moscow in 1920.

During World War I, Koussevitzky signed a contract to tour America with his young accompanist and friend, Pierre Luboshutz. But the deepening war conditions in Russia presented insuperable difficulties, and in 1916 the American concert tour was canceled.

Eight years later Serge Koussevitzky arrived in America not as the virtuoso of the double bass, but as an orchestra conductor who had gained firm ground and world recognition. In 1924 he became the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a position he maintained for twenty-five years.

It had been said that Koussevitzky in his youth was "so enamored of the double bass that he first became its slave and finally its master." One could say of Koussevitzky, the conductor of mature and older years, that he was possessed with and passionately consecrated to the art and task of conducting; the orchestra became his element and his instrument: he both slaved for and mastered the orchestra. The double bass was no longer the vital outlet of his artistic powers. Though still heard at private, intimate gatherings, the voice of his Amati, like a rare art treasure, was accessible only to a few. In America the virtuoso past of Koussevitzky remained a distant myth overshadowed by his dynamic presence as a conductor. It was yet to be "unveiled."

NOT until 1926 did the myth come to life. During his second season in America, Serge Koussevitzky was conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Music by Brown University. It was announced to the distinguished audience of scholars, gathered in Providence (R.I.) for the occasion, that the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, "mistrusting his English," would respond to this honor by playing "solo double bass." Curiosity and speculations were aroused, culminating in profound astonishment and enthusiasm for the artistry revealed.

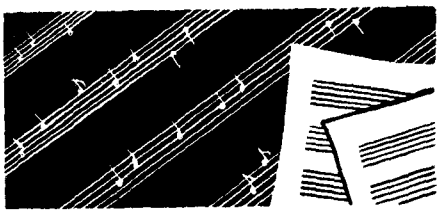
The private "unveiling" in Providence led to a public "exhibit" in Boston.

In 1927 it was announced that "Serge Koussevitzky is to give his first public recital in America on the double bass in Symphony Hall. This will be a benefit concert, the proceeds to go to needy Russian students in exile." This recital took place in Boston on October 24, 1927. As a benefit, it had far-reaching results; as a musical event, it met the test of expectation. Reviewing the concert, Boston's great Philip Hale had this to say:

> The fame of Mr. Koussevitzky's incomparable ability as a player of the double bass crossed the Atlantic long before he came to dwell here as an orchestra conductor. Many of us had read the glowing tributes paid to him in European cities. These eulogies no longer seem exaggerated or fulsome. . . . Koussevitzky's Concerto is not a mere show piece for vain display; it is thoughtfully conceived, carefully written, with melodic originality, without trivial details. Nor is he remarkable merely for his unusual technical proficiency. His tone, now full and noble, is exquisitely beautiful as the music demands. The tone at once commands attention, impresses, haunts the memory; the tonal nuances are infinite. His great command of rhythms is known to the audiences of the Symphony concerts. Last night his phrasing was musical and eloquent. Without straining for effect, it was effective. In declamatory passages there was power with dignity; in lyric measures there was sustained and appealing song. The performance of a genius.

In 1928 the benefit was repeated in Carnegie Hall, New York; then in 1929 once again in Symphony Hall, Boston. "The double bass has conquered!" exclaimed the respected H. T. Parker in the old *Boston Evening Transcript*.

No one present on this memorable occasion on October 22, 1929, could foresee that it was to be the last appearance of Koussevitzky on his beloved solo instrument. When he lowered the bow on the final note of his Double Bass Concerto, the voice of his Amati was silenced, and with it, after forty years, was silenced the art of Serge Koussevitzky on the instrument of his youth.



PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

"NEW THOUGHTS ON OLD MUSIC"

BLESSINGS ON PAUL HENRY LANG for his efforts toward more general awareness of the essentials of modern performance of music of the past ["New Thoughts on Old Music," *SR* June 26]. His wisdom, born of sensitivity and experience (the only legitimate parentage), plows serenely through the muds of ignorance and pretentious half-knowledge alike, and provides distinct criteria for the perception of truly understanding performance—and the way to work for it.

DUDLEY HOWE.

Louisville, Ky.

ORNAMENTING MOZART'S CONCERTOS

I AGREE WITH Paul Henry Lang that old music should be performed in such a manner that a compromise is reached between musicological demands and present-day taste. I was rather disappointed, however, that Mr. Lang did not mention one of the most flagrant abuses of eighteenth-century music: the refusal of otherwise distinguished and knowledgeable pianists to complete those passages in the piano concertos of Mozart which the composer leaves in "sketch" form.

In Mozart's day such ignorance would have been inconceivable, since it was expected that the soloist would fill in what the composer suggested but did not write out in full. The same applies to the embellishment and alteration of the refrain in the slow movements of these concertos, a practice taken for granted in Mozart's time but rarely observed nowadays. It is particularly annoying, and sometimes ludicrous, to hear these concertos played in so-called "authentic" fashion on specially reconstructed old instruments, only to have such admirable efforts wasted through refusal even to try to approach an authentic method of execution.

It is surprising that only the older pianists seem to insist on playing merely what Mozart put on paper and no more (Gieseking, Serkin, Curzon, Casadesus, Fischer, Schnabel—all are guilty of this mystifying lack of musical common sense), whereas at least one of the younger generation—Paul Badura-Skoda—seems to rise to the obvious demands of the music as if by instinct, as does his compatriot Joerg Demus, who inserts short cadenzas in his recording of the C major Concerto (Westminster), where they are certainly called for in spirit if not in print—and for the playing of which the record-sleeve annotator actually apologizes!

ROBERT B. GATES.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It is not only the younger generation of pianists who realize the need for "filling in" certain passages of the Mozart piano concertos, for Wanda Landowska's 1937 recording of the "Coronation" Concerto is replete with ornamentations and embellishments. Those pianists—old or young—who play Mozart exactly "as written" usually do so not so much from ignorance of eighteenth-century traditions as from lack of confidence in their ability to re-create the proper Mozartian style of interpretation. Many musicians feel it is better to make do with the bare bones of the Urtext than to indulge in embellishments of questionable authenticity. As the Editor is the annotator in question, it seems fair to remark that intent is not accomplishment, and taste is not guaranteed by scholarship.*

ENVY IN NEW ZEALAND

IT IS WITH GREAT EAGERNESS that I await the arrival of the *SR* RECORDINGS issues. All too often, however, I am filled with envy by the seemingly endless stream of LP's available in the United States. I wonder whether there is anyone who would be willing to correspond with me and possibly effect an exchange of recordings—though I am well aware that the English catalogues are poorer than the American.

R. N. ERWIN.

Christchurch, N.Z.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Any reader interested in the kind of exchange Mr. Erwin suggests can address him at The Library, Canterbury University College, Christchurch, New Zealand.*

FULL-BLOWN "MESSIAH"

WHY ALL THIS SENTIMENTALITY over the "original Dublin version" and similar "back-to-the-original" versions of "Messiah"? True, the revised versions of "Messiah" are not 100 per cent Handel, but the musical ideas as presented by him easily lend themselves to the "polish" that was applied without their being changed in any way. In fact, they are the better for it.

"Messiah" to me is full of great, noble, reverent thoughts of staggering proportions, and to hear them expounded via reduced orchestras simply for commercial or sentimental reasons is a crime. It's like playing Beethoven's Ninth with a string orchestra.

Isn't it time that we had a new recording of "Messiah" played as we know it?

EDWARD KUTLOWSKY.

Lynn, Mass.

MARJORIE LAWRENCE RECORDINGS

IT IS STRANGE that despite the wide range of repertoire brought by long playing records we have had no recordings by Marjorie Lawrence. I feel it is a great loss to music lovers that this former great Metropolitan star has not been recorded in some operatic or song recital, or in a complete performance of Gluck's "Alceste" or Strauss's "Elektra."

Miss Lawrence sang two performances of "The Medium" this past winter and appeared with an orchestra in Richmond, where she sang the "Immolation Scene," attesting to the fact that she is active and in good voice.

J. W. D. GARRETT.

New York, N. Y.

RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or sellers' notices of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out-of-print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes, or the like. Rate 35¢ per word: 10-word minimum. Count two extra words for box and number. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address RECORD MART, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y.

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free lists. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, New Jersey.

NEW TELEVEX Protect-o-Pad is a "must" for your phonograph! Floats your records on air, keeps them clean, protects against dust, dirt, and damage, checks turntable speed and needle pressure! Only $1. TELEVEX, 46 (SR) Lakeview Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

EXCEPTIONAL RECORD SERVICE: LP and 45 RPM records. No charge for postage. New releases and specials issued monthly. Send for FREE comprehensive catalogue today. MOREC MAIL, Inc., 15 Park Row, NYC 38, Dept. SR.

ELEKTRA is releasing some of the finest folk music available on LP.

RECORDINGS FROM YOUR TAPES OR DISCS. Top professional quality at low mail-order cost. AMPEX-FAIRCHILD equipment. Send for particulars. Gordon Mercer, Recording Service, 974 Cheltenham, Santa Barbara, California.

HI-FI, factory fresh, guaranteed LP records. Prerecorded tape, phonographs, music systems at big savings. SOUTHWEST RECORD DISCOUNT CLUB, 4710 Caroline, Houston, Texas.

PRIVATE COLLECTION of records for disposal. Send 15¢ in coin for lists. Box T-128.

FONOTIPIA and other rare vocals. Free lists. R. WESTHOFF, 931 Geary St., San Francisco 9, California.

RECORDING TAPE, all brands; also used tape (cleanly erased); other bargains. COMMISSIONED ELECTRONICS, 2503 Champlain St., Washington, D. C.

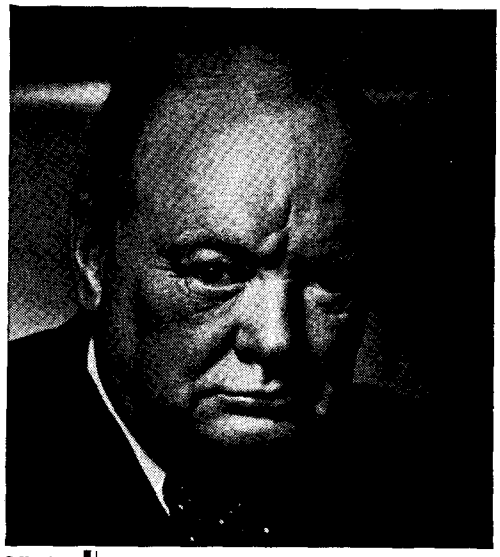
RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) finest imported make. English, Swiss fingerings. $4, $6, $7.50 up. Recorder music, recorder records. Free catalogue R74. HARGAIL, 130 West 56 St., NYC.

HI-FI SERVICE. The Audio Exchange Service Laboratory is responsible for the reliability of our used equipment. You may avail yourself of this expert service for maintenance and repair of your Hi-Fi equipment. THE AUDIO EXCHANGE, Dept. SR, 159-19 Hillside Ave., Jamaica 32, N. Y. OLympia 8-0445. AUDIO EXCHANGE EXCHANGES AUDIO.

COLLECTORS' RECORDS—Vocal, Personality, Instrumental. Available through summer. ALL HOURS. By appointment: REgent 7-7611. RECORD COLLECTORS' SERVICE, 530 East 88 St., NYC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"HOW CAN IT BE DONE?"



© Karsh, Ottawa

BECAUSE the opportunity described below is obviously such an extraordinary one, time and time again we have been asked, "How can it be done?"

The explanation is this: the Churchill set is so universally desirable—and demonstrates so dramatically the many advantages of membership—that the Club has charged the extra expense involved to advertising, believing that many thoughtful readers who had been meaning to join would do so now. This belief has been justified.

Here are three things about the Club that are graphically demonstrated by this offer:

★ **FIRST:** that as a member of the Club you are kept from missing the important books you want to read. For example, *all six* of these Churchill books were regular Club Selections.

★ **SECOND:** that you get such books from the Club at a considerable saving. For example, the regular retail price for each of these Churchill volumes is $6.00; the price to Club members is only $4.00. Last year, on the average, the price paid by Club members for Selections was *27% less* than the retail price.

★ **THIRD:** that, on top of this, each month, you share in approximately $1,000,000 worth of books distributed *free* to members as Book-Dividends. These six Churchill volumes may be considered "advanced" Book-Dividends, earned by the purchase of the six books you engage to buy later.

BECAUSE of the unusual nature of this offer, in all probability the present edition will be exhausted shortly. Since it would take months to produce another edition, we urge you to act at once if you are interested. If no more copies are available by the time we receive your order, you will be notified and you may then cancel your membership if you wish.

CONDITIONS OF THIS OFFER

★ **YOU AGREE TO BUY AS FEW AS SIX BOOKS** within your first year of membership from among the Club's Selections and Special Members' Editions. During the year at least 100 good books will be made available to you, from which you may choose. You receive a careful advance description of each selection and if you think it is a book you would *not* enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may say: "Send me nothing."

★ **YOU WILL RECEIVE ALL SIX VOLUMES OF *THE SECOND WORLD WAR* AT ONCE.** They will be sent with the first book you order from the Club. For a list of good books from which you can choose your first selection, please see coupon below.

★ **AFTER BUYING SIX BOOKS**—and as long as you remain a member—you will receive a Book-Dividend with every second book you buy—a beautiful or useful library volume. This member profit-sharing is similar to what happens in any consumer co-operative. A fixed percentage of what each member pays is set aside in a special fund. This is finally invested in enormous editions of other books, each of which is a Book-Dividend sent *free* to members.

★ **YOU MAY CANCEL YOUR MEMBERSHIP** any time after buying six books. Membership in the Club is for no fixed period, continuing until notice of cancellation is received from the member.

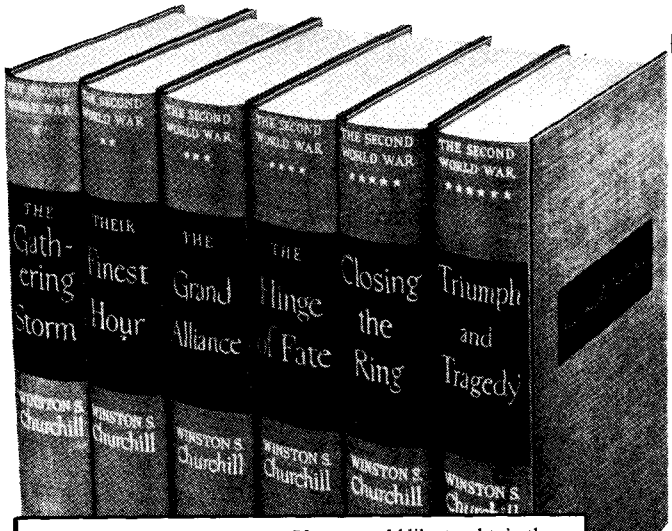
Given to you

IF YOU JOIN THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB NOW AND AGREE TO BUY SIX BOOKS OF YOUR CHOICE DURING THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS

ALL SIX VOLUMES

The Second World War by Winston Churchill

[RETAIL PRICE IF BOUGHT SEPARATELY $36]



NOTE TO PRESENT MEMBERS: If you would like to obtain these six volumes under the Club's regular BOOK-DIVIDEND system, write to us for information as to how this may be arranged.

BEGIN YOUR MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THESE GOOD BOOKS

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME

- ☐ **MARY ANNE** by Daphne du Maurier *$3.50*
- ☐ **A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE** by Erich Maria Remarque *$3.95*
- ☐ **BHOWANI JUNCTION** by John Masters *$3.75*
- ☐ **THE REASON WHY** by Cecil Woodham-Smith *Price (to members only) $3.75*
- ☐ **FIRE IN THE ASHES** by Theodore H. White *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **SAYONARA** by James A. Michener *$3.50*
- ☐ **THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS** by Charles A. Lindbergh *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY** by Ernest K. Gann *$3.50*
- ☐ **THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST** by Sir John Hunt *Price (to members only) $4.95*
- ☐ **THE MIND ALIVE** by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet *Price $3.75*
- ☐ **A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX** by Bruce Catton *Price (to members only) $3.95*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A257A
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.* I am to receive, free, THE SECOND WORLD WAR, in six volumes, immediately, with the purchase of my first selection, indicated above. I agree to purchase at least six monthly Selections—or Special Members' Editions—during the first year I am a member. After my sixth purchase, with every second book I buy—from among the Club Selections and Special Members' Editions—I am to receive the current Book-Dividend* then being distributed. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six selections from the Club. After my first year as a member, I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. The price to be charged for each book will never be more than the publisher's price, and frequently less. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. (If any) ..... *State*.....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

*Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED